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THE PRESIDENTIAL VETO.*

This work appears to have been written with an honest intention, and bears evident marks of talent and serious study. It contains many first views on the constitution of the United States, clearly, though not vividly expressed, but appears to us to err in its general theory of government, by overlooking the fact, that the necessity of government does not grow wholly out of the depravity of human nature, and that government is not restricted in its functions merely to the repression of violence, or the unjust encroachments of one man upon the rights of another. The maintenance of justice, or the repression and redress of wrongs, is, no doubt, a chief function of government; but government has, beyond this, a positive mission to perform, positive benefits to confer, or secure, which in no sense grow out of the wickedness of men, and which would be the same whatever the intelligence and virtue of individuals. Man is by his essential nature a social being, and demands society; and society demands social as well as individual labors. These labors have for their end not merely the negative, but the positive benefit of the entire community, and cannot be performed without government, or an organization by which society is made a cor-

poration, capable of acting as an individual person.

But our present purpose is not to criticise this little work itself; we have introduced it simply as an occasion for offering some remarks on the subject of the presidential or executive veto—a subject we should be happy to see discussed more generally than it has been, in a calm philosophic spirit, from the point of view of the statesman, rather than from that of the demagogue or the partisan.

There is, and as long as human nature remains as it is there will be, under popular governments; a strong tendency in the party that comes into power to exaggerate the intrinsic importance of the constitutional provisions to which it owes its success, and also, in the party frequently unsuccessful, to depreciate or unreasonably oppose those provisions which have thwarted its wishes. We like that which aids us; we are hostile to that which defeats us. The men who can look beyond the passions of the moment and judge of the merits of an institution by its average results, are always and everywhere comparatively few; the great majority look neither before nor after: they fix their eyes on the present; what favors that is for them

^{*} The Plan of the American Union, and the Structure of its Government Explained and Defended. By James Williams. Baltimore: Sherwood & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 168.

good-good in all times and places, and under all circumstances; what here and now impedes or thwarts them is bad-can never be of service to them, must always work against them, and should nowhere and under no circumstances be tolerated for a moment. Constitutions are designed to maintain a fixed and permanent rule, and, if they answer their purpose, must not unfrequently control popular wishes and tendencies, and often restrain the majority, preventing them, for a time at least, from adopting measures which they are persuaded are for the interests of the country. Hence we must always expect under popular governments a party that will be dissatisfied with the Constitution, now with this provision, and now with that, and ready to agitate for its amendment, alteration, or total suppression.

It can hardly as yet be forgotten, that, under the administration of General Jackson, the constitution of the Senate of the United States was the object of virulent attacks from the Democratic party of the time. That party denounced the Senate as the aristocratic branch of the government, as repugnant to the genius of free institutions, and demanded its essential modification, because, just then, it happened not to be for them. Yet that party to-day find the Senate a purely democratic institution, and their chief reliance to prevent the administration from adopting a policy to which they are opposed; for they happen to have a majority of Senators on their side. They no longer denounce it as aristocratic, and no longer demand that its constitution be modified. On the other hand, it is remembered that, in consequence of the use and abuse of the executive veto by General Jackson and some of his successors to defeat important measures which had received the sanction of a majority of Congress, many in the Whig party who were strongly in favor of these measures, believing them to be really demanded by the industry and business of the country, took up the opinion that the veto power was antirepublican, exceedingly liable to be abused, and in its abuse throwing such undue influence into the hands of the Executive as to endanger our free institutions, and therefore a constitutional provision that should be either abolished or essentially

modified. Yet who is prepared to say that the time may not even soon come when they will find the executive veto their best, perhaps their only, safeguard against measures which in their judgment would be ruinous to the country?

The tendency, when we are disappointed or defeated by some constitutional provision, to complain of the Constitution itself, and to propose an amendment which suits our wishes for the moment, is strengthened and apparently justified by certain false notions as to the origin of constitutions and as to the rights of majorities, which have become, or are becoming, quite prevalent in our country as well as in some others. It was pretended by some men in the last century, who then passed for philosophers, that to make a constitution is the easiest thing in the world, that nothing is simpler or more feasible than for a people without a government, or as if in a state of nature, to come together in person or by delegates and give themselves any constitution they please, and provide for its wise and beneficent practical operation. They put forth the most extravagant follies on the excellence and perfectibility of human nature, and virtually deified the people. They disdained, indeed, to believe in God, blasphemously alleging that they "had never seen him at the end of their telescopes;" but they did not hesitate to transfer to the people all the essential attributes of Deity, and to fall down and worship them as a divinity. The people could remedy all evils; the people could make no mistakes; the people could do no wrong; and we had only to clear the way for the free, full and immediate expression of the popular will, in order to have a perfect civil constitution, and a wise and just administration. Hence, there need be no hesitancy before overthrowing existing institutions, breaking up established order, or in trusting to the unchecked will of the people for a wise remodelling of the State, or the reconstruction of society.

In consequence of the prevalence of such a pleasant theory, all power of change was removed, all prudence in experimenting or innovating rendered superfluous; all attachment to old institutions or to a long-established order appeared foolish, if not wicked; nothing in heaven or on

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earth was to be henceforth sacred or inviolable but the will of the multitude—that is, the will of the demagogues who could manage the multitude—and we were to surrender ourselves to that will with as much confidence, and with as little reserve, as the saint reposes on the will of God.

Into this silly and impious doctrine the fathers of our republic did not fall. They were no vague theorizers, no mad visionaries; they were plain, practical men, who looked at realities, and dealt with things as they found them. But this doctrine, which has for the last sixty years convulsed all Europe, overturned thrones, displaced dynasties, and left few things standing, except despotism on one side and the mob on the other, has found its way amongst us also, and spread its subtle poison through our own community. Our people, in large numbers, forget that constitutions are generated, not made, and that no constitution can draw up and impose a constitution which shall be really a constitution, unless its essential principles are already, through Providence, established in the wants, the habits, the usages, the manners and customs of the people for whom it is intended; that the constitution can never be arbitrarily imposed, but must always grow out of the pre-existing elements of the national life; and that when once formed it is to be henceforth modified only according to its own internal law, through the most urgent necessity, with the greatest delicacy, and the most consummate wisdom and prudence. Hence they cease to regard the Constitution as sacred, and look upon it as a thing that may be changed with as much facility, and almost for as slight reasons, as a gentleman changes the fashion of his coat, or a lady the make of her bonnet. To change it, is not only the easiest but the safest thing in the world. Consequently, the idea of submitting to a present inconvenience, of suffering a constitutional provision which restrains their will or thwarts their present wishes, rarely occurs to them; and whenever things do not go to their mind they clamor for a change in the Constitution. The danger of this state of the public mind needs not to be pointed out to the statesman. It is in-

compatible with everything like established order, with everything permanent or stable in government, and keeps everything unsettled and fluctuating.

From the fact that, under our political order, the greater number of questions are determined by the will of the majority, a large class of our politicians, seldom accustomed to look beneath the surface, or to trace facts to their principles, conclude that the majority have a natural right to govern, and that whatever tends to hinder the free and full expression of their will is contrary to natural law, and smells of usurpation. They are scandalized when they find the Constitution opposing a barrier to the will of the majority, and call out with all their force, from the very top of their lungs, for its amendment. Is it not the essential principle of all republicanism, say they, that the majority must govern? What then can be more anti-republican, more really undemocratic, than to uphold a constitution that hinders the majority from doing whatever they please? But these sage politicians would do well to remember, that the right of the majority to rule is a civil, not a natural right, and exists only by virtue of positive law. Anterior to civil society, or under the law of nature, all men are equal, respectively independent, and no one has any authority over another. Each is independent of all, and all of each; and both majorities and minorities are inconceivable. Civil society must be constituted before you can even conceive the existence of a political majority or minority, and when it is constituted, neither has any rights but those the law confers. Deriving their existence and their rights from the civil constitution, it is absurd to pretend that the majority are, or can be, deprived of any of their natural rights by any constitutional provision. If then a given constitutional provision should restrain the majority, prevent them from making their will prevail, that is no just cause of complaint, for no law is broken, no right is violated; and when no law is broken and no right violated, no injustice is done.

It is necessary to set aside these false notions, or pretensions, of modern Radicals and Socialists, which are revolutionary in principle, and incompatible not only with all stable government, but with the very existence of the State [status,] of legal order itself. We must approach every established constitution with the presumption, as the lawyers say, in its favor, and as bound to accept and sustain it as it is, unless good and sufficient reasons are forthcoming for alteration or amendment. On no other condition can we be distinguished, in principle, from Radicals and Destructives, and consistently profess to be conservatives, and friends of liberty, because friends of order. The presumption is universally in favor of authority—that the constitution, as it is, is right—that the law is just; and before we can have the right even to entertain a proposition to alter it, we must be able to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that it is wrong, that it is unjust. The fact that the veto power exists in the Constitution is to us, therefore, a presumption, at least, that it ought to be there; it is, indeed, a sufficient motive for retaining it, until a valid and sufficient reason is shown for abolishing it. We insist on this view of the case, because we are anxious that the principle we indicate should be well considered. The opposite principle is rapidly gaining ground amongst us, if indeed it has not already become predominant. The fashion is now to presume every man guilty till proved innocent-to hold every charge true till it is proved to be false-all government, all law, all authority in the wrong, till the contrary is established. The popular tendency is to arraign government before the bar of anarchy, and compel it to vindicate its own innocence, thus reversing all the maxims of law, of justice, and of logic, hitherto devised and held in respect by the common sense of mankind. It is well, therefore, to remind the public, occasionally, that the presumption is always on the side of the Constitution and of the authorities holding under it.

The value of the veto power is not, however, left to be merely presumed. It is a vital element in our general system of government, which is not so much an original system, as an original and peculiar modification of the English system, well known to be a government of estates, as distinguished from what has received the name of centralism. The characteristic features

of the English constitution are the separation, on the one hand, of the bodies represented in the government; and on the other, of the powers of government itself, each with a veto on the others. It is solely in this separation of the constituent bodies, and of the several departments of government, each with its veto, that consists the beauty and excellence of the English system; and it is this alone that constitutes the safeguard of English liberty. These divisions, and the veto power attaching to each, are not in themselves, it is true, favorable to the efficiency of administration, nor are they intended to be so; they are intended to serve as checks or restraints on power, to prevent it from becoming despotic, or hostile to the liberty of the subject; and the peculiar merit of this constitutional system is, that they serve this purpose without impairing, in too great a degree, the unity and force of autho-

This system we inherited with the common law from our English ancestors, and have retained it with simply such modifications as the circumstances of our country and the elements of our society rendered necessary or expedient. In interpreting our institutions, we are always to seek our principle of interpretation in this system, and are never to resort to any of the ancient republican or to any of the modern democratic theories. Our government is republican, in the sense that it is not monarchical; it is democratic in the sense that it recognizes no political aristocracy, and treats all men as equal before the law; but in no other sense is it, or was it ever intended to be, either republican or democratic; save as all governments that are instituted for the public weal, instead of the private benefit of the governors, are republican, whatever their form. The people with us are the motive power, but not the directive or governing power; the government vests in the Constitution rather than in them; for outside of it they have no political existence, and no political authority, except from it, and in and through it. The government, in principle, is the government of law, not the government of mere will, whether of the one, the few, or the many. The Constitution governs the State, or the people in their collective and associated capacity; ra-

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the ordinary laws govern the people as individuals.

It is well to bear this fact in mind, especially in these times, when the rage is to abolish law, and introduce, everywhere, governments of mere will. Law is the will of the sovereign regulated by reason, the expression of power united with justice; will without reason is power disjoined from justice, and therefore the essential or the distinctive principle of despotism. Every government which is a government of mere will is despotic, and incompatible with freedom, whether the will be that of the king, of the nobility, or of the democracy; of the minority, or of the majority. Strange as it may seem, there is not the least conceivable difference in principle between Russian autocracy, or oriental despotism, and the pure absolute democracy which is just now the fashion in Italy, in France, in parts of Germany, and, we are sorry to add, in our own country. In each the sovereign authority is absolute, unlimited; and under both the law, or what is to be regarded as law, is the expression of mere arbitrary will. Practically, we should prefer the Russian or oriental despotism to that which our fashionable democrats are laboring to establish here, both in the several States and in the nation, and which the National Assembly have done their best, in the ridiculous constitution they have first promulgated, to fasten upon France; for we would much rather be subject to a single despot, than to a mob of despots. In consequence of mistaking the real character of our government, of overlooking the fact that what its framers most sedulously guarded against was that of making it, or having it to become, a government of mere will, and of seeking to naturalize amongst us a wild and destructive democracy imported from abroad, from the Radicals of Europe, most of whom are born despots, and have not the least imaginable conception either of the nation, or of the constitution of true liberty, our democratic politicians have created, or suffered to be formed in our community, a public opinion which already hinders the regular working of our political system, and threatens, at no distant day, if not soon corrected, its very

The separation of the constituent bod-

ies into Kings, Lords and Commons, adopted in England, we have not adopted, and could not have adopted, if we had wished, because there was nothing in our society which rendered it either necessary or practicable. We had no King and no Lords; for, as Mr. Bancroft has well remarked, royalty and nobility did not emigrate. Only the third estate emigrated. Of the three estates represented in the English government, we had only one, the Commons, and, of course, could not represent what we had not. Having but one estate, we necessarily approached nearer to centralism in representation than the English, and their Constitution has an advantage over ours. Nevertheless, in consequence of the division of the country into separate States, we have in some degree been able to escape centralism in the Constitution of the national Senate, and we have also done it to some extent, though not as far as we might and ought to have done, in the several States, by dividing the representives into two chambers, each with a different electoral basis. But in regard to the separation of the powers of government into legislative, executive, and judiciary departments, we have in the general government, and in most of the State governments, conformed to the English model.

This separation of the powers of government into distinct and mutually independent departments, by which we escape the worst form of centralism, is fundamental in our political system, and to change it would destroy the essential character of the system itself, and, by centralizing all the powers of government in one and the same department, would render freedom wholly impracticable. To the maintenance of this separation, and of each department in its independence, the executive veto is indispensable, as every statesman—we say not every politician must readily perceive and admit. It was given by the Constitution mainly, though not exclusively, to enable the Executive to maintain its independence in face of legislative encroachments. Without it, there would be no independent, no efficient, and no responsible Executive. All the powers of government would be absorbed by Congress, and the President would cease to be the President of the United States, responsible to the public for his acts, and become merely an officer of Congress, with no functions but to execute blindly its mandates. The balance intended between the several powers could not be preserved, and the government would, in principle, and very soon in practice, degenerate into a parliamentary despotism, like that of the Long Parliament in England, that of the Convention in France, and that which the latest French Constitution contemplates, and will secure, if it lasts, without essential alterations.

We are as strongly opposed to the "one-man power" as any of our contemporaries, and as anxious to guard against every tendency towards monarchy as any body can be; but there is no less to be apprehended from legislative than executive encroachment. Perhaps under our peculiar system the danger of legislative usurpation is even more imminent than any other, and executive usurpations themselves are chiefly stimulated by them. Against legislative usurpations the people are seldom on their guard; they are always usurpations which receive the support of the majority, and opposition to them is never raised, except from the minority. Experience proves that legislative bodies always seek to absorb in themselves all the powers of government. The failure of the French, during sixty years of experimenting, to establish a free and stable government has been due to their mad attempts to concentrate all the powers of government in the legislature; to their blind confidence in the wisdom and integrity of legislators, and their insane distrust of an efficient executive. In all their efforts we see them aiming to make the legislature omnipotent, and the executive a nullity. Aside from his patronage and means, through that of exerting an indirect and corrupting influence, the present executive of France has as little power as a Virginia governor. No government can be stable or efficient without a strong and independent executive. A weak executive, especially in a large State, is a great curse, alike impotent to do good or to prevent evil. An administration that wants power to protect itself, that trembles every moment for its own existence, that has no discretion, no responsibility, is as mischiev-

ous as it is contemptible; for its resort is always to low cunning, to corruption. The history of the English Parliament proves to a moral demonstration the tendency of all legislative bodies, and the most serious danger to which the English constitution is now exposed is from the omnipotence of the legislature. The executive lies even now at the mercy of Parliament, and were it not for its patronage and means of influence, by appeals to interest, cupidity, the love of place and emolument, it would have scarcely the shadow of power. Of all despotisms, the legislative is the most intolerable, when the legislature is the tool of an odious

oligarchy.

So deeply impressed were the Convention of 1787 with the tendency of legislative bodies to absorb all the powers of the State, many of them were for giving the Executive even an absolute regulation over all the acts of Congress; and some, fearing lest the Executive might want the firmness to interpose its negative as often as might be necessary, were for strengthening and encouraging it, by joining with it in a council of revision the Supreme Judges themselves. Though it be well they did not, their proposition to do so is at least instructive, by showing how much the Convention distrusted legislative bodies, and how much importance they attached to the veto power, as enabling the President to maintain his independence and respectability, and save himself from becoming the mere tool of Congress, no subsequent experience proves them to have judged hastily or unwisely. We need no argument to prove the importance of maintaining the independence and respectability of the Executive. he should cease to be independent, if his functions should be reduced from those of President of the United States to those of a mere executive officer of Congress, he would feel himself relieved of all responsibility of government; he would take no oversight of affairs, would make no efforts to maintain a wise and efficient administration; but would throw all responsibility upon Congress, and either enjoy his ease as a roi faineant, or exert all his craft, cunning, and opportunities to abuse power to his own purposes. And how without the veto power he is to maintain his independence, and Congress to be prevented from assuming to itself both the legislative and the executive or administrative powers of government, is more than we are able to comprehend.

But the executive veto is necessary, not only to prevent the centralization of the powers of government, and to preserve the independence and respectability of the executive department, but also as a check on hasty and unjust legislation. There is, perhaps, far more need of such a check than the mass of our people now-a-days suspect; at least, the framers of the Constitution believed it to be highly necessary. They were, in the modern sense, no democrats, and had not the slightest tendency to radicalism. They were practical statesmen, who sought not to carry out a theory, but to establish a wise, strong, and durable government, which in its practical operations should secure the blessings of union, liberty, and internal peace-maintain justice, and promote the common weal. They held in horror all absolute governments, whether royal, noble, or popular; and, aware that power, in whatever hands it is lodged, may be abused, if there is an opportunity to abuse it, they sought to guard against the tyranny of the sovereign, at the same time that they secured the obedience of the subject. They had not learned to reject all the lessons of experience, and were far from accepting the doctrine of the impeccability of man, or of the divinity of the people. They believed that the people could err and do wrong, as well as kings and nobles, in their collective as well as in their individual capacity, and that tyranny and oppression are tyranny and oppression when proceeding from a popular, no less than when proceeding from a royal or noble source. They believed, strange as it may sound to the unfledged politicians of the day, that majorities can err and oppress, as well as minorities, and that although the rule that the majority must govern is adopted, it is necessary to subject the majority to such restraints, that to be able to govern at all, it must govern justly. Here we may see their practical wisdom. They did not seek merely to enable the majority to govern, or to organize the government so that no will but the will of the majority should ever prevail, but they went further, and

sought to establish limits to that will itself.

A government in which the will of the majority is unlimited, in which it can always prevail, is just as much an absolute government, and just as despotic in principle, as the most absolute monarchy that ever existed. There is under it no guaranty of the liberty of the subject in the face of power-the essential element in all free governments. Modern democrats are aware of this, and seek to blunt the force of the objection by assuming that the will of the majority is the will of the people, and that the people are always just, and never will abuse their power. But we might as well say that the absolute monarch is always just, and will never abuse his power. If it comes to deifying, we may as well deify the king as the people. Experience no more proves that the people can do no wrong, than it does that the king can do no wrong. There is never any guaranty for liberty, where there is nothing that limits or restrains the exercise of arbitrary will, or sets bounds to the sovereign power; and even if the people were not themselves capable of abusing their power, we know perfectly well that demagogues can usurp and abuse it for them. The Convention properly understood this, and throughout, they were as anxious to provide for a limitation of authority as they were to provide for the supremacy of the law itself; for governing, (if we may so speak,) the government, as for governing the subject. The majority, indeed, must govern, directly or indirectly; but it must govern only under certain conditions, according to certain rules, and within certain bounds.

But the convention did not consider it enough to mark these bounds, and to prescribe those rules and conditions on paper. "Experience," said Mr. Madison, "has taught us a distrust of that security, and that it is necessary to introduce such a balance of powers and interests as will guarantee the provisions on paper."* Paper constitutions are mere cobwebs, unless the organization of powers under them is such as to render it impossible for any power to violate them. Power will be sure to violate them, if able, whenever it

^{*} Madison Papers, p. 1167.

has a sufficient motive to do so. If power is lodged in the majority, impose on it what paper restraints you please, you are no better off than if you had no constitution at all, unless you have somewhere in the state a force that guaranties themthat rises up and effectually resists the attempted violation. The Convention, therefore, which drafted the Constitution on parchment, took care to establish it in the effectual organization of the several powers of government. The separation of the powers of government into distinct departments, each provided with means of self-defense, the separation of the legislature into two houses, the peculiar constitution of the Senate, the senatorial term for the long period of six years, and the necessity of the concurrent vote of both houses to an act of Congress, were all designed to operate as so many checks on the will of the majority, and to prevent, by restraining its action, hasty and unjust legislation. It was not enough to write on paper that Congress shall pass no laws hastily, or without a due regard to justice: it was necessary to go farther, and to subject the enacting of laws to such conditions, to so many forms and processes, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get a law hastily enacted, or enacted at all, if contrary to justice.

The executive veto is integral in the system of checks on the will of the majority, of restraints imposed on the exercise of sovereign power, which the Convention saw proper to establish. The Convention installed the majority as sovereign, but as a limited, not as an absolute sovereign; and the executive veto is an integral part of the limitation which they imposed. They wished to make legislation not easy, but difficult; and were far more anxious that the laws should be wise and just, than that they should be numerous. Their study was to subject every measure to the most rigid scrutiny, and to render it impossible for any measure to become a law till after it had been thoroughly sifted, and had received the approbation of the best minds and the highest wisdom of the country. To this end they required for the enactment of a law the concurrence of all the branches of the government. They gave to each house a negative on the other, and to the executive and judiciary departments each

a negative—at least a qualified or conditional negative—on both. The negative of the judiciary answers its purpose as far as it goes; but it is insufficient, because the judiciary cannot take cognizance of the policy of a measure, and can interpose its negative only on the ground that the measure is unconstitutional. The system of checks would, therefore, have been incomplete, without the executive veto, which can negative an act not only for its unconstitutionality, but also for its impolicy.

That the system of checks established is too effectual, that it has rendered legislation too difficult, no statesman can pretend. Our danger lies, as experience amply proves, in too much legislation—not in too little. The tendency to over-legislate is quite too strong, and we make quite too little of wise and efficient administration. Nothing more distinguishes modern times from antiquity, than our excessive legislation, and our tendency to make legislating, instead of administrating, the chief business of government. The facility with which old laws are repealed or modified, and new statutes are enacted, and not in our country only, is really frightful; and what the end thereof will be, men of stronger nerves than we may well tremble to think. The utmost contempt for law, and the wildest disorder would prevail even now, if it did not happen that our courts preserve the common law, the lex non scripta, which, happily for us, serves as a public conscience, and regulates the greater part of the relations between man and man. If the party among us opposed to the common law should succeed in abolishing it, and in reducing the entire law of the land to the lex scripta, or statute law, we should find ourselves as ill off as if we had no law at all. No man could tell for six months what the law would be. We scarcely, in the State or the nation, enact a law before we modify or repeal it, especially if it is a law likely to prove of some utility in its practical operation. We have no settled policy; we are disputing about the simplest elements of both civil and criminal law, and multiply statutes by steam; a procedure which would throw everything into confusion, if the courts did not now and then go the full length of their prerogative in intern

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preting them, so as to get an innocent meaning when the legislature had either no meaning, or a meaning subversive of all the legitimate ends of legislation. Surely, no statesman, especially no lawyer worthy of the name, can wish for greater facility of legislation than we now have, or regard the actual Constitution as rendering it too difficult

It is strange, we remark by the way, that at this late period of the world's history, this rage for legislating should so prevail, and entire communities should act as if law had now for the first time to be created. Has nothing been settled, and have we existed as a civilized people for these two hundred years without law, or without law adequate to the wants of a free and thriving people? Do we need to be told that law, as a science, was projected even centuries before we were born, and that the modifications necessary to adapt it to what there may be novel or peculiar in our condition and circumstances are very few? Can we answer how many of the evils we are compelled to suffer, spring from the rejection of old law science, and from experimenting in legislation as if we had the whole science to build up anew? Do we need to be told that our foolish legislative experiments are the principal cause of the constant convulsions of our business world, and that had it not been for the youth and vigor of our community, our experimental legislation would long ere this, by the insecurity to property it causes, and the frequency with which it makes it pass from its owners to others, have proved our total ruin? Surely, if we trace the history of our legislation for the last twenty years, we shall not doubt that checks on sovereign power are needed, and all the checks, and more than all the checks which the Constitution provides.

The Convention felt that there would be a tendency to hasty, unnecessary, and ruinous legislation, but that tendency has proved to be stronger even than they apprehended. They had no great confidence in majorities, but they did not foresee how majorities would be manufactured, nor anticipate the introduction of that perfect party discipline and party machinery which have since been introduced, and which render the people either a nullity,

or the blind tools of irresponsible party managers. This discipline and machinery, when adopted by one party, has to be adopted by the other in self-defense, and we have now arrived at the point when all the affairs of government are managed by party; and a power, through party, unknown to the Constitution, is installed as sovereign. This power is vested nobody can say where or precisely in whom; it is wielded by no public law, by no responsible chiefs, and though all-controlling, you can nowhere lay your finger on it. It is at once the slave and the master of everybody. This power, acting without public recognition, without public responsibility, dictates the policy of the government, and selects the candidates for office. The officers when chosen find themselves subject to it, hemmed in by it; obliged, they can hardly tell why or wherefore, to obey it; and having no employment for their own judgments, they give themselves up to it, and merge their own responsibility in its irresponsibleness, and never trouble themselves to ascertain whether what they do is for the good of the country or not; it is enough for them that it receives the sanction of their party. The consequence is, that in our acts of government we do not get an expression of the popular reason, nor of the personal convictions or conscientious judgments of even the men who are nominally clothed with authority; we get only the wishes or interests of party, or rather of the unnamable and irresponsible managers of party one-sided and selfish, and rarely compatible with the interests of the country at large. Nothing is or can be more inportant, then, than an organization of restraints which render legislation difficult, and prevent the possessors of power from rushing, in their madness and irresponsibleness, into measures ruinous to the country. You have some moral value of a man as long as there is nothing between him and the public, as long as he feels that he must answer directly to the public for his acts; but when a party stands between him and the public, and his reliance is on his party and not on his country, you have none at all. If he does the will of his party, that will uphold him, and vindicate his acts; and that is all that his interests or his reputation require; consequently, the more predominant the partyism, the more necessary are the constitutional checks on power.

It is true that the very reasons which render the Executive veto the more necessary, tend also to render it less adequate; because the same doctrine of party operates on the executive with hardly less force than on the members of Congress themselves, and tends to withhold the President from employing it against a favorite measure of his own party. This is an evil, a great evil, but not an objection to the veto power in itself considered. It is an objection only to its sufficiency, and proves, not that is injurious, but that it does not do all the good or prevent all the mischief it should. The Executive that refuses to employ it when he constitutionally ought, is as an Executive that has it not; and his refusing to employ it when its employment is demanded, is, as far as it goes, an argument for it, not against This evil which we admit, will, no doubt, subsist, as long as parties continue their present policy of selecting as candidates for chief magistracy of the Republic, not their greatest and best menmen well known to be fully qualified for the office, and able to stand of themselves without being held up by party discipline and machinery-but their most available men-men who will run the best, because they carry the least weight. This is a bad policy, even for the party itself, as well as for the country, though sometimes, perhaps, necessary to avoid the greater When one party adopts it, such is the fickleness, short-sightedness, and silliness of the mass of every party, that the other is often obliged to do the same. But the consequence is always bad. The Executive wants self-reliance; conscious of his own inexperience, perhaps of his own inability to discharge properly the duties of his high office, he is afraid to act independently, from his own convictions, on his own responsibility, and therefore throws himself back on his party, merges his individuality in it, yields blindly to its dictation, and throws upon it the entire responsibility of his acts, which it must assume, or else go out of power, and let the opposition come in. The consequence is that he surrenders his independence to his party in Congress, and, if that party

is in the majority in both houses, brings about that amalgamation of the executive and legislative functions of government. which the Convention hoped by means of the executive veto to prevent. This terrible evil will be remedied only when we have an executive who adopts and acts on the sound principles proclaimed by our present worthy chief magistrate in his letters before his election, and in his noble But it is not easy in inaugural address. the present state of public opinion to act on those high and independent principles. and will not be, till the public mind, by means of the press, shall be brought more into harmony with those great conservative principles of government, which have been so generally neglected for the last twenty years, but without which our liberties exist only in name, and wise and just government is but a dream.

It may be objected to the veto power. that it is seldom likely to be employed, except against such measures as secure a majority in Congress only by a union of some members of the party to which the Executive belongs with the opposition, and which, since they combine, in some degree, the support of both parties, are the least likely to be hasty or unjust. That is, the negative will not be employed when it should be, and will be when it should not. Experience does not fully bear out this objection, but we grant that it has some force. In several instances the veto has been applied in the manner here supposed, and it is this fact that has led some of our Whig friends, contrary, as we must believe, to their general principles, to propose its abolition or modification. But we are Conservatives, and we are loath to lay a rude hand on the Constitution. Experiments in amending constitutions, State or nationa' have not thus far proved very successful, and, in general, we find the amended constitution more in need of amendment than the original constitution itself. In almost every instance that has come under our knowledge, the so-called amendments adopted have proved a serious injury to the Constitution—have impaired its symmetry, rendered it less efficient, and made new alterations necessary; besides wakening in the public conscience that sacredness which should always attach to the constitution of the ug.

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State. Obvious anomalies which tend to defeat in practice the general design or intent of the Constitution, or clauses originally good, but rendered injurious by social changes or revolutions which have subsequently occurred, we would, of course, have removed; but beyond that, we believe it never prudent to venture. Nothing is more unwise or unstatesmanlike than to alter a constitution, for the sake of harmonizing it with changes which may have taken place in mere public opinion, or of conforming it to the demands of some newly invented or newly revived political theory. No constitution, constructed in accordance with a political theory, ever worked or ever did work well, for the simple reason that every theory is despotic, and no man, much less the mass of men, ever did or ever will act throughout life in accordance with a theory. Every man's life is full of anomalies; and it is far more with the anomalies in life and society, than with the normal, or what comes within the rule, that government must deal. A constitution that preserves a systematic consistency throughout, is necessarily either impracticable or despotic. Governments are founded in practical reason, not in speculative reason; and good sense, aided by large experience, must determine their constitution, not speculation. The English, who have much good sense, but very little speculative genius, and who care little for systematic consistency, maintain a comparatively free government. The French and Germans, who are far their superiors in speculative science, and who draw out constitutions perfectly satisfactory to speculative reason, forever alternate in practice between anarchy and despotism. No constitution will avert all evil, and wisdom requires us to submit to many evils; for what works evil to-day may work good to-morrow. By attempting to remove the evils which we occasionally suffer, we not seldom lose the good we are in possession of, and open the door to greater evils from which we are as yet

The exercise of his negative is, on the part of the Executive, an act of great personal responsibility. The easiest way for him is to throw the responsibility on Congress, and approve whatever act Con-

gress may choose to pass, without inquiry as to its constitutionality, and he will always do so, unless he has some motive to do otherwise. If he does otherwise, it must be either from a sense of duty, or for the hope of gaining public

applause or support.

It should be borne in mind that the veto power is purely negative; that when constitutionally employed, it gives to the Executive no positive power of legislation, enables him to fasten no objectionable policy on the country, but merely arms him with a conservative power to preserve to some extent laws already in force, and to prevent or delay the adoption of new measures and of a new line of policy. It is a power perfectly in accordance with the principles of our government, and is repugnant to radical but not to Whig doctrines. Opposition to it could come consistently enough from the democratic party; but from the Whig party, it strikes us, not without some inconsistency. True, it has been used to defeat favorite measures of the Whig party, but it is no Whig doctrine to seek to carry measures in spite of the Constitution, or to attack the Constitution when it operates against us. We are sworn to the Constitution for "better or for worse," and we trust we are prepared to forego every public good not to be attained under it, and in accordance with its provisions.

It is said by some that the executive veto cannot be legitimately employed except on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the measure negatived. This we apprehend is a mistake, no restriction of this sort, or of any sort, is to be found in the Constitution itself.*

[&]quot; Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approves, he shall sign it, but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such consideration two-thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two thirds of that house, it shall become a law."—" If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days, (Sundays excepted,) after it shall have been presented to him, the

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The power to negative extends to all acts of Congress, and nothing is said as to the grounds on which it is to be applied. The Executive is left sole arbiter of his reasons for applying his negative, only he is to communicate them to Congress. Congress may judge of their sufficiency, and if by a majority of two-thirds they judge them insufficient, they count for nothing, and the measure becomes a law in spite of them. It is clear from the debates of the Convention, that the Convention did not intend to restrict the power to the simple con-stitutionality of the acts of Congress; that power is in the judiciary, and the executive veto, if so restricted, would be super-The Convention believed that acts might be passed not absolutely unconstitutional, which nevertheless would tend to impair the independence of the Executive, or would be impolitic or unjust, and it was to provide a negative on such acts which the judiciary could not reach, that they gave the Executive

same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law."—Const. of the U. S., Art. I, Sec. 7.

"All legislative powers hereingranted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."—Const. of U. S., Art. I, Sec. 1.

The object of this provision of the Constitution appears clearly in the form of the executive oath, "I do solemnly swear," &c. "that I will," &c. "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

In the above essay the careless or prejudiced reader may perhaps seem, or affect, to discover an inclination in our author to defend the employment of the veto power, as it has been freely employed during the last twenty years, for private or party purposes. Nothing, however, could be farther from the design of the author, than to admit so loose a construction of the Constitution. We conceive the veto power, like the separate powers of the two houses of Congress, to be conferred upon the Executive as a means of selfpreservation and defense, as a means of preventing direct violations of the Constitution, and as a check upon the violence and impetuosity, the socalled "hasty legislation" of an excited legisla-ture. Under circumstances of peculiar excite-ment, when parties are equally divided, a most iniquitous measure might become a law, were it not for the conservative barrier erected against it in the presidential veto. We therefore regard the veto as our defender against the great mischiefs that may happen from the hasty and illconsidered action of a small and virulent majority.

his qualified negative. Other objections than the mere unconstitutionality of acts of Congress are then, we must believe, proper subjects for the Executive to consider; and, since to confine him to the simple question of constitutionality would deprive him of the power to maintain the independence of the executive department of government, we must hold that he not only is not, but ought not, to be so confined in the employment of his negative.

Our readers will perceive that we have given ourselves a considerable latitude of discussion. Our object has, indeed, been to defend the veto power, but at the same time to draw attention to those general principles of our Constituion and government which in the democratic excitement of the times, and the bustle and confusion created by party struggles, we are in danger of forgetting. We have wished to point out the place of the executive veto in our plan of government, and incidentally to lay open and defend that plan itself. The writer of this is no political theorist, he is an American, and an American conservative both from principle and from inclination, and is opposed alike to innovations in the system of government established, and to the experimental legislation which has become so much the rage. He believes that the Constitution is too little studied, and that the real character of our institutions is too little understood and appreciated. If what he has said shall excite any of our gifted and learned young men to a more diligent study of the American constitution, his purpose will have been answered, and he will not have written in vain.

Note by the Editor.—The doctrine in regard to the veto power, hitherto maintained by the Review, has been, that that power should never be employed excepting in cases of extreme emergency, when the action of Congress has been either clearly unconstitutional, the executive oath in such cases demanding an employment of the veto power, or when the President may be compelled to employ it for the defense of his own prerogative, or the prerogative of other branches of the government.

The Whig opposition to the too frequent employment of the veto power, is founded, not so much upon a general apprehension of the ug.

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too rapid increase of executive influence, as upon the conviction that a President elected under a pledge to use it without scruple for the ends of his own party, would effectually check all legislation during the term of his continuance in office, and so defeat the most salutary measures, passed by large and constant majorities, and evidently necessary for the defense and welfare of the country, but odious to the minority merely because they emanated from the opposition. If the Constitution intended to concentrate in the President the three functions of judicial, legislative, and executive authority, then it also intended that the veto power should be employed by the President as a means of controlling the entire legislation of the country. By simply announcing that he will veto every public measure originating with the majority, the President is able to throw the entire legislative power of the nation into the hands of his friends in the minority—a condition of things which, in this country, would end in a civil war. An unscrupulous President is able, by the use of his patronage, by threats, and by personal influence, to maintain a pretty strong minority, even in the height of his unpopularity. The means of doing this are almost always at his disposal. Our author has shown that this government is constitutionally so adjusted as to favor the majority, and to throw the weight of power into the hands of the greater number. It will not be denied by either party that in general it is right for a well-ascertained and constant majority to have the greatest weight in legislation; but to admit at the same time that the President may constitutionally exercise his veto power as a steady and constant stumbling-block to a fair majority in both houses of Congress, is to admit a power totally subversive of the ends of government, and hostile to the spirit of a republican constitution.

The Whigs, therefore, have elected a President pledged, not to carry their measures against a natural majority, but pledged only not to interpose his negative against a clear and constant majority in Congress. It is the doc-

trine of the Whigs, that the President is not invested with a judicial or a legislative power, and that, therefore, the less he meddles in legislation the better. If we look merely at the letter, there is, indeed, nothing written in the Constitution which directly forbids the constant partisan employment of the executive veto; but in this, as in other instances, we are obliged to study, not merely the letter, but the spirit of that document. It would have been impossible to trace the exact limits within which the veto should be employed. In all governments the employment of such a power must be left in great part to discretion, and its use be regulated by the custom of ages. Custom and usage have limited the employment of the negative of the crown in England upon acts of Parliament. The election of Whig Presidents will in the same manner fix and limit the veto power, with the sanction of public opinion in America. The entire argument is but one of many which go together to convince us that the safety and dignity of the nation depends in great measure upon the election to the executive office of great and conscientious men. "During the administration of Washington, the executive branch of the federal government, great as was its influence, never overstepped So far was Washington its lawful limits. from improperly interfering with the action of the co-ordinate branches of government, that, for example, while Congress was engaged in discussing the measures of the proposed system of finance, he strictly abstained from any expression of opinion respecting them. Wherever precedents may be found for buying congressional votes with executive promises, or making the support of executive measures by legislators the ground for rewarding them with lucrative and honorable offices, or for bringing any sort of illegitimate influence into the halls of legislation, the first President, no less pure in mind than firm in authority, set none of them."—See Article on Washington's Administration, American Review, July, 1849. pages 13-14.

SORROW.

I saw thee beautiful, when health and joy
To youth's quick pulse gave ever sweet employ;
When in thy fresh simplicity was seen
A grace, the woman's and the child's between,
And golden fingered Hope's awakening glow
Lit the fair heaven of thy unclouded brow.

I saw thee beautiful, ere yet had care With faintest outline left her tracery there; When life, subservient to thy spirit free, Lay, all in sunlight, like a summer sea, Reflecting back thy hope's serenest hue, As crystal lakes reflect the aerial blue.

I saw thee beautiful; nor guessed I then How grief should change thee ere we met again, And weigh with tears that beauty to its doom, As dews that gem the rose destroy its bloom.

The charm of youth, form, feature, graceful ease—Beauty there is more eloquent than these.

And still I see thee beautiful; for now
Sits, born of Heaven, meek Peace upon thy brow.

No more impulsive, Passion, calmed and still,
Obeys the influence of the tempered will.

And now to starry eyes and golden tress,
I recognize superior loveliness;
And feel how Sorrow hath been wronged by such,
As deem frail beauty withered by her touch;
Since for each bloom she steals, and every grace,
She leaves a seraph brightness in their place—
As rainbows softly tint the humid air—
Lights the pale brow, and stamps the angel there.

A. M. W.

THE DROVER'S CARPET-BAG.

"Man is fearfully and wonderfully made."-King David.

A YOUTH and a maiden—a comely, wellsuited pair-were walking in a forest. It was a forest of pines. Minute fragments of leaves, the deposite of many years, covered the ground with a carpet softer than ever was woven in loom. The tall, columnar trunks, supporting the dense canopy that intercepted the rays of the sun, had long since cast off the lower branches, which might have obstructed the ramble of the lovers. The western gale, which was frolicking without, and spreading the newly made hay a second time over the meadows, could only murmur among the tree-tops of the forest, without power to penetrate its recesses. It was a lonely, and it might seem to some a melancholy spot, yet we envy not the man who is unable to find a pleasure in the high and solemn thought which such a scene tends to excite.

Thomas Austin and Jessie Rosse had grown up together; and each succeeding day seemed but to have increased their attachment. Austin's father, though a man of integrity and respectability, was both poor and ill-educated. Mr. Rosse, on the other hand, was by no means wealthy; yet he possessed a competence, and by personal qualities was fitted to adorn any society. With too much discernment to be unaware of the direction which the growing affections of his daughter were taking, he did not attempt to change it.

Within a twelvemonth past the relative situation of the parties had become quite different. Thomas had inherited a large estate. Jessie, too noble to suspect that this accession of property had altered his sentiments towards her, could not however but observe in him at times a coldness of manner which seemed not more contrary to his long-cherished affection than to his very nature, for by tempera-

ment he was ardent and excitable. thought too that he avoided her society. When they did meet, his greetings wanted cordiality, and he often turned suddenly away, as if he experienced relief in separating from her. She was pained at all this, but felt nothing like resentment. Had she indeed believed that he was really as much estranged as appearances indicated, she would have suffered her heart to break rather than have humbled herself to reproach him for the desertion. But although a girl in years and in loveliness of character and person, she possessed the traits of a strong-minded woman, and, far from giving way to pensive tears, was determined first to ascertain the true nature and extent of the calamity which seemed to impend over her.

They had strolled more than a mile into the depths of the pines, and hitherto scarcely a dozen sentences had been exchanged between them.

"Thomas," she said, with an effort,

"have I offended you?"

"No," was his reply, "how can you imagine such a thing? So far from it, you love me more than I deserve—I would that you loved me less."

"It is true, then," she said, turning her eyes upon him sorrowfully, "it is true, then, that the rich Thomas Austin despises

the lowly Jessie Rosse."

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie, you torture me. I ought indeed to allow you to adopt any impression that might serve to wean your heart from me—I ought to suffer you to believe me the contemptible, purse-proud thing you suppose. I ought to bear even this, miserable wretch that I am—but I cannot. No, Jessie, all that estate does not equal, in my estimation, one hair of your head. Hate and despise me, for I would have you both to hate and to despise me; but not on this account."

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"Dear Thomas, tell me"-

He interrupted her—"Ask nothing, for you must not share that fearful burden which is crushing me to the earth; come, let us hurry home."

"Have you so little confidence in me, Thomas? What use is it for human beings to love, if they cannot share each other's sorrows? Many a grief, Thomas, which, if retained in the bosom, will gnaw

through one's heart, may be banished by the counsel of a faithful friend."

"But it is for your sake, Jessie, that I do not tell you—your happiness must not be ruined."

"Oh, I care not for happiness," replied the animated girl, with flashing eyes— "tell me—hesitate not—tell me all!"

"You do not know what you ask, Jes-

sie."

"And for that very reason it is that I

ask it," she gaily rejoined.

He smiled at her eagerness, but it was a melancholy smile, and he remained silent after it. She renewed her solicitations, and so earnestly, that his reserve at length gave way.

The pair walked on almost unconsciously, as Austin delivered the following nar-

rative :

"I had been to see my uncle. I reached home again the evening of the eighth of June, excessively tired. It was long after dusk, yet as I passed the windows I perceived from the appearance of the table, that supper had not been taken. I was not surprised at this, inferring at once that there were no strangers in the house, and that my sisters, as might be expected in the mistresses of a small country inn, had little appetite for a lonely meal. Disappointed and heart-sick as well as weary, I went at once to my chamber, and placing the carpet-bag behind my large chest, threw myself upon the bed. could not sleep. Though the door communicating with the common sitting-room was wide open, the sultry heat of the evening probably had something to do with my restlessness, for I had not taken time to remove any part of my clothing. Mental distraction, however, contributed far more to render me wakeful. That day had seen the annihilation of a hope which I had cherished from infancy; a hope which had grown with my growth

and strengthened with my strength. I had leaned upon that assured trust as the vine leans upon the oak, and the moment which tore it away might well resemble the commencement of the agonies of dissolution. Something else was not wanting to add a pang even to such sufferings. My own headlong passions, my own more than brutish folly, had caused all the ruin! I must at length have dropped into some sort of slumber, for the sound of voices in the adjoining room was the first intimation I received of the arrival of guests. I overheard their conversation as a man listens in a dream. Every word fell upon my ear with the utmost distinctness, yet it excited no emotion. A matter was discussed which might have startled the innocence of childhood, or the apathy of old age, yet I-I-so vitally interested, heard, but felt not. I recognized the persons talking. One was our nearest neighbor, that excellent and respected man, Mr. Rosse—your father, Jessie. He asked a question:

"'You have said the body was taken to Mrs. Walker; how did you get it there?"

"'I'll tell you all about it." speaker was Richard Smith, a very steady young fellow who manages his mother's farm on the edge of the next county-'Well,' said he, 'when Trott and I found the corpse as we've told you, we at once began to think what to do. We saw plain enough that Walker had been struck on the head as well as stabbed, and we couldn't be certain that he was not rather stunned than mortally hurt. Trott spoke about the coroner; but for my part I felt no notion to be waiting for any coroner, when perhaps the poor man might be brought to. It's a very lonely place there, no dwelling-house within three miles; so when I heard the rumbling of a wagon ahead, off I starts down the road for it.'

"'And you were gone a great while,' interposed Trott, 'and I felt real peculiar too, staying by that bloody corpse.'

"I believe Smith laughed slightly as he continued: 'It warnt so long as you in your scariness supposed, but I was kept back some little time. After a couple of miles or more I came up with a person in a two-horse wagon. It was Coward the marketman—Wat Coward, who goes huckstering all over the country. When

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I told him about Walker, he showed no mind to go back. He said he reckoned Walker was dead, and 'twas no use for him to go way up the ridge again with his tired beasts. I told him then that I'd help him to remove the things from his wagon, so that he might return empty. He spoke out, very quick and short, that he would not do that, and said it was hard for him to lose his market for the sake of a dead man. At last I told him he must go back, and accordingly he did go, but after a very sulky fashion. So we put the corpse in on top of the marketing, and brought it down to Mrs. Walker, his wife-the house is right on the roadside you know.'

"Mr. Rosse then spoke, and though he lowered his voice almost to a whisper, I heard every syllable-' How did it happen that Coward failed to notice the body when he came by at first? Is it possible that he could have committed the murder?'

"After a pause Smith answered, 'He is a dark, ugly-looking fellow to be sure, and acted strangely about returning for Walker's corpse, yet I must say I don't think we have cause enough to charge him with doing the deed. The corpse lay behind Carter's old stable—the Carter dwellinghouse, you know, was burnt down some twenty years ago, and all the hill has long been out in common. But, since the body was behind the stable, no one of course could see it in passing along the road. Trott and I thought we'd get off the stones of the wagon-track by riding around the stable over the old field, which we could easily do, being on horseback.'

"'Where is Coward now?' inquired

Mr. Rosse.

"'Oh, he'll be along before midnight I reckon; he said he was going to put up here.'

"I have no distinct recollection of what followed of the conversation, until Mr. Rosse put some query in relation to the baggage of the murdered drover. 'He was travelling on foot,' replied Smith, 'and his wife told us he was in the habit of carrying a carpet-bag. Now, what is curious enough, when we found him, he had a small piece of worsted stuff like carpeting, griped so tight in his hand that it was as much as both Trott and I could do to get it loose. Mrs. Walker, as

soon as she saw it, declared it to be a piece of his carpet-bag. No doubt the fellow who attacked him tried to pull the bag out of his hand, thinking there was money in it, and Walker then held on so tight that the cloth gave way and the piece was left in his hand.'

"'But there was no money,' suggested

some one.'

"'No,' said Smith, 'he had put the money he got for his cattle in bank, instead of bringing it home with him. So the villain who killed him got nothing by it.'

"Of all that ensued after this, I was unconscious. Fatigue, that powerful anodyne, gained the mastery of everything else. I must have slept very soundly, but my slumber was not the slumber that refreshes. When I awoke, the sun was shining into my chamber. I got up instantly; but my head swam-I reeled, and would have fallen prostrate, but for the old chest in the recess. As I sank down upon it, my hand, dropping behind, touched the carpet-bag; I drew it forth suddenly. A rent stared me in the face. A piece was gone; where was it? Thought flew at once to the rigid fist of the dead man. The lining was not torn, and retained the contents of the bag, but there was no money in it; the words of Smith rang in my ears, 'The villain who killed him got nothing by it!' How easily that fearful witness of guilt might have been discovered by any one happening to come into the room! Suppose somebody should now enter-the reflection nerved me at once. I sprang up, buttoned my loose frock-coat over the carpet-bag, and stepped rapidly out of the room.

"In going from the house, I heard the clatter of knives and forks; all were eating breakfast, and the way was clear. I had not been summoned to the meal, because my return was not yet known. Behind the cedar hedge of the orchard was a deep and never-failing well, but the water is so brackish that my father, at considerable expense, conducted to the house some years ago the stream of a distant spring. The well, in consequence, has been quite disused. I approached it, raised the cover, and was about to drop my burden; but a thought occurred to me. The little bag seemed very light-might it not float? I unlaced it—a soiled shirt was disclosed. The sight carried me in imagination to the widow's house on the road. But the picture which my heated fancy conjured up. affected me with nothing like contrition or remorse. I thought not of the desolate woman, weeping over the gory body of her husband. I thought only of that miserable fragment of carpet which might bring me to the gallows. I uttered no exclamation. I did not even gnash my teeth, but, with the calmness of a man engaged in his daily labor, I took up a stone of several pounds weight, and deposited it in the bag, which, when it was again securely laced, I dropped out of sight in the To close the gloomy pit before me. lid and stride back to the house was little more than an instant's work. I sought my chamber, but how dreadfully I was startled on entering it, to perceive the form of a man peering behind the chest! My footfall aroused him. He turned, and showed the countenance of the marketman Coward. He was agitated, but bent on me a firm and searching glance. As for myself, I trembled, but desperation gave me vigor to glare back so fiercely that his eye sank beneath mine.

" 'So you've got back, Mr. Austin,' he

said.

"'Yes,' was the reply which I gasped

rather than articulated.

"He seemed about to make some other observation, but checked himself and hurried out of the room, merely saying, as if by way of apology for his sudden departure, 'My horses and wagon are down the road, I am afraid to be away from them any longer.'

"He was gone; did he carry my secret with him? I knew not, but feared. I heard my father's voice at the outer door. He was addressing Coward, and a resistless curiosity drew me to the window of

the adjoining room.

"'I thought I left a bundle behind,"

the marketman answered.

"'You have got it now, I suppose," said my father, glancing at the breast of the fellow's great-coat, which seemed to enclose something more than his lank per-

"'Oh, yes; I have it,' returned Coward, 'but it has caused me a long trudge. Good morning, sir.'

" 'I don't like that man,' muttered my

father. So easily may the best persons be deceived! Turning away from Coward he met his son. Which of the two seemed to him to bear the appearance of a murderer-the smooth-faced youth of twenty, or that dark, scowling man, upon whose features nature herself had stamped the impress of villany? My father expressed much surprise at learning that I had been in the house all night; and my sisters having joined us, I was subjected to a vol-

ley of interrogatories.

"The three days' absence-for so long had I been away from home-had been spent in a visit to an uncle who lived forty miles off. This old man, my only wealthy relative, had no family, and lived in great seclusion. People called him eccentric. He had been but once in my father's house, though I never heard that anything had been done to displease him. At the time of that single visit I was about ten years old, and was considered by my parents at least more lively and intelligent than children of that age usually are. How this may have been I know not, but it is certain that my uncle appeared to take a great fancy for me, and on leaving the house charged my father by all means to give me a good education, adding that if this were done, he would himself take care of my establishment in a profession. Since that time he had more than once inquired with an appearance of interest, how I was progressing in study. These marks of concern, which might have been disregarded, if manifested by any one else, coming from him were thought to constitute sufficient foundation for many an ambitious scheme. My father used far more of his narrow means than he could afford, in endeavoring to make me equal to the expectations of my uncle. I had done what I could, devoting the time and labor which, if applied to agriculture or trade, would have given me the power to lighten the declining steps of my self-sacrificing parent, to the acquisition of knowledge, which after all could be of little avail unless such pecuniary assistance were now given as would enable me to add to it still more. But you know this already, Jessie, let me return to what you do not know.

"It had taken me two days to walk to my uncle's. If I had gone on horseback the journey must have occupied me still ig.

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longer, for I took a direct course through piny forests, which are impassable to any but foot-travellers. I spent the night at his house. In the morning a trivial circumstance unfortunately aroused my temper, which I have never subjected to good governance. During that instant of irritability, I made a remark at which my uncle conceived deep, and as it seemed, irreconcilable offense. He commanded me to leave his house, and even with a hitterness of tone and manner which I shall never forget, cursed my departing Words cannot describe what I then felt. I, myself, though the events of that terrible period are indelibly imprinted upon my memory-I, myself, cannot now, as I recall that scene, recall also the convulsion of soul and body which attended it. I bounded from the house. That space which had occupied me two tedious days was now traversed in one-and so traversed that it seemed that the whole journev had filled no longer time than one throb of my pulse might have measured. Yet in that day what a deed was committed! My uncle denied me what he had promised, the means which alone I believed were needed to open for me the road to wealth, and fame, and power. Money -money, I wanted. Could not money be obtained otherwise than from my uncle? No good angel whispered that suggestion.

"Some months passed away. Your father, Jessie, who was a frequent visitor at our house, happened one evening to be standing alone with me on the porch. He said to me, 'I am quite uneasy, Thomas, about my son Frederick. He went up the country a week ago to collect some money which was due me, and ought surely to have been back by this time. That road passes over a dreary region, and Walker's fate shows how easily murder

may be perpetrated.

"'Oh, sir,' I replied, 'you have little cause for alarm. Depend upon it, the man who has committed one murder never can have the daring to commit another!'

"He seemed to pay no attention to my remark, but continued, 'I wish I could send word to him not to travel alone on his way down.'

"We were on the porch at this time as I have told you, and casting my eye down the road I saw a blue-topped two-horse

wagon with which I was too well acquainted. 'There is Coward,' I said, 'on his way up; you can send word by him to Frederick.'

"'Never,' exclaimed Mr. Rosse, 'I would sooner trust the lamb to the keeping of the wolf, than confide the safety of my son to that man. If Fred now only had with him a devoted friend like you'—These words were daggers; what else he

said I knew not.

"Coward had fed his horses by the stable, and was walking restlessly around the house. I watched him closely, for it was too probable that my fate was in his He walked into the orchard, and the cedar hedge concealed him from my view. I snatched a plate out of the kitchen and also went into the orchard to gather apples for supper! I saw him step over the well, indifferently, and without giving it any glance of recognition. This was a great relief. It was possible that, although he must have discovered the carpet-bag behind the chest while I slept, he might not have observed me hiding it afterwards. Coward had nearly reached the other side of the orchard before he noticed that I was following him. When he did so, he turned immediately and proceeded towards me. I was not prepared for this, and stupidly awaited him, without knowing what to do or say.

"He approached, and, after casting a stealthy glance around to be certain that no one else was within hearing, inquired what I thought of Walker's murder.

"I was dreadfully startled, but had sufficient composure to answer, 'What

should I think of it?'

"He repeated the words after me, 'Yes, what should you think of it? The man's dead now, and so thousands of other folks have died. No man dies till his time comes, and I don't see what great odds it makes then whether he gets his death

by knife or by fever.'

"You have seen this man Coward, Jessie, and I need not tell you that, with his tangled, snaky, jet-black hair, and his glowing eye, and hideous roughness of feature, he looks like a fiend. Most people dislike him—you no doubt dislike him; but I tell you that if hating him were a sign of innocence, no seraph in heaven would be purer than I. He was spread-

ing his toils around me, and I had no power to escape. Drops of sweat burst from my forehead as I answered him; had I been at the bar of justice, I could not have suffered more terrible agony.

"Coward sank his voice to a whisper as he said-'Do you know what became

of Walker's carpet-bag?'

"He doubtless understood the agitation of my countenance as an affirmative answer, for he continued, 'It had no money in it.'

"'Ay, it had no money it,' I echoed.
"There was a pause; Coward broke it,

'I know something about the man who killed him.'

" 'Do you?' said I.

"'Yes,' he rejoined, 'I know who did it; but it would not be right to tell on the poor fellow, would it?"

"'No,' said I, 'it would not be right.'

"'Besides,' added Coward, 'if betrayed, who knows but he might be able to pay the person back who should do it; he who has used a knife once can use it again, can't he?'

"'Yes, that he can,' I exclaimed, in a loud, fierce tone. He was a little startled at this, and proposed that we should separate and go to the house. I assented. As he turned away, he said significantly—

'Mum's the word, you know.

"'Yes,' I answered, 'Mum's the word.'
"The account of this conversation,
Jessie, must seem to you very incoherent,
but the conversation itself was no less so.
Indeed, I believe I have given it to you
word for word.

"When I returned to the house, whom do you think I met there? Your brother. And not only had he returned, but he brought intelligence that my uncle had been taken very ill, and had expressed an urgent desire to see my father and me.

"The whole family were at once thrown into the bustle of preparation. My father's age and feebleness required that we should go on horseback, even though it was thus rendered necessary to take

the more circuitous route.

"Our first stopping-place was twentyfive miles distant, and notwithstanding we set out quite early in the day, we rode so slowly that sunset caught us when we had still some four miles to travel. We had reached a high ridge of red earth. Below,

a magnificent prospect was extended before us, and westwardly we could see the farm-houses dotting the mountain side. Since the fatal eighth of June, I have never enjoyed anything like tranquillity of mind except at that moment. The stillness of the dusky twilight, the vast expanse to the eastward, and the dreary yet solemn desolation that reigned immediately around, affected me with indescribable emotions. At that instant, I believe, I could even have prayed.

"My father spoke: 'So this is the place

where Walker was murdered.'

"I started, and a chill of horror struck through my breast. It was even so. There, to my left hand, was an old ruinous stable. Behind that stable the bloody corpse had been found, and yet the whole place seemed strange—so completely had passion blinded me when I last gazed upon that scene.

"'In your other journey to your uncle's, you did not cross the ridge here, did you?' The inquiry was made by my

father.

"'No, sir,' I answered; 'I went up yonder, by the valley of the Coldstone Creek, which must be at least a mile south of this.' I did not tell what course I pursued on my return. Could I indeed, if I had tried, have traced out the path which I followed in that delirious flight? My faithless memory was able to recognize this spot, for a deed had been done which marked it too well, but what circumstance could recall any other spot? There was one such circumstance which I should have mentioned before; but it is not wonderful that I am unable to give a wellconnected account. I brought home (as I told you) the torn carpet-bag of Walker's, but I brought only that one, what then became of mine? I had tormented myself vainly in the effort to remember. There was a fine spring some miles west of the red ridge, immediately in the course which I pursued in going on foot to my uncle's; and out of it I then drunk. It is not impossible that I also took a draught from it on my return. In that case I might have omitted to take up my carpetwallet again. After much reflection I concluded to let things take their course. If the bag were found and recognized as mine, I could say that I had lost it, but 10.

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deemed it of too little value to merit inquiry. How easy it is, after committing a great crime, to reconcile one's conscience to smaller crimes! How easy to lie after doing murder! If I did not leave the bag at the spring, Coward must have picked it up on the road by the old Carter stable, and, doubtless, retains it in his hands, so as to preserve an overwhelming mass of evidence against me.

"It took us two days more to reach my uncle's, and when we got there the house was no longer his, but mine. The old man was dead and had made me his

"Since that time I have possessed riches; whether I have taken pleasure in them or not, you may judge. Metaphysicians and preachers, Jessie, have labored to show that the damned may be punished with no corporeal suffering, and yet may endure exquisite torment. I believe it. Any error that we commit, if found to be irreparable, may for an instant inflict upon us mental anguish more exeruciating than the worst bodily pain. Instead of an error, suppose a crime like that by which I am now oppressed, and you have the intolerable anguish, not of a moment, but of eternity. To sever the thread of a human life is, in truth, to commit a mistake beyond repair! There is a circumstance, however, about this matter, Jessie, which I have yet reason enough left to perceive and wonder at. I have been religiously educated, Jessie; from childhood I have listened with reverential attention to the preaching of the gospel; and more than all, I have had before me the daily example of a pious parent. Would you not suppose that, whatever may have been the impulse under which I committed the act I did, my strongest feeling now would be remorse on account of the dreadful sin? Yet, strange as it may appear, the fact is not so. I am ready to tear away my hair, or to pluck out my eyes; not, however, because I have violated the commands of my Maker, but merely because I reproach myself with a blunder. I stand in dread of the penalty of human law, not of divine; my conscience is silent, while my rational faculties are loud in rebuke."

After Thomas Austin thus concluded his narrative, his companion and he continued their walk in silence. About ten

minutes had elapsed, when Austin said— "So, you cannot wonder now, Jessie, that I desired to relieve you of my presence and my love. Imagine that I had deceived you, and we had been wedded. I know too well that, some time or other, a murderer must be discovered and dragged to an ignominious death; what would then become of his wife? Oh, the blow must kill her, it must kill her! That would be a murder indeed; then I should have had cause for remorse. But what may I not have done already in giving you this frightful account?"

Austin turned suddenly and gazed for the first time in her face, to read the impression which his words had made. He found her countenance very grave and thoughtful, yet it did not exhibit the overwhelming grief which he expected to see.

Jessie spoke, but not for the purpose of uttering vain exclamations. "You think this huckster, Coward, knows all about the killing of Walker, do you not?"

"Certainly, I cannot doubt it."

"Have you met him since the day when that conversation in the orehard took place, and especially since your possession of your uncle's property?"

"Oh, yes, many times."

"Has he ever shown any disposition to extort money from you?"

"So far from it, that I think he rather assumes an air of timidity and obsequiousness."

"You have said, Thomas, that you killed the drover; how did you do it?"

"Why, have you never heard, Jessie, that he was stabbed?"

"What weapon did you do it with?" Austin seemed astounded at the com-

posure with which she put these interrogatories, and it was some seconds before he answered: "The man was stabbed with his own knife. Dick Smith found it lying by him, and his wife recognized it."

"On what part of his person did you find his knife?"

"Oh, in the breast-pocket of his coat, to be sure; who ever carried a dirk any where else?"

"But how did you get it from there whilst he was walking along?"

"I could not have done it while he was walking; he was knocked down before he was stabbed,"

"What did you knock him down with?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know?"

"I mean, I do not remember. I really believe I was half-delirious all that day."

Again they walked on in silence, though now they were proceeding in a homeward direction.

Austin at last became impatient. "Tell me, Jessie, what you think about it all? Spare me not, for you cannot speak worse of me than I deserve."

"Well, Thomas, I think the drover was killed by this man Coward."

"How can that be?" cried Austin; "did not I kill Walker?"

"Circumstances certainly have led you to imagine that you killed him-but I believe it was Coward who really committed the act."

"But, Jessie, can you disbelieve my assertion; and is this such an excellent deed that I should seek to bear off the credit of it undeservedly? Or do you think I have been giving you a madman's

rhapsody?"

"Dear Thomas, listen to me-you have yourself said that you returned from your uncle's in almost the unconsciousness of delirium. You cannot give any connected account of the events of that day; when you afterwards visited the spot where the man was killed, the whole scene appeared unfamiliar; you cannot tell me a single circumstance of the murder which is not also known to the coroner, to his jury, and to the whole county. On the other hand, Coward, who undoubtedly passed by the spot about the time of the murder, and who is a man of suspicious habits and bad reputation, exhibits the demeanor of a culprit who believes you to be acquainted with his guilt."

"Can you tell me, though," said Austin, "how I came to bring home Walker's

carpet-bag instead of mine?"

"There is indeed a mystery here," replied Jessie, "which I cannot as yet penetrate-but this is what I will do, Thomas. In some way or other I will manage to see this Walter Coward when no third person is by, and if I charge him with the murder, I have not the least doubt that he will confess having done it."

Austin at the mention of this plan Mike Burrows, a free black lad of sixteen,

evinced great consternation. So intense was the affright exhibited in his face that even the firm nerves of his companion were shaken by the spectacle. The figure of the horror-stricken Sir Trevisan, after he had escaped from the den of Despair with a halter round his neck, is hardly an exaggerated representation of Austin's appearance at this moment. His cheeks were hollow and ghastly pale; his lip was pinched, and his chin sharpened, as of one in mortal sickness; his eyes were fixed and glaring: and his whole shrunken body leaned forward in the agony of supplication.

"Oh, say nothing to him, Jessie!provoke him not or I am lost. Remember that my life hangs on the breath of his mouth. Oh, dear Jessie, dear Jessie,

do have pity on me !"

Was this, thought Jessie, the stalwart, stout-hearted youth of a year ago? How

great the change!

His nervous entreaties, many times reiterated, compelled her to promise the relinquishment of her scheme. They walked homewards. She was able to say little on the way, and would have yielded to the feeling which prompted her to say nothing, had not her loving heart forbade silence when it was possible that words might administer comfort and support.

Some weeks passed away-weeks of despondency and dread to Austin, of sad and anxious perplexity to Jessie. During that painful walk in the pines, a labyrinth seemed to spring up around her as if by magic. Her trusting nature had seized upon what she thought might be a clue to the fresh air without, but now as she each day revolved the narrative of Austin in her mind, doubts arose which she could not quell. If in truth the drover had been slain by his hand, (which she still hoped was only the dream of an excited fancy) she was confident that his head and heart had never assented to the act—that it was done in a delirium which took away both consciousness and responsibility. placing the matter even in this light, it was horrible to reflect that he, upon whom her heart rested all its affections, was stained with the blood of homicide.

The scene received still another change.

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had been detected with a pocket-book which was known to have belonged to Walker. This boy had very frequently been employed by the drover to assist him in driving his beeves. He accompanied him on his last, fatal trip, but in returning home had started in advance of his master. Mike accounted for his possession of the pocket-book by saying that Mr. Walker gave it to him before they separated to come back. The boy admitted that he had kept it concealed for more than a year, but earnestly protested that he did so only from an apprehension of being suspected of theft. His story was not believed. No storekeeper could be found in the town who recollected having sold Walker a pocket-book about that time, and it was very improbable that he would have given away his old one without supplying its place with another. more suspicious facts were discovered, which together made up a strong chain of circumstantial evidence. He was arrested; the grand jury found a true bill against him; and so generally was the community satisfied of his guilt, that there was little doubt what the issue of his trial must

This intelligence made Austin in some measure himself again. The unmanly dread which for a time had stifled every generous sentiment, was now shaken off. He could not see the penalty of his own act visited upon another. His resolution was formed; he would deliver himself up to justice and confess his crime. Jessie Rosse in vain remonstrated. His determination, he said, restored him the tranquillity of which he had long been deprived, and his purpose was fixed to adhere to it. She urged the possibility that the murder was not committed by him.

He listened for a while with an air of incredulity, and then replied—"Well, dear Jessie, suppose that I am innocent; legal investigation cannot fail to make the fact evident."

"Does it," said she, "make poor Mike Burrows' innocence evident? No, Thomas, your own confession will be regarded as establishing your guilt. You think it sinful that any other person should be put to death unjustly;—can you be justifiable in causing your own execution for a crime which you have not committed?"

Austin was staggered for an instant, but his answer was firm and decided—
"This poor boy is certainly innocent; it is too probable that I am not: hence it is just and right to save his life at the expense of my own.

"At all events," said his companion, "you can now have no objection to my seeing Walter Coward."

"It will be useless," replied Austin, "but I care not for your seeing him. Yet stay, if he should possibly be guilty of Walker's death, his desperation at being discovered might provoke him to further bloodshed—your life may be taken by the ruffian. The thought is horrible. Jessie, you must not see him."

"But, Thomas, you are confident that you yourself slew the man."

Austin here nodded assent.

She continued: "May it not be that if he saw you do it, he could give important testimony to establish the fact that you did it in the frenzy of delirium? Do not, I pray you, forbid me to see him—I will guard against any such consequence as you apprehend."

Austin gave a reluctant consent, promising besides not to deliver himself up without further consultation with her.

Some days of great distress for the poor girl now ensued. The marketman made his usual trips up and down the road, but she felt an extreme reluctance to have the interview which she had so long meditated. On that interview her last hope depended. If it failed to answer her expectations (and her confidence that it would daily diminished) the fate of Thomas Austin was sealed. The man was probably a hardened, wary villain. The conscience upon which she sought to operate might have been seared into callousness by a long succession of crimes, and what chance was there that she, a weak timid girl, would be able to subdue the iron energies of such a soul? Of Austin, it was possible that Coward might stand in dread, but how could she make him tremble?

A plan occurred to her. She alternately adopted and rejected it a hundred times: finally, her mind was fully made up to try it. It was attended with much difficulty, and by many circumstances which might well daunt a delicately nurtured female more than the dif-

ficulty. Danger, too, there was in it—but upon this she did not bestow a thought, and all other considerations gave way before the earnest zeal of love.

Coward was to stop overnight in the neighborhood. It was not now his custom indeed to put up at the public house of old Mr. Austin, but the less respectable wagon stand which he preferred, was only a mile distant. Jessie, having arranged her plan, sought out her lover.

"Thomas," she said, "I want you to give a note to Coward for me. Slip it into his hand quietly, and say not a word to him. Will you do all this?"

"Cheerfully," replied Austin, "I am glad to see you choose anything in preference to meeting him personally yourself."

The note was sealed, and addressed to "Mr. Walter Coward." It was delivered by Austin safely and in silence, and the marketman, hastily burying it in his pocket, proceeded on his way. No sooner had he gone over the hill which took him out of sight of the house, than he drew forth the note and perused it eagerly. It was written in a large, bold hand, which might easily have been mistaken for Thomas Austin's, and ran thus:

"I want you to meet me alone at twelve o'clock to-night, near the old charcoal-pit above the Willow Spring. T. A."

Mr. Rosse was accustomed to retire early in the evening, and by eleven the whole family was sunk in repose. It was Jessie's aim to appear to the marketman as Thomas Austin. There was some difference in height and great difference in breadth of figure, but the darkness of the night, she trusted, would effect much. Clad in a suit of her brother Frederick's, and wearing his hat, she stopped before her glass to observe the transformation. Her appearance startled her. Having extinguished the light, she glided softly through the house. As she groped her way along the hall, her hand touched her father's cane; she raised it and carried it with her, a far weaker defense however than her own courageous innocence.

The watch-dog, thanks to her precaution, was chained on the opposite side of the building, and she crept into the woods in a stillness unbroken even by the cry of the whip-poor-will or the owl. An unexpected obstacle met her. The spot which

had been designated for the meeting was only half a mile distant, and by daylight every foot of the intervening space was familiar to her. She would even have undertaken to find her way thither blindfold. But now she was frightened to find how completely the gloom of the night disguised the most familiar objects. It was her intention to have struck directly through a thick belt of chesnut and pine. There was no road at all in that direction, and no path that was discernible.

She hesitated. The danger of getting lost was obvious; even the possibility of such a thing was to be guarded against. She could easily find her way to Mr. Austin's orchard, and from there a plain path led directly to the Willow Spring. The route was circuitous, but she resolved to follow it.

The spring was at length reached, and then, after ascending a pretty steep bank, she stood by the old coal-pit.

In no loud voice, yet firmly, she called: "Wat Coward!"

"Here."

The answer came from behind her. She turned with a natural agitation, and beheld the tall, gaunt form of the marketman. He spoke:

"I've tracked you from the orchard fence. I was determined there should be no snap game played. If you want more witnesses agin me they don't hide their ears around this pit."

Jessie shuddered at the thought that this ruffian had been dogging her footsteps for half a mile. She answered with composure, however, using care to speak as nearly like Austin as possible.

"Well, you see I am unaccompanied, and may know from this that I am free from any desire for your hurt. We have no listeners, I trust, but as some one might come along, 'tis as well for us to alter our voices as much as we can."

"The notion's good enough," said Coward, "but let's talk about business. What have you brought me out here for?"

The few words that had dropped from the man satisfied her that her supposition of his guilt was well-founded, but there was a hardness in the tones of his voice which made her fear that he would prove insensible to the influences which she designed bringing to bear. It was an article of her faith, however, that every human being has a conscience, and she turned herself resolutely to her work. In answer to Coward's question she said:

"Do you know that that poor boy, Bur-

rows, is likely to be hanged?"

"I reckon I ought to," was his gruff reply; "everybody else knows it."

"And are you pleased at it?"
"No, I aint. To be sure I may be the safer, but I don't like the thoughts of it." "Mike is altogether innocent, then?" she inquired.

"Yes, to be sure he is, and it is wicked to hang a body for what he didn't do."

"Well, Coward, who will be to blame if he is hung ?"

"Why, the stupid jury to be sure. They can save him, and no one else."

"What, is there no one else that can save him ?"

Coward paused, and though the darkness prevented Jessie from discerning the working of his features, she doubted not that he was engaged in busy reflection. After the interval of a few seconds, he answered in a slow, unimpassioned manner:

"How? I don't understand you."

Jessie varied the interrogatory. you suppose that the jury would bring in a verdict against Burrows, if they knew that another person killed the drover?"

"In course not."

"But you know, Coward, what the jury do not know; that the boy is guiltless."

"I do know that certain. I wish to Heaven I didn't!"

"Then," said Jessie, gently, "will not you be the cause of Burrows' death? For you could save him if you would."

"Only by putting my own head in the halter, and no man's bound to do the like of that; I'd see the nigger swing first."

"Ay, but Walter Coward, "replied Jessie, whose spirit was now thoroughly roused up, "there is another witness besides you who can save the boy's life; shall he too be silent, and join in murdering Burrows?"

The marketman's agitation was evident; he answered, supplicatingly: "You aint going to tell on me, Mr. Austin, are you?"

"Think for yourself," said our disguised heroine, "can you expect or ask that I should take on my conscience the death of the poor lad?"

Coward suddenly changed his manmer. "I tell you what, I'm not going to be fooled with. You've opened your lips too wide this time. I judge they ought to be shet for good. I'm beholden to you for coming out to this lonesome place, for how easy it is to put that in you which will make you quiet till doomsday."

"Man!" cried Jessie, in an undaunted and almost contemptuous tone.

cannot do it!"

"I'll show you," said Coward, extending his arm towards her; "now say what's to keep me from pulling this little trigger."

"The murder which you have already

committed."

"How does that hinder?" he inquired, in a tone of interest."

"You already know," said she, "better than I can tell you; have you felt very happy since you killed Walker? Would it make your mind easier to take away another life?"

The man slowly returned the pistol to his bosom, saying in a solemn tone, "How is it, Austin, that you know what's going on in my heart? Since that eighth day of June, I've had no peace of my life."

"But, Walter Coward, something comes

after life."

"You needn't tell me that," he said; "the dead has come back to let me know there's a judgment."

"If you feel so now, wont you feel worse after Mike Burrows is hanged?"

"I can't feel worse."

"But if, instead, you should save the wretched boy's life, would you not feel better?"

"I would, I would-it is true, sir-I know I would. God bless you, Mr. Austin, for talking so to me-give me your

hand before I go." So saying, and without allowing her time for thought, he seized her right hand in his. He dropped it instantly however, exclaiming in an agitated tone, "This is

not Tom Austin's hand, nor his voice. Good heaven! has that ghost again-or is it an angel come to warn me?"

While he was speaking, Jessie glided away amongst the thick pines. He stared in the direction which she had taken, but showed no inclination for pursuit. Her thoughts were all occupied with the scene through which she had just passed, but instinct was the best guide she could have had, and she reached home by the shortest route as safely as she left it.

The next day, Jessie learned at the dinner-table that Coward had delivered himself up to a magistrate, and had confessed having been the unassisted murderer of the drover. Not long after, Thomas Austin called and took her out to walk with him. After they had gone a little distance, he told her that Coward, while on his way to the magistrate's, had called by and put into his hands a small bundle and a letter. This letter he now showed her. It read as follows—copying the spelling and syntax:

"MR. THOMAS AUSTEN:

Sir.—Whether it was you that talked with me last night, or an unearthly being, is too much for me to say. However, it is right Mike Burrows should not die, and I would rather tell on myself than you should. May be God Almighty may have mercy if I confess; but how can I look for mercy when I showed none to Walker? I don't mean to tell the law-people any more than will save Mike, that is, that I did the cruel act, but you, Mr. Austen, I want to let know what makes me tell anything.

"When I was driving my waggon down the road by the stable on Carter's old field, I seed Walker going on slow ahead of me. I knew he had sold a large drove, and the devil put it into my heart to take one out of a lot of axhelves which were for market. Walker turned his head to look what waggon was coming, and then went on unsuspecting. As soon as I got close I fetched him a knock on the skull at which he dropped senseles. I then carried him around the stable and stuck him with his own knife. But it seems the drawing of blood kind of brought him to, and he rises half up. I took hold of the carpet bag, but as I snatched hard the old rotten carpet gives way, and a piece was left in his hand. He fell back right off, and after giving another stab to make him safe I rummaged his pockets, but found nothing of account. The carpet bag I put in the waggon to serch on the road. Afterward Dick Smith scart me by saying Walker might come to life if I took him along to his home, and specially when he propositioned to unload the waggon, which would have shown the carpet valeese plain. Again I was frightened at your house. I didn't know what to do. I was afeared Smith was suspecting, and might serch the waggon in the night so I took the travling bag in the big room rapped in my bed. But I judged (for I was all in an agony of fears) that they might look about me while I slept. Your room was next I knew, and they said you would'nt be home till the day after. So when no folks were in the big room I crept into yours, and stuck the carpet bag behind a chist. In the mornin' I woke before day. My horses had little rest, but I didn't care for that, so I steps into your room, and felt behind the chist till I got hold of a carpet-bag. It was all dark, and there were other waggoners sleeping, like I had been, round the fireplace. Therefore I was in a hurry, and rolling the bed clothes round the bag, toated them off to my waggon.

"I hitched up, and was a couple of miles on my way when I thought to look at the carpet-bag, and was dumfoundered to see that I'd got the wrong one, for it had no tear in it. I thinks a little, and then ties my critters to a tree and sets off back on foot. My coat was big and covered the valeese well, so that nobody could tell what it was. Folks were at breakfast when I got to the house, so I slipped right into your room. I looks behind the chist -no bag was there. I was ready to drop down. Just then you came in, and I could see by your eye you knew all about it. I hardly thought what I was doing, but I darsn't leave your carpetbag, (for I knew then it was yours,) and hurried back with it to the waggon. Sence then I have never had an instant when I could shet my eyes in peace. I was certain you could hang me with a word, for I wasn't otherwise liked by the people. If I cleared off, something told me they'd be sure to follow and catch me. I felt altogether broken up. Every child that spoke to me made me tremble. This was not all. Every time I crossed that old field on the ridge by night or by day, I met Walker just as he looked alive, except that the blood was running out of his breast. He would frown, and make as if h

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to push me away with his hand. At last I had to take the other road when I went up so high, which wasn't often. But staying away did no good. Everywhere I heard death-bells ringing in my ears, and voices whispering about the day of judgment, and torments that will never end. God have pity on me. I can hardly write, but as you, or, if not you, the goast told me last night—that poor boy mustn't die for nothing.

"I herewith return your carpet-bag. Nothing is taken out, but that's no credit to me. If I hadn't learnt to steal first I mightn't ever have done what is so much worse. I heard a preacher say once that no one is so bad but can be saved providing he repents; but how can a cruel murderer

like me be forgiven?

"I am greatly beholden for your goodness in not giving me up right away to the gallows. I go there now myself, but I know it's best. WALTER COWARD."

Jessie, as she returned the crumpled sheet of foolscap to Austin, observed, "All is now clear, dear Thomas, and I

was right."

"Yes," replied he, "I thank God that in his mercy he has kept my hands clear of blood. May the same awful Being give me strength to restrain hereafter that wild swell of passion which is so capable of drowning both conscience and reason! Yet, Jessie, does it not seem incredible that I should have labored under such a delusion?"

"No, Thomas - the fact is indeed strange, but it is not inexplicable. You got home that night in a state of violent mental agitation; you were awakened out of a troubled slumber by a conversation in the adjoining apartment; oppressed though you were by bodily exhaustion, as well as by the stupor which succeds violent emotion, your senses were still active; what you heard was of such a nature that it could not but leave a strong impression on the mind; when you afterwards fell asleep it was probably the subject of your dreams; and these dreams were in the morning connected with actual light by the discovery of the drover's carpet-bag in the place where you laid your own. Every circumstance conspired against you. No time was allowed for calm reflection. Hur-

ried away by the horror of the situation, you immediately went about actions which were indisputably real, and which yet it seemed impossible that any not guilty of murder would have thought of perform-

ing."

"Your head is clear, dear Jessie," answered Austin, "and the explanation you give must be correct. The whole of that day, after I left my uncle's, was passed in such distraction that when I tried to recall its occurrences it seemed but a blank. is not surprising therefore that the bloody picture of the murder, whether made vivid by a dream, or only the natural impression left on memory by the conversation between your father and Smith, appeared to my disordered mind an event in which I had been personally engaged. But how was it that you were able to detect so readily the real state of the case?"

"I cannot recollect," said Jessie, "all the minute circumstances in your account which struck me; but I had one great first principle which led unerringly to the truth. I knew you, Thomas, and that knowledge made me confident that you could not

have committed such a deed."

Austin mused for a while and then said: "There was only one thing that affected me with any doubt, and that was the absence of those feelings of remorse which I supposed must always follow the shedding of human blood."

"And now," returned Jessie, "you can see from this letter of poor Coward's, the difference between the murderer in imagination and the murderer in reality. Your excited fancy made you almost as sensible of mere affright as he was, but it is the conscience that inflicts the keenest torture."

This reference to the paper which he had in his hand reminded Austin to point out to Jessie some passages in it which he did not comprehend-particularly the first sentence. Was the interview there mentioned a mere illusion, like the visions which the marketman thought he had seen of the murdered drover?

Jessie found herself compelled to give an account of her midnight conversation at

the coal-pit.

Austin listened with admiration, and felt that no love nor kindness on his part could ever be an equivalent for the devoted service of that intrepid girl. Yet he could not but chide her gently for exposing herself to so great a danger.

They walked homeward in silence, though not sadly. Austin especially had gone through that which might well make him grave and thoughtful. He had received a fearful lesson in the mystery of the human soul.

The marketman, at his own request, received the frequent visits of a venerable clergyman, and, as that good man thought, evinced marks of genuine penitence and faith. That something of superstition was intermingled with his best sentiments, though certainly to be regretted, is scarcely a subject for surprise. He underwent the sentence of the law with meekness and contrition.

Thomas Austin and Jessie have been blessed since their marriage with many happy years. He has at times thrown off some poetical fragments of high and unusual promise, but if a friend urge a more entire surrender to his genius, he is accustomed to say that experience has taught him that happiness is more surely attained by the laborious exercises of the reason, than by giving the reins to a fervid imagination and an impulsive temperament. It is observable that Jessie always joins in the praise of moderation and tranquillity. The very few who are acquainted with the events of the memorable eighth of June are able to perceive that Austin has peculiar reason for his caution.

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PLAGIARISM:

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LAST COMER.

THERE are those who affirm that all poetry is comprehended in Homer, and all philosophy in Aristotle. We might submit to the dogma, and yet maintain that later writers may deserve both pardon and commendation. Sunshine is doubtless better in itself than any substitute, but if the vision of this twilight age have become too feeble to endure the blazing splendors of the luminary of day, "weary travellers" like us may surely hail without displeasure " the borrowed beams of moon and stars." Though it be great folly in men not to avail themselves of the best light, we should bear in mind that it would be still greater folly to choose total darkness.

The older poets, it is said, are neglected; we admit the sad truth; but what then? Will the multitude throw aside the Corsair and take up Comus at our suggestion? The critic who places himself directly counter to popular opinion, will spend his breath in vain. He may be able, indeed, now and then to cleave down a young sprout of authorship, and so accomplish a little by way of prevention, for it is in human nature to obey prohibitions less reluctantly than positive precepts, probably because experience teaches us from infancy that we are much more likely to meet evil things in this world than good ones. Assure a man that there is poison in the platter and he will cast it from his table; but though figs freshly plucked from the tree be both luscious and wholesome, no persuasion can produce a relish for them in a person with whose taste they do not agree. He who tells men what they ought not to read, may possibly receive attention, whilst he who tells them what it is their duty to read, effects nothing. The few remaining true lovers of olden song seem therefore to have no better resource than to sit down under the willows, and weep and sigh for the degeneracy

of the times. If they look abroad, it is only to be grieved to the heart by the reflection that a dreary dearth is spreading over the land. The grass and evergreen appear to be withering, and those living streams that might irrigate and refreshen the face of nature, and cause even the sand to shoot forth bud and blossom, flow along in obscure channels unregarded, if not unknown. Let us suppose that such a sincere worshipper of real poetry chances in some desponding hour to take into his hand a volume of popular poems. It is easy to imagine him languidly turning over the leaves and sweeping whole stanzas at each careless glance. Let it be that he now strikes upon a passage which he recognizes as drawn from some favorite master, perhaps from Milton, or Spenser, or Chaucer. He at once gives it the greeting of an old and cherished friend; the vacant expression flies from his countenance, and sparkling eye and animated gesture testify to the pleasure which thrills through the whole man. With awakened interest, he is tempted to read further, and if he find more noble borrowed thoughts, each additional instance increases his gratification. Does he think of chiding the writer of the book as a plagiarist? Not at all, but instead would heap thanks upon him for his efficient service in the cause of the Muses. The volume, we have said, is a popular one. That term which grated harshly on his ear before the perusal and the discovery, sounds now like sweetest music. The world, become childish in its love of novelty, will not look at the Odyssey or the Fairy Queen; but poetry has not lost its charm, and those very things which excited the highest admiration in the first readers of any of the great works of genuis, are found to be even yet the surest elements of popularity. Good taste did not forsake

the earth with Astræa. Even the original portions of the book receive a share of the favorable notice of our enthusiast, for he cannot believe the setting unworthy of the gems. The fragments of "Poesy's most precious ore," from the first the objects of his reverential affection, seem, as now arranged, to possess a new brilliancy -they shine "like apples of gold in a

picture of silver."

A reviewer cannot, of course, look quite so mildly upon a poem containing borrowed treasures. If he have predetermined to impale it for the entertainment of his readers, his joy at the detection of the theft is no doubt equal to that of our kindly friend under the willow. It proceeds, however, from a different motive. Plagiarist is a term of dishonor, and every body who has felt resentment, knows how great is the pleasure of being able to give an ill-name to the dog that one wishes to hang. Yet the reviewer is not without the feelings of a man. He cannot with complacency see the world growing worse, nor can he altogether refuse his good will to any judicious effort to arrest such a tendency. In a surly mood, he may care little for the mental health of the grownup men who obstinately reject invaluable medicine after it has been a thousand times shown them; but does not the welfare of innocent, unthinking, helpless childhood deserve a thought? The volumes which are daily purchased and placed on the centre-table or the family book-shelf, are the objects of hearty, though unconscious study, to myriads of young minds, who, at an age far more curious and susceptible than any other, are attracted to them by leaded print and the dazzling whiteness of modern paper. It is incumbent on us, therefore, to hesitate before endeavoring to destroy books which, under the guise of novelty, instill into a public that refuses to look at aught but what is new, those strains of ancient song-

"that raised-To height of noblest temper, heroes old; Nor want the power to mitigate and suage Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain."

Call the men who have nourished our own or our ancestors' infancy with such food by what names we may-imitator

and plagiarist of the nineteenth century, or of the age of Anne, or of the age of Augustus-we must nevertheless acknowledge them benefactors of their race. Possibly we may class them as vassals in the literary host; as dim-sighted spirits, who cannot look upon mountain or sea, or starry firmament, except in the pictures drawn by other men. Yet it should be remembered that the value of the service is not always proportioned to the quality of him who renders it; the alms of the publican may save from starvation, and the Samaritan's ointment heal the bruised limb.

Let it not be said that a universal and unsparing prosecution of the charge of plagiarism is demanded by any regard for the honor of the original writers whose works have been drawn upon without acknowledgment. Very few modern authors, an almost inappreciable proportion of the whole number, can be expected to attain to a "life beyond life," and the names that do hereafter win a place on "fame's eternal beadroll" must be incribed lower on the column than those of the giants of old. In despite of reform, innovation and progress, the right of the first-born stands. The great poets are lifted beyond rivalry. The world may cease to read their works, but it will never cease to esteem them worthy of being read.

There are other considerations which should not be overlooked. The stigma of plagiarism, besides being followed by more obloquy than any other, is capable of being fastened on the most innocent. Nature is the same that it was ages ago, and is suggestive of the same emotions. The noble beech which throws its drapery over the summer stream is to us, as to all who preceded us, an image of quiet beauty and refreshment. The oak that still rears its rugged trunk to heaven, though the desolating tempest has torn away the branches which were its ornament and pride, represents as naturally now as heretofore, a strong, heroic spirit, enduring the nearest and most afflictive calamities immovable and unbent. Man and the world were adapted to each other at the beginning, and century after century has rolled by without altering the relation. When we behold the majestic march of the stormcloud, when our eyes are dazzled by the lightnings which play around it, and our ears deafened by the thunder whose reverberations shake the steadfast hills, our breasts, like the breasts of the first descendants of Noah, fail not to swell with When at another time we look forth just as the last beams of the placid sun shed a softened glow over the landscape, and watch the increasing shadows of the stately beeves that graze at the bottom of the vale, or follow the ewes and skipping lambs as by many a path they seek the less humid atmosphere of the summit; at such a sight gentle thoughts steal upon the mind, passion subsides, the cares and labors of the day are forgotten, and we too turn to repose, grateful, tranquil, trusting. It is the poet's office to seize these fleeting lessons of nature, and to fix and perpetuate them in verse. But he must catch them as they spontaneously arise, not having recourse to research nor to painful deduction. He can touch the hearts of other men only by that wherewith his own heart has been touched. He paints nature, and he paints the soul. Both nature and the soul are what they were when the old Chian chanted his rhapsodies, and when an Athenian audience listened breathless to the Prometheus Desmotes or the Œdipus Tyrannus. Using as they must the same materials, and appealing to the same passions and emotions, it is not wonderful that coincidences should be found in poets of every age. Were the case otherwise poetry would not be what is-the common blessing of all mankind.

The charge of plagiarism is a charge of theft. Our venerable Anglo-Saxon law presumes every man who is brought before its tribunals to be innocent until convicted. The critic ought not to be less humane, nor less just. If then an accused author be allowed the benefit of such a presumption, he will have a better chance of escape than we are in many instances apt to suppose. Any resemblance to another work may obviously be attributed to either one of three causes. Two out of this trio would justify the seeming plagiarist. First, the resemblance may be owing merely to a faithful adherence to nature on the part of both writers. If several painters represent on canvas the same landscape or cathedral, or make portraits of the same person, no one is surprised to perceive a similarity in their productions. Things that resemble the same thing cannot but resemble one another. Secondly, there may be an imitation which is undesigned, and of which the author is unconscious and of course innocent; for the writings of the poets contribute like other objects of the external world to fill up the blank mind of infancy. Many a man every day calls the opening which admits light into the room a window, who yet could not tell for his life whether it was nurse Jane or his mother who taught him to designate that object by that sound. A poetical mind receives impressions as readily from the poetry of description as from the poetry of nature.

If neither of these enumerated causes be adequate to account for the likeness under consideration - and only in this event-we may rightfully refer it to the last, which is a downright intention to

Discarding therefore, as contradictory to all justice, the notion that every passage must be copied from any previous one which it may happen to resemble, let us proceed a step further in the path of judicial decorum. Instead of distracting our judgment by a vague and transient glance at a large number of passages which we suspect to be stolen, let us confine our attention for a while to some one particular image or sentiment, and decide, if possible, upon the ownership of that. It happens that many persons in describing moral firmness have used the same illustration. So far there is nothing by which we can determine very positively which of the three possible causes this correspondence is owing to. Let us now seek some untutored settler of the backwoods who never read a sentence in his life, and ask him to describe an individual of known inflexibility of character. There are ten chances to one that the answer will be, "He's stiff as a rock." Hence, there is evidently no occasion to go back to Homer for this comparison. Next, what is the most natural illustration of the rush of an army in battle? Almost every

^{* - &}quot;in reducta valle mugientium Prospectat errantes greges." VOL. IV. NO. II. NEW SERIES.

one's mind flies instinctively to the movement of great waters. The soliloguy of Henry the Sixth, in Shakspeare, is well known. Scott, who is as good a repre-sentative as can be found of the inartificial, unfettered, manly spirit, never, perhaps, in his metrical romances, describes a battle without an allusion to some of the forms of water. Now it is the torrent dashing down the linn, now the vast flood of Orinoco contending with the ocean itself. The steadfast man, it has been seen, is most like a rock. Place him in battle, what is he then? Obviously a rock beaten by the surge. But water is not the only element which can furnish a fitting image of a vehement assault. The wind is equally furious and impetuous, and presents itself still oftener to our notice.

These are certainly very obvious materials for a comparison, yet Goldsmith in using them has subjected himself to the rebuke of a critic of much acuteness as well as extensive reading; who, however, quite impartially involves Dryden and Virgil in the same accusation. No small number of other poets, as a very slight investigation may show, stand in equally suspicious circumstances.

The passage in the Iliad to which so many succeeding writers are thought to be indebted, is thus put in English by Pope:

"As some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assailed, by billows beat in vain;
Unmoved it hears above the tempest blow,
And sees the watery mountains break below."

As this is a matter in which we cannot be too accurate, let us attend to another interpreter, Cowper:

"As some vast rock beside the hoary deep, The stress endures of many a hollow wind, And the huge billows tumbling at his base."

Now for the culprits. The bard of Mantua first steps forth with all the ease of an accomplished courtier:

"Ille velut rupes, vastum quæ prodit in æquor Obvia ventorum furiis, expôstaque ponto, Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cælique marisque, Ipsa immota manens."

A resemblance certainly; what have you to say for yourself, Virgilius Maro? The poet, gracefully wrapping his toga about him, replies in a tone more deferential than might be expected from Roman lips: "It is rather hard, my friends, to bring me into court for lines which were given to the world against my will. All over the inhabited earth it is known that my last six books were not"—

"Ah, but," interrupts the judge, who, for the nonce, may be Minos or Rhadamanthus, or, perhaps, Chief-justice Jeffries—"Ah, but, sir," says the judge, "have you the assurance to declare that you intended to blot out that passage?"

"The 'Ipsa immota manens,'" murmurs Virgil, half aloud, "does come in very well, I must say. It seems to stand up boldly when one reads the passage, like the rock itself I meant it to represent. I don't think I would have touched that figure."

The judge, not seizing the point of his remark, continued: "In those books which have received your final approval are there not many gross imitations? That descent into Hades now, where"—

"But," says Virgil, quickly, "I am not indicted for anything in that half of my poem, nor do I conceive that it can be exactly proper."

"How sir!" exclaims the judge, now unmistakeably Jeffries, "am I to learn my duty from you; you a vile heathen, brought up to know nothing of law but the babble of your wretched prætors; you, who never read Bracton, nor Glanvil, nor Sir Edward Coke? Learn manners, sir, before you presume to open your lips at the bar of criticism!"

Our honey-lipped Virgil plucks up spirit enough to answer, that he does not deny the fact of the imitation in the lines cited, but would justify it. "Imitation, so far from being a cause for reproach, is, if properly managed, a proof of the highest excellence." At this word he was about to release his right arm for a gesture, but the justice cut him short.

"Enough, sir; out of your own mouth you stand condemned. Seek a remedy in the Court of Equity if you choose; but for the present, at least, this passage is expunged from the Æneid and from the minds of all mankind."

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The next personage that appears defies description. He is a Proteus and a chameleon, all in one. Sometimes we are certain we behold a robust, red-kneed Gael; again he seems no less clearly a dapper Lowland Scotchman, with cunning enough to fool a world, but with too little sense to write a sonnet.

"As roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Swaran."

"Plain plagiarism!" shouts Jeffries;
"Homer to the life in faith—only the
lonian has a Grecian phalanx in the place
of Inisfail, and for Swaran, the whole host
of Trojans with Hector at their head."

The figure attempts reply, but he utters such a deafening jumble of English, Gaelic, and what not, that one might as well listen to a bricklayer of Babel. Even Jeffries claps his hands to his ears, and motions to the Ossianic bard to leave the court.

To arraign all the poets who have given us passages more or less resembling that in Homer, would be a wearisome, if not an endless task. We shall refer only to a few. Shakspeare has:

"May'st thou stick in the wars
Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!"

Also:

"Armed to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually."

And:

"The worthy fellow is our general;
He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken."

Critics do not usually suspect Shakspeare of poverty of imagination, but is not the evidence irresistible, that in this case he has pulled Homer's simile to pieces, and made each limb pass for a whole one?

The following is from Falconer's Ship-wreck:

"Like some strong watchtower nodding o'er the deep,

Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep, Untamed he stood."

Of all in our list the sailor-poet may most easily be pardoned for the use of an illustration taken from his own element, and suggested to his mind at every coast which he approached. We presume he had never read the 10th book of the Æneid in the Latin, yet his concluding clause, "Untamed he stood," is remarkably similar, not merely in sense, but in the fine rhythmical effect which it produces, to the concluding clause of Virgil.

Let us now turn to Telemachus, the only French epic:

"Je le voyois semblable à un rocher, qui sur le sommet d'une montagne se joue de la fureur des vents, et laisse épuiser leur rage pendant qu'il demeure immobile."

We must not forget Goldsmith:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm.

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Cowper, in his Ode on Indifference, gives us:

"Some Alpine mountain wrapt in snow
Thus braves the whirling blast;
Eternal winter doomed to know,
No genial spring to taste.
In vain warm suns their influence shed,
The zephyrs sport in vain;
He rears unchanged his barren head,
Whilst beauty decks the plain."

The meditative remark which Scott puts in the mouth of Robert Bruce is not very dissimilar:

"These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
Their naked brows to middle sky,
Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where naught can fade and naught can blow,
May they not mark a monarch's fate,
Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste?"

In the Task, which, like the Ode on Indifference, was written before the author's translation of the Iliad, we have: —"The savage rock, whose hoary head Conspicuous many a league, the mariner Bound homeward, and in hope already there, Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist

A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows, And at his feet the baffled billows die."

As this is no image, but a description of one of the most striking and poetical features in nature, the critic would be captious indeed who should call it plagiaristic. Yet is it not still more unreasonable to allow this and condemn the other? Can it be wrong to use materials which it is lawful to collect?

Campbell too, as well as the rest of the versifying tribe, could see rocks—whether the rocks of the Iliad or those which frown along the coast of Scotland, we presume not to decide:

"Types of a race who shall the invader scorn, As rocks resist the billows round their shore."

"Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems A thousand wild waves on the sea."

But we must not weary with quotations. A sufficient number, for our purpose, of quasi-parallel passages has been given, and if more should be demanded we probably need not look further than to the authors already referred to; some of them at any rate, as Virgil, Goldsmith, and Scott, might easily furnish an additional quota. Who is now able to tell us which of these passages is the most original—or the least so?

At the end of this string of verses we cannot help adding a sentence from a prose writer, who for the exuberance and unaffected beauty of his imagery will bear comparison with any poet that ever lived, be he ancient or modern.

"The duty of a Christian is easy in a persecution, it is clear under a tyranny, it is evident in despite of heresy, it is one in the midst of schism, it is determined amongst infinite disputes; being like a rock in the sea, which is beaten with the tide, and washed with retiring waters, and encompassed with mists, and appears in several figures, but it always dips its foot in the same bottom, and remains the same in calms and storms, and survives the revolution of ten thousand tides, and there shall dwell till time and tide shall be no more."

Jeremy Taylor was familiar with the

classics, as few poets have been familiar with them, yet to suppose that he was indebted for this illustration either to the Greek or to the Latin epic, would be an absurdity scarcely less monstrous than to believe that he derived his conception of the gospel-hero whom he pictures by it; from the bull-headed Ajax, or the heavendefying blasphemer Mezentius.

Still another personage, however, remains to be introduced. He enters as an old man, once tall, but now much bent, and assists his hesitating steps with a staff. There are many things about him different from the common. His garb is antique, his features stand out rugged and bold, and

"His snowy locks adown his shoulders spread,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead."

Even the judge seemed struck with his venerable appearance, and in a tone which is almost mild inquires—"How would you describe an army of your countrymen receiving the fierce attack of the enemy? But take care to tell us in English, that all may understand."

The old man falters and stammers, as if our speech were not familiar to him. Finally his answer, which if uttered in the language in which it was conceived would doubtless have been verse, comes forth in prose:

"They stood like a huge and lofty rock, which, on the border of the hoary sea, awaits alike the quick assault of whistling winds and—tardier onset—the full-fed billows that belch against it."

There is silence in court. The awful lips of the judge at length open-"Humph! Plagiary is, to be sure, a crying sin and shame, but you have proved that it is capable of aggravation. Fie, Greybeard! So you must attempt to hide your stolen rocks under the sputter of-ah, 'tis too coarse for me to foul my lips with it. Belch, indeed! Pray where did you get your education! Perhaps you are another Ossianic impostor, like that hideous fellow of M'Pherson's who was in here this How far-fetched and unnatural morning. too, as well as gross, is your image! You tried to conceal your theft by adding a thought which could not but be original because so unseemly; but we critics here have eyes I can tell you—and sharp ones too—ha!—ha! We don't let everything pass current, be assured. But I cannot help thinking of that nonsense of yours. Do you really mean to represent the waves as having taken too hearty a meal, and then stepping to the big stone to throw up their doggish vomit against its side?"

The figure nods, as if to say, "Exactly

"What is your name?" cries the judge.

"I have been called Homeros."

"How? Is it possible? Beg pardon—but it can't be. Homer's blind—you

don't appear so."

"My eyes," the bard answers gently, throwing back the silvery hair from his countenance, "were no better at infancy than at the time when I wandered over the isles of the Ægean Sea. The gods, if they deny me the vision of ordinary men, have not at least deprived me of the appearance of one who possesses sight."

"But if you were born blind, how, in the name of common sense, could you know anything about rocks, and waves, and all that sort of thing. Pallas didn't

tell you, I suppose."

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The Father of Poetry speaks once more, "Perhaps I am only dim-sighted: men have called me blind. Adopt any opinion you please—what matters it?" And the stately phantom vanished from the hall.

Any one who may take the trouble to turn to the fifteenth book of the Iliad, will find that neither of the translators has in this passage approached much nearer to Homer than to Ossian. they have not strayed still further from the path, we ought it seems to thank Virgil, who, though aiming only at an imitation, fortunately comes tolerably close to the spirit of the Greek. Pope when he wrote evidently had Dryden's translation of Virgil before him, and Cowper, untrammelled by rhyme and of such vaunted fidelity, follows after Pope. Logicians have a term for the fallacy of arguing in a circle, but what name shall we give to a circular translation? Ogilby is no better than Cowper, and Clarke's Latin version, which professes to be literal, retains neither the soul nor the body of the pas-

sage. It is a truth that has been proclaimed before, but which yet will bear repetition, that a large proportion of the metaphors of Homer, in which lie his great strength and beauty, have been, by all translators, perversely diluted into the vague generality of abstract terms. Even the dictionaries are not to be trusted when they tell us what the signification of a particular expression is as it occurs in one or another book of the Iliad or the Odyssey. It is necessary for each person who would not lose the greater part of his reward for learning Greek, to analyze each compound word for himself and go back as near as possible to the primary meaning. The reader has observed that nearly all of the writers whom we have cited, translators and those that are not, bear at least as much resemblance to each other as the translators do to Homer. If we determine to pass a sweeping sentence against them all, it will be necessary first to discover what author it is whose rights have been infringed. Whatever plagiarism may have been committed, Homer at all events does not appear to be the sufferer.

How hard is the lot of the modern poet! Genius, which never leaves its subjects at rest, is urging him onward; but as he looks around, each niche in the temple of Fame seems to be filled, each laurel chaplet won. A maiden knight, he gallops into the lists when the tournament is over, and meets but the greeting bestowed on the laggard. Every giant has been quelled, and every dragon slain; and the festive round-table, spread only

for heroes, affords him no place.

Now is the time for the art of criticism to show what good it can accomplish. The high spirit of the bard—a thing in former days so ungovernable and imperious -is effectually tamed. In despairing sadness, he surveys the scene and is ready to accept teaching and guidance from any quarter. Shall he be directed to go over the whole field of literature, and examine every spot in order that he may avoid all pre-occupied ground? Is it insisted that his purity must be free from even the appearance of imitation? Are his first and best exertions to be spent-not in seeking what to say-but in learning what he must not say? Such a discipline would cramp and enfeeble the most

Instead of cherishvigorous genius. ing nervous apprehensions, the young poet should start on his way with courageous self-confidence. Instead of bending his eyes to the earth, whether for the purpose of following, or of shunning the foot-prints of others-he should keep his glance fixed on the far-off, resplendent peak which he is striving to attain. To hold before him the caution "beware lest you trespass" is to aggravate the heaviest of the difficulties under which he is laboring. In place of being eager to show him what this book contains and that book contains, we should perceive that it is his misfortune to have too much of this kind of knowledge already. The poets have been his school exercises, and at home they have furnished his most delightful relaxation. That very germ of enthusiasm which at length prompts him to be himself a "maker," induced first an admiration of the gorgeous works of others. Much that is thus devoured to appease an ardent and instinctive appetite for the beautiful, becomes incorporated into his system. At a later day he feels a ceaseless current of thoughts gushing up in his soul, and it is impossible for him (as some one has expressed it) to distinguish those waters which come from external cisterns from those of which his own genius is the fountain-head. If he go now to writing impulsively and fearlessly, it is quite certain that he will write much that has seen the light before; yet, supposing him to be quickened with the true poetic inspiration, it is no less certain that his production will be homogeneous and worthy of high esteem. On the other hand, if he set to work on the principle of scrupulously avoiding all imitation, his poem will not only be tame, but it will be unoriginal.

Each succeeding year is lessening the probability of any great poetical effort, and this result may be predicted without having recourse to such causes as the increase of civilization, the prevalence of luxury, or the progress of science. Time and the Press sufficiently account for the whole, for they have made it impossible that any one can now write, without having first read a great deal too much. Must we then conclude that originality is not hereafter to be hoped for? Fortunately

so gloomy an inference has only a misapprehension of terms to support it.

Every human countenance is made up of like features, arranged in the same order. Brow, nostrils, chin, and cheek, are possessed by all. Yet each man has his own face, which does not find its copy in a million. To preserve his identity no one need wish for a head growing beneath his shoulder, or even for the unarched brow of the Wandering Jew. That each man should be distinguished from the rest, does not make it necessary for any to be All human minds likewise monsters. have a common resemblance. All have the same faculties, and receive, through the same external organs, the same sensations. Finite numbers are inadequate to represent the countless host of thoughts, yet there is no single thought which a man can appropriate and call his own. There is no sentiment in Homer, however tender or heroic, there is none in Æschylus, however sublime and grand, which has not been felt by merchants who have cast up ledgers in Wall Street, and by savages who have hunted game over an American or a Tartarean desert. tæus animating the valor of the Spartan soldier, and those Cambrian bards who impelled their countrymen to dash so furiously against the lances of the Plantagenets, could do nothing more in their most fiery lyrics than appeal to emotions which already existed in the breasts of those who heard them. There is no principle therefore upon which we can deny the possibility of originality in any subsequent author, that does not equally exclude Hesiod and Homer. Let us suppose that the first poet, before venturing to chant a line, had set his wits to work to conceive thoughts and sentiments which should appear as uncommon and singular as possible. Suppose he had represented the sea that surged and boiled and hurled its billows upon the beach with deafening roar, as a spectacle apt to give rise to feelings the most soft and gentle and pitiful. Suppose he had thought proper to select the moon, floating in the stillness of a summer midnight sky, as the best image of a man whom fierce passions were goading up to the commission of a deed of horror. In short, suppose he had understood it to be his duty, in everything to contradict nature. Could such a poet, with all the advantage of priority, ever have won his way to the hearts of mankind? That there should be more than one great school of poetry, and that there should be no poetry at all, are impossibilities equally inconceivable. If the Iliad and the Odyssey had not been written, we should have had no Æneid, nor Thebaid, nor Jerusulem Delivered, yet our poetical literature, taking it as a whole, would probably have been neither very inferior, nor very unlike, to that which we now possess.

Originality does not depend on particular passages any more than the distinctive peculiarity of a countenance depends upon its containing a Roman nose or a hazel eve. In either case it is the "tout ensemble," the general expression of the whole, which is the essential thing. Every man who writes with simplicity and earnestness will communicate to his work an indefinable air which must distinguish it from the productions of all others. If he have genius, that genius will throw its whole might into the characteristic peculiarity which makes the individual man. seize this aura, or idea, or essence, or general characteristic, is the great business of criticism. The other course, that of picking out and examining the shreds of the book is, to pursue our homely illustration, like judging of the expression of a gigantic statue, by climbing up a ladder, and investigating the state of the teeth, laying a ten-foot rod across the brow, and applying a quadrant to measure the curvature of the nose.

Poets, like the rest of the human family, live for the good which they can accomplish. He whom Nature has endowed with distinguished inventive power, does wrong not to put his talent to its most extensive and fitting use. In him it is sinful to borrow. Some have recommended to the poet who feels within him a disposition to enter into rivalry with the greatest, to "kindle his imagination," before composing, by the perusal of choice scraps from the best of his predecessors. No worse advice, it seems to us, could possibly be urged; and they who give it, are as unfortunate in the examples which are proposed of the successful execution of the plan, as in the plan itself. The usual reference is to Paradise Lost. Now the real fact is, that the few portions of that wonderful poem which are liable to serious and unanswerable objection, are the very ones in which the author has most evidently adopted the spirit and manner of another. Whatever may be the relative station allowed to Milton in view of his general merits, no critic probably but a French one will deny that in the faculty which we try to express by the term grandeur of soul, he has never been equalled. He chose for his subject one which, judging à priori, we should have thought beyond any human capacity. That his undertaking was performed gloriously, we all know. Yet there was a part of his work to which even Milton's strength was not adequate. In the delineation of the seraphs of heaven, and of the "mighty spirits damn'd," he exhibits a sublimity of conception, which, though doubtless inferior to the unseen reality, is yet far too lofty for the reach of earthly criticism. Again, he so spreads out before us the vast realms of chaos, that we cannot imagine a prospect more dreary and impressive. But his scheme comprehended an account not only of the mightiest created beings, and of the scenes in which they acted, but also of the immediate operations of Deity. It is here that Milton staggers under his burden. One safe course might have been chosen-silence. He should have understood the falterings of his genius as an admonition that some topics are too great for words. If he deemed it beneath him to yield to such a prompting, he might have listened to that more decided monitor, conscience, which would have taught him how perilous must be the attempt to penetrate into the "secret pavilion" of Jehovah; or, at least, he ought to have believed, on the testimony of the apostle, that the words to be heard there are such as it is not lawful for man to utter. Yet it is unjust to accuse Milton of irreverence. He was of opinion that the plan of his poem did not admit of any hiatus, even in those places where reference was to be made to divine agency. He may have erred in that opinion-according to our judgment, he did err-yet in carrying it out, we see not how it was possible for man to do better. Whether Arianism be justly imputed to

him, may be a question; we are confident, however, that the most orthodox of Christians could not have gone through the same task, without giving at least equal He himself was so room for offense. painfully conscious of overtasking his powers, that Addison-with all of whose views we by no means agree-cannot but take notice of it. To the sacred writings he of course looked first for assistance. In them, the power of the Almighty is represented by many striking images drawn from the material world, and it is not the weakest of the internal evidences of their inspiration, that they contain so much boldness of language without the admixture of anything which can shock the most refined and spiritual philosophy. Indeed, the poetry of the Bible, if it were possible, would as far exceed in loftiness and beauty the poetry of Homer, as the idea of Deity conceived by enlightened reason, and declared in the universe, exceeds that of the hero-gods of ancient mythology. How incompetent the highest abilities are to supply the want of inspiration is forcibly exhibited in the use which such a mind as Milton has made of the sublime imagery of the prophets. They endeavor to explain to us things which in themselves are beyond our faculties, by comparing them to objects and phenomena with which we are familiar. But what they thus utter by way of metaphor, Milton re-delivers as a narrative of actual events. The golden compass which traces out the limits of the universe does indeed present a grand picture to the mind, but how derogatory it is to the majesty of the Creator, to think of him as needing any of the devices of human science to enable him to perform his wondrous works! Is it this that he has represented in that chapter of Genesis, which extorted the admiration of Longinus?

Milton, as we have already remarked, possessed loftiness of conception in its utmost extent; he had the benefit of the Bible, full as it is of most vivid pictures of the workings of Divine power; yet all this he found insufficient to support him the instant he went one step beyond the path marked out by Inspiration. Reduced to this strait, he cast his eyes about him for additional aid. The staff which he found to lean upon was Hesiod. And what is the result? It is such as

would have ensued if the unshorn son of Manoah had relied for victory upon shield and spear taken out of the armory of Gaza. That the rout of the rebellious angels by the Messiah, rushing forth in his chariot and hurling ten thousand thunderbolts, is described with unsurpassed magnificence of language, does not prevent it from appearing to us the greatest blemish in the poem. There is no reader we think but must have been more deeply impressed if the poet had substituted for the splendid lines which he has given us, the bare declaration that God willed, and the accomplishment followed. All Milton's mastery of language might then have had ample scope in painting the instantaneous change of scene. He might have told us, as no poet else could tell us, how, without visible coercion, every arm in the fiendish host became palsied, every heart chilled with horror, how space was annihilated, and how those impious spirits who just now had cast defiance against the gates of heaven, found themselves in the twinkling of an eye plunged downward, and writhing at the bottom of the lowest hell.

But the critic does not write for the benefit of Miltons, or Homers, or Shakspeares. If he did, it would be proper enough to keep a vigilant watch against every tendency to imitation. We are limited to a far humbler province. Our office is not to remove the spots of the sun, but to trim the evening tapers. We have, however, the same great maxim to guide us. All men are sent into the world to be useful. The splendid abilities of the master-poets were not their own, but were lent to them to be employed in benefiting mankind; nor can they have any better right of property in the works which are the fruit of those abilities. The world is entitled to all that can be effected in its service. If for instance the Homeric poems may be made productive of more good by being clothed in a different dress, or undergoing entire transformation, he does a beneficial act who so adapts or transforms them. The important matter in regard to any work is whether it is likely to exert a favorable or an unfavorable influence. Is the book intrinsically good? Then, conscientious critic, you are bound to let it pass unmolested, though its contents be the plunder of twenty libraries.

The author and the reviewer stand in

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very different relations to the question of the morality of plagiarism. It is not difficult to conceive a case in which one sin may be committed in writing a book, and another and equal sin in condemning the same book.

No man, who is not a disgrace to humanity, ever desires to glitter in stolen robes, and though his mind be incapable of furnishing him with innate thoughts, mere self-respect must restrain him from filching those of others. An ingenuous and sensitive spirit is much more likely to err in the opposite extreme. Hence arises one of the injurious consequences of pronouncing unsparing sentence against apparent imitations. Other critical charges an author is capable of estimating and even successfully resisting; this attacks him on his undefended side. Let him have finished his composition—be it essay, oration, or poem-and then suggest to him the doubt whether he be not indebted to recollection for most of that which he has written, and how helpless is he! The thought of being an unintentional plagiarist unnerves him-to be suspected as a willful one, is insupportable. He subjects himself to days and weeks of torture; he endeavors to analyze his mind and resolve it into its separate elements; anon he turns over the leaves of the favorite volumes on his shelf, and trembles lest some passage shall burst forth like an apparition, to convict him to his face. All his nervous struggles prove fruitless, and he sinks back disheartened, exhausted, and almost stupefied. The final result probably is disgust for his innocent offspring. Perhaps he throws it into the flames, and looks for other subjects and other words. But originality is never gained by search, and the second work, it is not impossible, will be found liable in reality to the objection which was only fancied against the other. The injustice of treating such a writer as a criminal, requires no demonstration. Unless the man's own conscience be the accuser, it is presumptuous in us to set ourselves up for his judges. It has become a truism, that no one is capable of estimating the merits of his own book. Genius and honest mediocrity differ not a whit either in the enjoyment of composition or in firm assurance of the worthiness and excellence of their several productions. And kindly has it been so ordered by that Providence which regards the happiness of the feeble and lowly, as well as of the elevated and strong. Who would wish to be the evil spirit to interfere with this harmless, unobtrusive complacency?

It is not, however, a regard for the rights or a sympathy for the sufferings of individuals that moves us most forcibly to these observations. We are disposed to treat imitation tenderly, merely because we love originality. Any system of criticism which lays the author under restraint must cramp and check invention. That system which we have been deprecating, as it is eminently fitted to embarrass the writer, is eminently destructive of all freedom and originating vigor.

We should not forget to notice that there is a species of beauty peculiar to imitation, and some poets are chiefly admirable for the happy manner with which they have availed themselves of previous examples. Pope and Thomson are clearly within this class-both of them men of strength and reputation-and the case of Virgil shows that it is capable of containing still higher excellence. But while we would bring to mind the fact that there have been great imitators, we are far from asserting that it is possible for any, the best of them, to gain a place in the small band of those who have performed the noblest achievements solely by their own native force. All that we urge is the impropriety of condemning any book upon a principle which would apply in an equal degree to the finest Latin poems, and to many of the brightest names in modern literature.

There is something quite ludicrous in the despondency occasionally exhibited on account of the alleged intellectual unproductiveness of the age. The world already contains a very good stock of original poetry; much more, surely, than the busiest man of a hundred is able to make a profitable use of. Why then such bitter lamentations, even though we were in truth doomed to receive no additions to our store? If Time should now really turn around like the husbandman's year, and retrace its steps, we might easily be comforted; for it would give us the repetition of many a genial shower and glad-

dening sunbeam, of much downy verdure and refreshing shade; above all, it would present us anew with a glorious opportunity for the gathering of solid grain to support the most robust, and golden fruit to cheer the gentlest, and flowers in endless profusion to delight us all. Let those who are thrown into ill-humor by the poverty of modern invention, consider whether their wants are equal to the exuberant supply which literature has already furnished. With every disposition to be charitable, it is not easy when one sees a person exceedingly shocked and displeased at meeting a fine ancient thought in a modern book, to refrain from suspecting that his admiration of it in the original author does not flow altogether from an appreciation of its beauty.

It is no slur on criticism to say that its efforts cannot bring about ideal perfection; and, since it is unable to build a new world, it does well not to make that worse which already exists. That those whom nature has constituted plagiarists will purloin, is just as certain as that the child born with lungs will inhale air. The propensity must have its course, and we are indeed fortunate so long as literary thievery, like that of Prometheus of old, is manifested in bringing down to earth the fire of heaven. We should then beware lest, in the exercise of a "zeal not according to knowledge," we drive off the plagiarist from good books which are known, to bad books which are unknown.

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ZEPHYR'S FANCY.

PART III.

"Alas! she's cold; Life and these lips have long been separated; Death lies on her, like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

SHAKSPEARE.

THREE months of alternate hope and fear had elapsed since the date of the last chapter; the day to which I had looked forward with a fervor and impatience rivalling that of holy Simeon was drawing near. I was in my office alone-as will easily be credited by the incipient portion of a profession in which I was once enrolled-when Robin entered with a note from Emily, expressing an earnest desire to see me as early as possible; four o'clock in the afternoon was named as the most desirable hour. I returned by the bearer, who received it with the dignity of an ambassador, an intimation of the pleasure it would give me to comply with her re-

I read the finely drawn lines again and again, until I became feverish with excitement. What can this mean ?-was my repeated and unsatisfied inquiry. Conjecture after conjecture came and was dismissed; the only solution left me was too horrible to entertain. When the brief, but anxious interval had passed, dejected and wretched as apprehension can make us, I mounted my horse. In spite of a disposition naturally sanguine and buoyant, I could not shake off the despondency which had settled upon me: I felt that my destiny hung upon this interview, and my prophetic soul interpreted the words of fate that blazed before it.

Emily was alone in the parlor: it was in vain that I endeavored to assume the joyous tones befitting an interview with one so beautiful; that I studied to disguise my emotions—the attempt was beyond my power. The sickly smile on my lips vanished when I saw her turn away with a heaving bosom, as I entered the

room—and yielding to the impulses I could no longer restrain, I sprung towards her, seized her hand, and gazing into her still averted face, exclaimed, in a voice betraying the intensity of my excitement:

"Emily, in the name of Heaven, what is this?" My extreme agitation seemed to inspire her with composure; she disengaged her hand from my somewhat nervous grasp, and after a moment spent in arranging her harp, motioned to the sofa and sat down beside me. I now had an opportunity of examining her face; there was something in it that staggered me; not its pallor, for her cheek was rather flushed than pale; nor its wanness, though the mild blue vein seemed more distinctly told upon a temple smooth and white as "monumental alabaster;" it was the melancholy struggle of fortitude with agony. Her arm resting upon the side of the sofa supported her head, a stray lock of her long dark hair hung gracefully about her neck, her eye rested mournfully upon the floor; and I can compare the mingled sensations with which I regarded her grief and her beauty, to nothing but the feelings of the traitor where Moore has placed him--

> "Full in the sight of Paradise, Beholding heaven, yet feeling hell!"

After a brief interval of silence, during which she seemed employed in collecting herself, she said in a voice tremulous at first, yet becoming firmer as she proceeded:

"I did not think to have yielded thus; I ought to practice the resignation I expect in you, not indulge in unavailing regret; but it is over now. Lay your hand

here"-she placed my passive hand over her heart, it was beating at a fearful rate-"can this last much longer? Fancy or fact, William, my days are numbered. Nay, start not, weep not, tremble not so; it is unkind, it is unmanly. Yesterday I saw Dr. R-; you must have confidence in his experience. Our interview was long, and I need not say, painful: in one word then, he told me that my situation was dangerous in the extreme, that I might expect death at any moment—in bed, at my harp, at the table-here! He said that recovery was possible, that solitude and repose might accomplish much, yet his eye forbade the hope his language promised. My father knows it all. Oh! may Heaven strengthen him. His agony afflicts me more than even my own melancholy fate. It has afforded me many a moment of pleasure, to picture to myself the unvarying attention with which I might partially requite his goodness, when his fuller years required my constant devotion; but another hand must guard his grey hairs, and smooth his path to the grave. It is hard to be snatched from life when all our dawning hopes are untasted; to live but to cherish wishes never to be fulfilled: but I am resigned, I can smile even now. And since it must be so, since all our vows are fruitless now, I must return this token of our plighted faith, this memorial of the sweetest hours of a brief existence! Take it! Forget not Emily, but the tie thus severed! And when this little ring shall shine upon another and more enduring finger, believe that if my soul can witness, it will bless your union.

"Keep it! Keep it!" I muttered, as she held out to me the ring she had taken from her hand. It was a mother's legacy, enriched with a stone of rare value.

"No! William! Your heart, much as I coveted it in life, cannot avail me in the tomb; nor would I have it pursue me there. You are young, rich, handsome; gifted with a warm heart and a sound head, and there are many, more worthy of your love than I, who will gladly reward it, and supply the place I might have occupied, more fitly—though not so fondly!"

These last words aroused in me, amidst other feelings, something of indignation, and enabled me to reply: "Emily, this is cruel jesting! You must know that I cannot love another; that I cannot forget you as a child does its nurse, soon to sport in the arms of a new one! But keep the ring!—in life or in death it is yours." I could say no more—I felt the thorn of sorrow in my throat, and buried my face in my hands.

"Is this your manliness—this your generosity?" she said; "are you not sensible that each of these selfish sighs and tears inflicts a page on me?"

inflicts a pang on me?"

"And can you expect me to resign, without a struggle, all that makes life valuable?"

"No! not without a struggle, nor yet without anguish, but let not me be a witness to your agony!"

"I will try—I will try," I said, "to bear calmly a blow sufficient to produce madness. But I have loved you with a woman's love, and this is a woman's weakness."

"Woman's love is never felt by man. The essence of love is dependence, and man recognizes no superior on earth. But compose yourself, or I must leave you! Time, if he warps and decays the monuments of human pride and folly, blunts the tooth of sorrow. There is many a pleasure in reserve, many ennobling duties for you to perform. I commit my father to your charge, confident that you will discharge faithfully the holy trust. You must consecrate some of your leisure hours to him, divert his mind from my misfortune, and engage with him in those studies which he delights so much to pursue. Then, even if you are deprived of the rapture which Heaven in its infinite goodness sometimes bestows, however little we deserve it, you will experience the merited happiness that always attends the fulfilment of a high and sacred duty."

"But you will live to share this sacred duty with me, Emily! I cannot believe that you are to be cut off in the bloom of youth, so soon, so suddenly. Abandon these fears, excited by the disclosures of that old witch! Remember that much may be accomplished by solitude and repose.

"My solitude will be the grave, and my repose the sleep of death. No! I have left hope behind. But to insure the repose which I well know cannot be attainlug.

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ed, it is decreed that our meetings must be seldom and brief. To remain here longer would be but to prolong our wretchedness. Remember, I cannot often see you; our dream is over; the golden band is severed. Farewell! I will keep this ring; it has lost its power, but not its value."

A few moments of speechless agony flitted by, and she rushed abruptly from the room. Little did I then think never to see her again alive!—never to see the motion of a form all grace and beauty!—never to behold again that eye of fathomless light kindle with feelings pure and powerful, that dear lip tremble, and that soft cheek glow!—nor to hear the tones of a voice all eloquence and melody!

Two days after this, I received from Fanny this brief but awful announcement: "Emily is dead!" In spite of her own assurances and the melancholy confirmation I had received from Dr. R——, I was unprepared for this. "It cannot be," I said, "it is but a trance—I have heard of these things—she lives, I feel that she lives!" Yes! she lives still, but not beneath the stars.

Delirious with anguish, I staggered into the fatal room; oh God, what a sight! Calm even in death, I saw those beautiful features bathed in the gloomy light of the flickering taper that burned at her head. I bent over her, watching with straining eye her transparent nostril, half hoping to see it expand under the influence of returning respiration. I could trace the outline of the ring that wedded me to the tomb, beneath the glove that encased her slender finger. Fanny was kneeling beside the corpse weeping, as if the torrent of her grief would wear away her delicate eyelids; how I envied her those tears! Robin had disappeared as I entered the chamber; the doctor, in whose aspect professional calmness was blended with human sympathy, leaned against the corner of the window. Still, under the vain delusion that animation was only suspended, I laid my hand upon her heart, and found it warm. I remember protesting against her interment, imploring her to move, and calling her loudly by name. I remember Fanny's startled look as she sprung to her feet, and the pity, not unmixed with displeasure, with which the physician regard-

ed me. My frame, nervous and exhausted with apprehension, sank beneath this last stroke; miserable and powerless, I fell to the floor. Call me weak and unmanly, ye, whose stoicism is proof to pain! I care not for your sneers. And ye who possess a heart, reflect that the object ye dote on, may not be so worthy your love, or your love not equal to the excellence of the object! And ye whose hearts are putting on the Icarian wings of love, may ye never be able to determine from experience whether my weakness merits compassion or contempt!

For three days I lay in bed, unconscious of the misery around me, and woke on the fourth to a reality more dreadful than even the fearful images of my delirium. The first object I recognized was Fanny, seated at my bedside, her face pale and haggard, her eyes swollen from excess of weeping. The next was Robin, fast asleep in a chair; he, too, seemed pale and careworn, sorrowing even in his slumbers. He had watched me day and night during my illness, and though relieved of his chagre by Fanny's kindness, had refused to quit my chamber.

It was some time before I became fully awake to my bereavement.

"Where is Emily?" I inquired of the beautiful girl at my side.

"She was buried yesterday!" was the almost inaudible response.

"But her heart was warm," I said, raising myself upon the arm that scarcely supported me, as a more vivid perception of the past flashed upon me.

"It was cold enough before we laid her in the ground! Dr. R—— said that violent palpitation always produced a similar effect, collecting a large quantity of blood about the region of the heart, which retained warmth after life was extinct."

"And her father—how is he?"

"But too miserable, I fear. He rarely permits us to see him, and it is a mercy to me that he does so."

I turned from the sobbing speaker, and then at last the long-imprisoned drops began to start. Long and bitterly I wept, but my overloaded heart was relieved. When I attempted to renew the conversation, my fair companion was gone, and instead of her tearful glance, I encountered Robin's full, thoughtful eye fixed steadily

upon me. His arms were folded upon his breast, and I was at a loss to interpret the language of his meaning gaze. But I stopped not to discuss it; my thoughts were still running upon the desolate father—"Robin! Robin! tell me how is M——?" "His fortitude equals his grief"—was the oracular reply, and I felt the reproach it conveyed. A step or two brought Robin to my side, and I again witnessed the eloquence of this singular man.

"You have asked me," he said, "a question, which you should best know how to answer. If you are able to see him, go at once! Emily's father demands all your care. I do not mean to chide you for the past, but for the future let not grief stand in the way of duty. Excuse me, if I wound, but I speak with the

kindest purpose."

I remembered Emily's last fond charge, and how was I fulfilling it? Instead of standing by that bereaved parent, I was indulging a selfish sorrow, an object of solicitude to one who was to look to me for support; a burden in the crisis where I should have been a stay. A sense of shame brought the blood to my cheek and checked the tears that were flowing freely. I grasped Robin's hand, pressed it warmly, and rose from the bed; for a moment my head swam, and obliged me to take the chair which Fanny had occupied. But this passed off, and I proceeded to prepare myself for an interview, which I hoped to have strength enough to sus-

"What! you are not going to see him now!" said Robin, surveying with astonishment my sudden action. "I did not mean now; but as soon as you were able. Reflect, you are not equal to this!"

"I am, my good friend-I am no longer

an invalid."

Honor—I will not call it duty, for pride had its share—had braced my nerves; I was soon at M——'s door; with a fluttering heart I heard him answer my undecided knock—another moment placed me in his arms.

Of all those sweet, endearing ties which Heaven has so wisely appointed for the promotion of harmony and happiness on earth, there is none more delicate and beautiful, more pure and fervent than that

subsisting between a father and his only daughter. In the relationship of sire and son that "nice dependency" is wanting; each is self-sufficient and too frequently impelled by separate interests and ambition. The mutual love of brother and sister wants the feature of patriarchal dignity and reverence: even the loftier union of mother with son does not possess its indescribable tenderness. And yet to witness this fondest tie, so rudely, so suddenly severed! I seemed like an intruder upon a grief sacred to privacy, for I felt the impotence of words to heal a wound so recent and so dreadful.

I will not attempt to describe the first moments of a meeting so exquisitely pain-But when M-was able to speak coherently, and I to listen, I learned the sad particulars of Emily's death. She had not left her room since we parted, and a few hours before the fatal moment was obliged from exhaustion to keep her bed. The lamp of life will sometimes quicken its fading flame before it expires forever, and Emily, smiling to her father, said she felt much better, and desired him to leave the room that she might rise. Alas! she never rose again! As Fanny held out the garment, Emily's outstretched arm fell powerless to her side, and she sunk back upon her pillow-a corpse. The assassin had struck in a moment of fancied securitythe heart, so rudely shaken, was still at

M——'s first words related to my health. He said that my indisposition had given him great uneasiness, but that inasmuch as it had served to divide his sorrow, his grief was perhaps rather lightened than increased.

After the passage of a few long, melancholy days my health was restored; M—— recovered his serenity, though the gaiety that was wont to light his fine features with a kind of playful inspiration was lost forever. We were almost constantly together, and the frequent intercourse contributed to our mutual consolation.

"Where is the man," he said, "who will dare affirm that Emily-is lost to me forever? You are at that period of life, my son, when the eye leans forward to the future, which, to the earth-limited vision of youth, rarely extends beyond

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the grave. Gratified vanity, the triumphs of ambition, new friendships, and new scenes, all glisten before the eager glance of hope. But when our days are 'in the sere and yellow leaf;' when memory, the privilege of age and often sweet exchange of hope, is pregnant with hemlock and gall; when there is no future in our mortal pilgrimage susceptible of enjoyment-no fiend must deprive us of the prospect of a hereafter, the only anchor that remains, which will restore the lost and holiest treasures of our existence, endued with tenfold beauty. My aim shall henceforth be, to deserve this return. Emily was all that bound me to earth. Doubtless the magnificent world is as splendid now as ever, and the fields waving with the necessary grain or teeming with the wanton flower, present the same attraction still; but I am no longer awake to their loveliness. Even the sweet song of the bird fails to interest me now; all that was once so grateful and refreshing, jars harshly upon me; just as the merry breezes give to the green leaves a delicious skyward motion, yet send the brown and sapless foliage to the ground. This is selfish I well know, for the essence of grief is selfishness. We weep because we are deprived of a source of pleasure or ease, and do not deplore in a peaceful and happy death any misfortune to those we love; thus our regret rises in proportion to the worth and dearness of the object. Yet it is natural as well as selfish; for the ties planted and fostered by nature cannot be broken without doing violence to nature. I cannot be more than a man-and yet"—he added in a low tone of reverential despondency, "I would not be less than a Christian!'

In words like these, but far more eloquent, would M——indulge, and at the same time control his sorrow. His whole deportment, breathing a dignified and resigned dejection, was such, we fancy, as Abraham's might have been, had the sacrifice of Isaac been accomplished.

Time wore on—old Fairheath and his crutch had parted at last—the door of the little cottage was closed, for Fanny now occupied a room in the mansion. I cannot do justice to the never-sleeping yet unobtrusive devotion of this sweet girl to her aged friend. She knew far better

than I how to lighten the gloom on his brow, how to draw livelier beams from his drooping eye. Woman was given to man to console him in affliction, and amid darkness and woe she appears a "ministering angel," fulfilling her high vocation. Well may it be said, better earth as it is, with woman to soften the thorn, than the garden of Eden without her.

I happened to enter the parlor one afternoon, and there was Fanny bending over the harp, touching it so lightly that the sounds were almost inaudible. She started up as I entered, much confused; and seeing my face own an agitation I vainly endeavored to repress, she said—

"I am sorry to have pained you, sir; this is a consolation to me; but I feared that you and one other might be differently affected; and never sounded a note which I thought could reach your ears. Miss Emily taught me the instrument well enough to make me love its music: to be sure, this indulgence reminds me of her, and her goodness to one so much beneath her; but I would rather remember than forget her."

"And I too, Fanny, would rather remember than forget her; do not think you have pained me; to hear the sounds I have heard from Emily, may move, but cannot pain me."

And this noble girl, so young, so beautiful, so accomplished in mind and body, gifted with such refined feelings-what was to become of her? Possessing a beauty scarce inferior to Emily's, yet of an entirely different order, such elevation of thought, and a temperament perhaps too ardent, she might invite the love of any one, however high his station; yet the first fond impulses of her heart had recoiled upon her like the stone of Sisy-What was to become of her upon the death of her only protector, for I was too young to act as such? If a union between her and Robin could be effected? But Robin was more than double her age -far better qualified to engage the esteem and affection, than the love of such a woman. M-, too, was solicitous on Fanny's account, and frequently adverted to the subject with evident uneasiness. But there was a pleasure in store for us we little expected.

The summer after Emily's death

brought round for us this hardly anticipated pleasure. M- was leaning upon my arm, and we were straying among the trees in front of the house, when we saw a a young man, extremely handsome, fashionably and even richly dressed, advancing toward us at a rapid pace, directly from His face was pale, and the cottage. working under strong excitement. addressed himself to my companion-"Can you tell me, sir, what has become of a young lady who lived in that cottage ?"

"Do you mean Fanny Fairheath?"

"Yes, the same." "And you ?"

"Am a wretch whom you must despise." He pressed his hand to his brow, as if in torture. "Is she alive? Oh, say so, if you would preserve me from despair!"

"She is alive, and in health," was the calm reply. "But I am at a loss to account for your extravagant interest in her regard."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the stranger,

in a voice of genuine gratitude. "Alfred H---!" said M--, deliberately and sternly, "that young girl is under my roof and under my protection; you have wronged her once, but you shall not again, whilst I live to prevent it. You shall not see her, until I am assured that your intentions are such as alone can remove a stain from your character, which must else remain there for ever."

"You have a right, sir," replied the young man, "you have a right, sir, to question my motives. God only knows how bitterly I have lamented the foulest error of my life. You cannot condemn it, sir, you cannot despise it as I have done and still do; but if Heaven accept the atonement I have made, I care little for what man may say. Not that I am indifferent to your esteem, sir; but I am prepared only for your censure. Since I left this country, I have seen all of beauty and fascination that most of the capitals of Europe afford; I say it with my hand on my heart, that I have not mingled in their dissipation, and I have returned to redeem the faith I once plighted to your ward, and sue her hand at her feet-and at yours too, if you will permit me!"

my side; but M-- immediately raised him, saying, "Believe me, that I am the last to withhold forgiveness from an error of youth, so nobly repaired; for I have marked you closely, and confide in your honor. You have only to kneel to your God and to her who well deserves any reparation you can make. If she forgives you, expect no obstacle to your union from me. You will find Fanny in the parlor; she is worthy your constancy and your pains."

Alfred darted from us like an arrow, and M turned to me with the brightest expression I had seen him assume since Emily's death, saying, "This is more than I expected; there never was sincerity and repentance more real than that."

It may be needless to say that the reconciliation between Fanny and her lover was soon effected. A woman whose purity has been able to convert the illicit flame into a holy love, will not always disdain to reward the elevated passion she has inspired. I found much to ad-M- became quite mire in Alfred. attached to him, and listened with pleasure to the incidents of his tour.

The wedding-day was fixed and soon No sumptuous banquet, no curious attendance, marked the ceremony. The minister of God and Miss H-Alfred's sister, with the inmates of the house, were the only witnesses to their union. After the solemn words had been pronounced, M- advanced to Fanny. and kissed tenderly her polished forehead, then extending his hands over the silent couple, he exclaimed, "Receive my blessing, too, my children! I did not expect earth to afford me a pleasure after my daughter's death, but you have made my bosom experience a joy greater than I thought it capable of feeling. And you, Alfred, receive a bride poor in all save virtue and beauty."

"The only dowry I ask," said Alfred. "And one more valuable than the mine of Golconda," continued Mample fortune is more than sufficient for both. Yet I am about to impose one restriction upon your free will, one that you must comply with, however disagreeable, for I have set my heart upon it. It is this, that when I shall soon be He knelt down before the aged man at | laid beside my child, you continue to lg.

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occupy the abode which has been the scene of the beginning and the consummation of your love; for then, Fanny, this house and those fields shall be yours.'

The tearful eye and impressive manner of the venerable speaker; the eloquent silence of the listening pair, as they stood hand in hand; Fanny's exquisite face, in which was mingled grief, happiness, and wonder, formed a picture not easily forgotten. Erect as a column, and as motionless, Robin stood at a little distance from me, with his arms, as was usual, crossed upon his breast. At first, I could not see his face, which was partially turned from me; but when I did, I read something there that startled me. Can it be? Is it possible? I was not deceived; I had read aright. Poor Robin! More can be written upon the small surface of the eye, than upon the largest sheet of parchment that ever tasked an indefatigable monk.

- was evidently failing fast; the ruddy tinge had left his cheek, his eye became heavy and languid; his step, slow and feeble, no longer possessed its elasticity; his head was no longer erect; only a few scattered grey hairs fringed his wrinkled but majestic forehead; yet his matchless eloquence remained with him to the last. His heart was in the grave, and his body could not remain long away. At times he would exclaim, in accents truly heart-rending — "My daughter, I shall soon be with you!" But I will not dwell over the rapid decline of this most gifted and excellent man. His death was worthy of his life; he seemed to contemplate his approaching dissolution with calmness, and even joy. Can there be a spectacle more beautiful and ennobling than that of the good man surrendering with unpresuming hope his soul to the Omnipotent hand that placed it awhile in the midst of temptation and misery?

When next I visited Emily's grave, there was another beside it, and the sod was There were eyes that long fresh upon it. wept the loss of those who were buried there, and there is a heart that still remembers their worth, which will outweigh, in the scales of eternity, much that is styled immortal here.

But few of those who knew Mintimately have retained to this day their mortal coil; perchance one or two, with hair as silvery as my own, may recognize in this rude sketch the man who once commanded their admiration and love. at least, will admit, that this imperfect memorial of their venerated friend falls far below their recollection of his many perfections. It is easy to enumerate the virtues and charities of those who studiously submit them to the imitation of an admiring world; but extremely difficult to record the loftier benevolence of such as diligently conceal the evidences of their title to applause. I only knew the nature and extent of M---'s disinterested goodness, from the beaming eye, the blessing lip, and fervent prayer of many who had guessed the name of their benefactor. His epitaph was a frail one; it was written upon the hearts of those who knew him; no foreign chisel is needed to preserve it, for the impression will endure as long as the tablet whereon it is graved.

The even course of Fanny's and Alfred's love after their union, made ample amends for its troubled beginning. They, too, are where no word of mine can reach them.

Shortly after M---'s death, I sailed for Europe. Robin accompanied me at his own request, in spite of the earnest and sincere opposition of Fanny and her husband. Poor Robin! He never returned; he sleeps in a land across the wave. beneath the sunny skies of Florence, and with him sleeps "the General's shilling." One other token is mingling with his ashes-an embroidered handkerchief-a present from Fanny. During his last illness, he wore it next to his heart. As I sat by his bedside, and held his emaciated hand in mine, he revealed to me the story of his love, which I had discovered before. He loved Fanny, deeply as a man can love, but he never spoke to her of his pas-

"I feared she might laugh at me," he said-" exchange indifference for contempt -avoid a presence otherwise unheeded: this had been madness! Once indeed I thought she might be mine; you know the vanity of that expectation. Remember me to her, and tell her to remember me! Tell her that though far, far distant, her face beamed before me bright and beautiful. No! say not that; though I could not

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be to witness her happiness, I would not diminish it for twenty years of life and health. But say all you can without awakening a suspicion of my love to give her one moment's uneasiness. Give her this, and bid her wear it for my sake."

He handed me a bracelet of exquisite workmanship. It was purchased in Paris, with part of the legacy M—— had left him.

"It will fit her," he continued, "my thumb and forefinger exactly measure her wrist."

When Fanny received this token from my hand, I read in her eye a knowledge of Robin's secret. Her starting tears paid a silent tribute to his worth and his love.

I never had occasion for the ring interred with Emily — I envy those whose elastic love can bound from object to object, but I could not imitate their buoyancy. Once—it was not long ago—I saw a young

girl just inhaling the first sweet odors of society-sweet before they pall-who reminded me of Emily. With a breast agitated by a thousand emotions I watched her varying cheek, her fathomless eye, her thoughtful brow, her light and graceful step. Little did that fair creature think of the old man, whose hair was white, and whose cheek was furrowed, as he gazed upon her beauty, or dream of what was passing in his bosom. The rudeness of my protracted gaze was unperceived, for I was unnoticed. Sweet A. T., may the choicest blessings of life attend thee, long after this trembling hand has lost the little power it retains.

The ploughshare now claims the spot where Fairheath's cottage stood, and the pruning-knife of improvement, often as fatal as the scythe of time, has changed the face of Zephyr's Fancy.

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EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS.*

The object of Mr. Colman's journey to Europe appears to have been entirely agricultural, and not with a view to writing a book upon European life and manners. His home correspondence, preserved by his friends, has however, in a not unusual course of events, brought about the production of the present volume. It consists of a series of letters which have all the simple, natural, conversational tone which is the peculiar charm of private correspondence, and not a doubt arises that they were, as the preface declares, not designed for publication.

Notwithstanding Mr. Colman's declaration that if his work gives pleasure to his friends he shall be fully satisfied, we will venture to hope he may not reject a more extended approbation. He has given, he says, "what may be called proof impressions" of the scenes, objects, persons, and places he has visited, and we have no intention to assume the office of corrector. We take the book, and we think the public will do likewise, as an acceptable gift, that should not, according to the adage be looked into with too close an inspection. Mr. Colman's wisdom teeth were evidently cut long ago-but for our own part we have enjoyed many a pleasant jaunt with a crib-biter, amid beautiful scenes which a more spirited animal would scarcely have

given us a chance to notice.

We consider it an idle and ill-natured proceeding to sit at one's window, secure from annoyance, and make impertinent observations upon those who are about their business in the toilsome and dusty public way; and especially would we avoid such a proceeding when, as in the present instance, we may, overlooking occasional accidents and peculiarities, gather therefrom much that is curious and interesting.

Not travelling for pleasure expressly,

Mr. Colman seems, nevertheless, to have found it in abundance: illustrating the old moral of the Search after Happiness. Full of faith in humanity, and with the eager desire of a social disposition to communicate to others what has strongly affected himself, he gives his experience with such open-hearted truthfulness that he cannot fail to call out the sympathies of his readers. Charmed with the frank and earnest way in which he abandons himself to his enthusiastic nature, we find ourselves travelling as familiarly in his company as if we had known him all our days; and aided by his own autographic sketches we can even bring him to our mind's eye in proper person. We see him in his French deshabille of grey frockcoat, plaid waistcoat, grey trowsers, silk neckcloth, and varnished black slippers, looking grave and wise, with his spectacles dropped on the end of his nose, combing "the few straggling grey locks" with his fingers. Or in his more elegant English dining costume-straight coat, black satin vest, silk stockings, and pumps-but it is not dress that makes the man; and we know him better by imagining a pair of keen, half laughing, half scrutinizing eyes, taking in at a glance everything worthy of notice; the high, bare forehead of the intellectual, the affable smile of the amiable man; the bland manners and the agreeable voice—the body slightly bowed and the hair thinned and silvered by the touch of time, heightening, not abating the interest of the picture.

In Mr. Colman's humorous and occasionally pathetic delineations, and still more in the spirit of universal benevolence which diffuses itself over every thought and expression, we are not unfrequently reminded of the Sentimental Journey of Sterne. His style is light and easy; he sometimes makes too much of his subject,

^{*} European Life and Manners; in Familiar Letters to Friends. By Henry Colman. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. London: John Petherham, 94 High Holborn. 1849.

but is acute, discriminating, and often elo-

quent.

Mr. Colman's travels are not calculated to induce another to go over the same ground, for who, truly, would go to the mountain when the mountain can be brought home? In reading these details of life in Europe, as if under the influence of mesmerism, one feels actually transferred by the author's will to the presence of the scenes and persons described.

The principal fault of the book, and one which might easily have been avoided in arranging the correspondence for publication, is that the author so frequently repeats himself, that portions of almost every letter might as well, if not better, have

been omitted: for instance,

"P. S. Tell Miss D., Dr. Outram has been very polite to me."

With his warm heart and genial manner, our cheerful traveller goes from city to city, and from one great house to another, and with the simplest, unsophisticated admiration of the unaccustomed splendor that surrounds him-with a keen but good-natured appreciation of the ridiculous, and an earnest thoughtfulness at the bottom of all, inspires confidence and esteem, and thus acquiring advantages which fall to the lot of few travellers in a strange country, is enabled to present new views of European society and manners. His letters, addressed to a wide circle of friends, were consequently adapted to various tastes, and afford abundant detail for the curious and the intelligent. The agriculturist, the political and domestic economist, the lover of nature and of the fine arts, the admirers of equipage and style, of dress and fashion; the philanthropist interested in the details of misery and want-each and all may find wherewith to engage attention.

Mr. C. leaves America for Liverpool, and proceeds thence to London, where, as soon as his agricultural mission is declared, he receives every possible civility and aid, and has opened to him the best sources of information. Facilities in the pursuit of his observations are offered on every side. Earl Spencer proposes to mark out a route for him. At one of the meetings of the London Agricultural So-

ciety he is created an honorary member, and, called up by Lord Spencer, he acknowledges the honor conferred in being thus enrolled, and states the objects of his mission, which immediately procures him invitations from noblemen and gentlemen interested in the subject; from the Earl of Hardwicke and the Marquis of Devonshire in Ireland; from Mr. Bates, the great cattle breeder and "greatest talker in England;" from the Bishop of Exeter, and from Lord Morpeth, who shows him every possible attention.

Mr. Pusey, M. P., a gentleman who in point of practical science is represented as standing at the head of the agricultural community in England, proposes to go with him on an excursion through the farming districts. Earl Talbot invites him into the fine agricultural district of Staffordshire, the Duke of Richmond to a

sheep-shearing, and the Duke of Devonshire to visit Chatsworth, "that museum of what is most beautiful in art and nature—one of the wonders of England if

not of the world."

These civilities are followed by visits to cattle-shows, corn-markets and horticultural establishments, by introductions to farms and farmers, and by sojourns, on the most intimate footing, in the families of noblemen and gentlemen where everything in the way of family economy, within and without, is freely exhibited, even in some cases to the extent of giving written lists and rules of domestic management, with liberty to use them according to his pleasure; advantages which he seems fully to appreciate and enjoy.

"The publication of my book,"* he says, "will give me great advantages in visiting the country, as several gentlemen, now seeing what I want, say they shall be most happy to assist me; and especially, I am persuaded, feeling that I do not come as a spy, and shall not deal in miserable personalities, they will assist me so much the more readily."

Mr. Colman's first impressions of London are confused, as is apt to be the case with a stranger, taking for the first time a part in "the stir of the great Babel." Every traveller gives his own description of the city. Mr. Colman's varies but little

^{*} European Agriculture.

from the rest in outline, but is filled up with a vividness of coloring peculiarly his own. The people seem to him very imperfectly to appreciate the difficulties of a stranger, and he finds himself frequently bewildered in his peregrinations amid the narrow streets, stretching through long ranges of shops and stalls; the broad and magnificent avenues, running for miles through the city, with their splendid stores; the crowded thoroughfares, the main arteries of this mighty body beating continually with tremendous pulsations; the palaces and public buildings, the monuments, bridges, and parks; the carriages and the people almost piled upon each other; the wilderness of houses, streets, lanes, courts, and kennels. describes his first alighting from a close carriage in the very centre of the city.

"'And this,' said I to myself, 'this is London, is it? Well, this is not much.' But, how wofully was I mistaken! I recollect the same kind of impression when I first saw Niagara. 'Very beautiful,' said I, 'very beautiful.' What conceit—what insolence on my part! Soon, however, I came to my senses; soon I saw the depth of the flood and the height of the cataract; soon I saw the vast inland oceans of the unexplored West pouring down their mighty volumes of water in one immense and irresistible torrent; soon I saw the tumultuous waves, miles beyond me, contending for supremacy and hurrying on in broken and foaming masses to make the fearful plunge; soon I considered the Almighty Power, which could take up this torrent in the palm of his hand, and had fashioned every drop which formed this commingled mass, and smoothed every glittering orb which poured itself along without jostling its neighbor, and painted every beautiful beam of glory reflected from this mighty aggregate of jewels; and soon I gathered strange ideas of the duration of its flood, and my bosom swelled more and more with convictions, too vast for utterance, of God's eternity, of which I here saw an humble emblem.

"Not at all unlike have been my impressions of London; they have grown larger and larger every day and hour. I had been absent from it four months, and I came back with new wonder at its extent. I have just returned to it again, after a fortnight's absence, and it seemed to me, on my way to my lodgings, as if the population had quadrupled in that time. Here are two millions of human beings—to say nothing of other living things—crowded into one place, from one extremity of which to the other a man may ride in two hours. Go through the Strand and Fleet Street at noon-

day, and Threadneedle Street and Bishopsgate Street, and there seems to be an uninterrupted interlockage of carriages and vehicles of every description, and the sidewalks are thronged with people as if they had just rushed out of some crowded assembly. Mount the top of an omnibus, and look down the whole length of Fleet Street and the Strand, and nothing can bear any likeness to the view but the breaking up of one of our great rivers in the spring by some sudden flood, when the ice comes down in fearful and tumbling masses, bringing with it trees and uprooted stumps, and logs, and boards, and broken fences, and remnants of cottages, here moving in a swift torrent, there circling in some rapid eddy, and presenting only a picture of indescribable confusion, and yet all hastening on with a steady and certain progress to their destination, save only, that in the streets of London there are counter-streams, passing each other without obstruction and without interference.

"Then again the vastness of London. Go into what quarter you will, and you will find something, some place, some square you have not seen before. Turn into any by-passage, court-yard, close, or wynd, where scarcely a wheelbarrow can be driven, and you will find every place occupied, from the cellar to the The subterranean apartments of the houses are as much tenanted as the celestial: and you may literally find many a humble tailor and cobbler occupying portions of cellardoorways or halves of shop windows, where the cobbler cannot stand erect, and where the tailor, if he did not sit cross-legged, could not sit at all. The squares, the streets, the rows and blocks of buildings, the terraces, the crescents, the public edifices, the monuments, the private palaces, above all, the parks and pleasure-grounds, are numerous and extensive beyond description. I thought I had seen all the markets some time ago; to-day I stumbled upon one covering several acres, of which I had never heard, filled with fruits, and vegetables, and meats. One's astonishment is increased, when you observe the perfect order prevailing in this vast multitude. By day or night, you may walk as securely in most of the streets of London as in your own yard. I have strolled into all parts of the city-into the most public and the most profligate-and I have seldom seen a quarrel; and I have seen carriages, again and again, by hundreds, passing each other in the narrowest passages, and oftentimes hindered when they were evidently most impatient to get on, and yet I have seen no passion displayed, and heard no harsh language uttered; but I have heard more profane swearing in one hour among the boatmen on the New York Canal, than I have heard during my seven months' residence in England.

"A man here believes what he pleases; says what he has to say; does what he chooses to

do; and has all the liberty, without censure, without surveillance, which a rational man can desire, provided he keeps out of the hands of the police. Here nobody is of any importance; and the proudest man only floats upon society like a cork upon the rapids of Niagara, sure to be hurried along; sure, presently, to go over, and as sure not to be thought of or cared for after he has gone over. Every man is for himself, and if he does not take care of himself, there is nobody will take care of him. It is not that persons here are more selfish than others; but, really, no one has any time to spend upon the affairs of other men. In the busy season the streets of London present a sort of Waterloo rout-'save himself who can;'-saunter, and you'll be run down; fall down, and you'll be run over. Sometimes I have thought that a man might walk from the Exchange to Charing Cross, two miles, through the busiest and most crowded part of London, and at the busiest time of day, with nothing else on than Adam's cast-off paradisaical suit, and he would not be noticed farther than that some hasty passenger might venture to remark, en passant, 'that is a queer fellow; what tailor made his dress?' So, too, the Queen might die to-morrow; her body would not be cold before her successor must be found; and a few tolling bells, a few muffled drums, and a few glittering swords and nodding plumes, and the world would go on precisely as it was going before. This is a humiliating but an instructive lesson, and a most wholesome extinguisher of all pride, if pride in man can be extinguished unless the candle of life be snuffed out at the same time. What comes of all this? What composes this mighty, moving mass? Many aching limbs; many heated and burning brains; many agonized hearts; wealth beyond the dreams of the Arabian Nights; luxury as brilliant as gold and silver and diamonds, and human art and labor can make it; indulgence without restraint; destitution complete; poverty extreme; wretchedness, vice, and suffering unmitigated, and absolutely hopeless. What a picture of life! Who can unravel this web and draw the threads straight? What shall settle this turbid cauldron, and cause the waters to become clear? Alas! no human power or sagacity can even approach the task; and man, standing upon the shore of the mighty ocean, may think as well to assuage its tempests by his breath, and stay its rising tides at his command, and smooth its broken surface with the palm of his hand. Yet what is to come of this great city? It is growing at this very hour much faster than ever. Thousands and thousands of houses are in the process of erection, and thousands and thousands are being born to fill them. Rome had her six millions of inhabitants; London has as yet but two. What is to prevent her having twenty, unless, as it was the last feather that broke the camel's back, so, presently, it would seem, that she must be crushed by her own weight."

Mr. Colman gives an amusing account of the admiration excited at a block of ice exhibited at a shop in London, which many of the passers by felt themselves compelled to go in and examine, that by the test of touch they might satisfy themselves it was not glass;—looking upon it as a standing miracle, never melting, but always there, and entirely unsuspicious that the cunning Connecticut yankee, who exhibited it, could take a fresh piece from his refrigerator every morning. Mr. Colman overhears one wise head gravely informing another, that the ice was imported from the West Indies!

Our author enters sufficiently into the excitements of London life to get a pretty clear understanding of its clubs, societies, places of amusement, meetings, schools, hospitals, &c. &c. He describes particularly "the Blue" Coat School at Christ's Hospital, where he attended one of the public Lent suppers, and saw eight hundred and fifty boys, consisting of noblemen's and gentlemen's sons, as well as charity scholars, taking their frugal meal, of bread and butter, "with a drink of beer from a wooden piggin, and nothing more and nothing else." They are said to dine on mutton five days out of seven, which our author, with professional acuteness, considers advantageous to sheep-raising, but is doubtful regarding its tendency to make "mutton heads." "The board and education of the boys," he says, "is wholly gratuitous. Why the sons of noblemen and men of wealth should be found in an establishment purely charitable is a question"-not easily solved.

One of the most interesting sights is the meeting, in St. Paul's Church, of the charity children, amounting in number to nearly ten thousand, dressed in different uniforms according to the school to which they belonged.

"During the service I went into the whispering gallery, which is at the bottom of the dome, extending all round it, and directly over their heads, about two hundred feet from them. We could hear them distinctly, and saw them to the greatest advantage. They resembled a beautiful bed of variegated flowers, and indeed it seems to me nothing on this earth ever

appeared one half so beautiful. I was greatly excited, and was half tempted, in a state of delirium, to throw myself over the railing. After the service, the schools went out in different processions and directions, it requiring a long time to clear the chapel; and I went up to the cupola of the church, from which we could see them winding off in different directions, and threading the different streets like so many beautiful ribands."

Mr. Colman attends the sessions at Old Bailey, and takes his seat on the bench of justice, where he sees hundreds of prisoners arraigned, tried, and sentenced, "with as much sang froid," on the part of the judge, "as a butcher in Cincinnati would get into his pen of swine and knock down his victims by the dozen." This judge, whose sole dignity must surely have lain in either his title or his wig, is represented as following up his heartrending sentences upon some wretched boy, or poor, miserable, affrighted woman. with jokes and laughter. There could scarcely be a stronger comment upon the extreme moral and physical degradation of the lower classes in London, than the fact of its being reported as a common case that parents entrap their children to crime, in order to throw them upon the state, and thus rid themselves of the cost and care of their bringing up.

Among the various objects of interest which have attracted his attention, our author does not omit the Queen, whom he describes as "a very small person, not very handsome, but pleasing, with a brightblue eye, and dressed quite modestly," and of whom one might say, meeting her without recognition, "there is a pretty, genteel, little woman." With her Majesty, at the prorogation of Parliament, he seems, however, much more deeply impressed. He is not willing to speak of this great assemblage of the princes, peers, and peeresses, and great officers of state, in the light and trivial tone which is assumed by many. This same pretty, genteellooking little woman, rises into the most dignified importance, when he considers her as holding the sovereignty of one hundred and fifty millions of human beings, and her power extending into all parts of the civilized globe. This little lady, embodying in her own person "a

brilliant than was ever swayed before by human hands," with grave judges, peers and nobles kneeling before her in token of obedience, becomes lifted at once into the "personification of political grandeur and power."

One smiles at the freshness with which our open-hearted countryman marvels at the manners of English high life. Again and again he returns to the theme, and never tires of expressing his admiration.

Prepared to meet with English coldness and hauteur, he is most agreeably surprised by a politeness accessible and communicative, and is particularly impressed by the universal attention to good manners; he remarks that good manners are not put on by ladies for the occasion, but grow up with them as matters of course, and adds that even in the freest conversation in parties of gentlemen he has never heard an obscene story or indecent allusion; nor even a double entendre. He is fond of enumerating petty, yet not uninteresting details, and naively informs us that introductions to the company are not usual unless the party is small; but that it is not improper to enter into conversation with your neighbors. He comments admiringly upon dinner services of silver and gold, and cups and saucers of Sevrès china, every one differing in pattern from another; "that is" he explains, "one cup and saucer was different from another cup and saucer." He remarks that a gentleman is expected to sit next the lady he hands in to dinner; and that, at the tables of the nobility, cigars and pipes are not presented; that invitations to parties specify in general half-past eight to nine, but that half-past nine to ten is the hour to go; and that the dresses of the ladies are often almost wholly of silk. Dr. Primrose himself could not have related these facts with a graver simplicity.

Many a man, nevertheless, far more habitually observant of the forms of etiquette, better conversant with luxury and elegance, and withal less incautious of betraying his inexperience, might be surprised into expressions of admiration at the almost eastern magnificence and sumptuous style in the palaces to which Mr. Colman had the fortunate admittance.

lady, embodying in her own person "a His first visit at the house of a nobledominion perhaps more extensive and man is at Althorpe, where he goes by invitation of Lord Spencer, chiefly for the purpose of attending a cattle-show in its neighborhood. This noble place, consisting of ten thousand acres, "all lying together in woods, meadows, pasture, gardens and parks," is described at length. The size of the mansion may be inferred from its furnishing sleeping-rooms for seventy guests, a gallery of pictures one hundred feet in length, and a library covering the sides of eight large rooms and halls, and comprising more than fifty thousand volumes. This is the well-known great "Spencer library," made immortal by its catalogue through the laborious compilations of the indefatigable bibliographer, Dibden, who passed nine years turning over its volumes, imbedded in its classical tomes; extracting line by line from their contents, and, according to his own testimony, "counting lines, leaves, and signatures with scrupulous exactnesscomparing whole phalanxes of bibliographical writers-detecting errors, confirming fidelity, expanding what was meagre, and compressing what was unnecessarily diffuse." If our author had the slightest taste for bibliophilism, such a private library as this, equal in size to our largest public collections, might well have astonished and delighted him. The very stables at Althorpe are described as being elegant and neat even as a private dwelling, and the greenhouse, conservatories, dairy-house, and farm-houses-the hundreds of sheep and cattle grazing round the house and park, were objects, of all others, to arouse the interest of our tra-

While at Lord Spencer's he was invited to Goodwood by the Duke of Richmond, to see his farms and farmers, and attend a sheep-shearing. The "home farm," as he calls it, of the Duke, is said to consist of 23,000 acres, and the whole estate to comprise 40,000. This wealthy nobleman is the owner of various other farms; and of Gordon Castle, an estate of 300,000 acres in Scotland. At Goodwood our author fairly gives up all attempt at description, and declares it impossible to give an adequate idea of the magnificence and beauty he has witnessed-of the pictures, statues, and rooms hung with tapestry of the most exquisite workmanship; of the parks through which he rides

"miles and miles," and especially of an enclosed aviary of six acres, containing for the feathered gentry conveniences so appropriate and elegant, and making with its grottoes, groves, parrots, canaries, gold and silver fish, peacocks, and gold and silver pheasants, so delightful and romantic a scene, that he imagines himself, as well he might, to be in fairy-land, and is half inclined, he says, should there be a vacancy, "to apply for the office of keeper."

The dinner at Goodwood was given in the tennis-court; and here Mr. Colman takes occasion to repeat a toast given by a gentleman present, in reference to a party of ladies who had assembled to hear the speeches, behind a wooden grating which separated one end of the apartment. The toast was, "The hens in the Coop," "and was received with no little cheering."

Next comes Chatsworth, the far-famed palace of the Duke of Devonshire, exceeding all others for its splendor within and its beauty without. This well-known showplace, it has been stated in a petition to Parliament, is visited in the course of a year, by not less than 80,000 persons. The Duke is represented as living in a style of splendor quite in accordance with his princely income of two hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum. Fourteen hundred deer and four hundred head of cattle stock the open park around the house. The kitchen garden, with its perfect and abundant produce, covers twelve acres; the conservatory, covered by seventy-six thousand square feet of glass, contains a passage large enough for a carriage to drive through; there is an aquarium, an arboretum of many acres, thousands of rare and beautiful plants and fountains, one of which, "considered the highest jet d'eau in the world," throws water 276 feet. An agriculturist and man of taste like Mr. Colman might well have revelled in the enjoyment of such scenes.

After describing the interior of this splendid establishment, we have thrown in a little sketch of Haddon Hall in ruins, presenting a strong contrast, moral as well as artistical.

"I went after this to see Haddon Hall, an ancient castle, once the seat of elegance and

luxury, of revelry and banqueting, now in ruins, its halls empty, its tapestry defaced and hanging in shreds, its turrets overhung with ivy, its paved courts overgrown with weeds, and all its magnificence and glory departed, a most striking contrast to the other scene. So human pride rises and sets, and the fashion of the world passes away."

At each new exhibition our author's wonder seems to increase, still finding something more remarkable than all that "I have seen nothing in had preceded. England on such a scale of magnificence," is his exclamation on visiting Blenheim, the celebrated show-place, built by the nation as a present to the great Duke of Marlborough. Beneath this noble pile, conceived by the genius of Vanbrugh, lie the remains of the great warrior, in whose honor it was erected. It stands a monument of a nation's gratitude, and it is forgotten how many attempts were made, by delay of payments from the treasury, to throw the cost of completing it upon the hero's own hands.

Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Portland, is minutely described. He supposed that he had seen several times before the summit of luxurious and elegant living, but this again went beyond all the rest. He is astonished at the method and quiet order prevailing in so large an establishment, and understands not how it is that where there are so many parts, wheel within wheel, and one spring depending for its tension and its movements upon another, there should not be the slightest jarring or creaking. though," he says, "there were not less than one hundred house servants, yet from any noise, either by night or day, it would not be supposed there was one within a mile." At another house he speaks of ringing in his own room for a servant, who always appears as instantaneously as if he had been concealed in the wainscoat. Such readiness might have reminded him of the story of the Yankee "help" who, after being rung for repeatedly, called up from the bottom of the stairs, "The more you ring the more I sha'nt come."

Mr. Colman remarks that English servants generally are proverbially clean, and, in their dress, gentlemen and ladies; distinguished, the women especially, for

good looks and good manners; and quite as tenacious and observant of their rank "At Welbeck," he as their superiors. says, "there were six of us at dinner daily, and eleven servants, most of them in livery; the Welbeck livery consists of light-yellow shorts and waistcoat, with white stockings and pumps, a long blue coat trimmed with silver lace and buttons, and silver epaulets and white cravats. If you meet the female servants of the upper class, you must take care not to mistake them for the ladies of the house, as there is little to distinguish them in point of elegance of dress." The latter part of this remark is, perhaps, as applicable here as in England, but our own countrywomen are not so individualized with their outward attire, as to render caution necessary in regard to separating, even at a glance, the lady from the servant,

Sir Charles Morgan's house at Tredegar is an enormous pile, more than two hundred feet square, standing in a park of thirteen hundred acres. Sir Charles is designated as the largest farmer in Wales; he has five hundred tenants on his different farms, and displays, to the edification of his guest, his slaughter-house, drymeat house, beer and wine cellars, and his herds of deer, &c. "One hundred and eleven servants were dined daily in the servant's hall, with large additions when there were visitors; a lady seldom going without her maid, or a gentleman without his valet, coachman and postillion. When an invited guest, who was coming to Tredegar with his family, sent word he must bring eight horses, Sir Charles wrote him to bring as many as he pleased. Such things show at once the opulence and the hospitality of the host.

Our author's sense of the ridiculous is gratified by an exhibition of the battue. This sport, in which the game being beat from covert by the servants, their masters have only to await their appearance to shoot them down, he thinks admits but of one improvement, which would be to have an arm-chair placed in the poultry-yard, and the hens and chickens tied by the legs, and shot at leisure.

Woburn Abbey, "the place of all others best worth visiting," contains 20,000 acres in one body, and is the seat of the Duke of Bedford, next to the Duke of

Portland the largest improver in England.

This extensive agriculturist is said to pay more than 400 laborers weekly, through the year, and in his home park, which, to be sure, is thirteen miles in circumference, he has laid pipe drains for several years past, to the extent of fifty miles each year, and upon his other estates he makes about two hundred miles of drains every year—drains dug three feet deep, and laid with pipe tiles. In this house they make up one hundred beds constantly for the regular family.

"The house is very large, consisting of four sides, three stories high on three sides, and two stories on the other, each of the sides more than two hundred feet long, enclosing a court-yard of great extent, and having three long galleries, the length of the whole sides, full of pictures and works of art. At the dinner bell, I found the usher of the hall, with the appearance of a gentleman, dressed in a suit of black, with black shorts and knee-buckles, silk stockings and shoe-buckles, waiting in the entry, to show me into the drawing-room, where the Duke met me, and where I found a very large party of elegantès. At half-past seven, we went into dinner. I have never seen anything so splendid. The service was all of gold and silver, except the dessert plates, which were of Sevrès porcelain, and presented to one of the former Dukes by Louis the Fifteenth. I observed many large, massive pieces of gold plate in the centre of the table, and a silver waiter or tray, to support them, more than eight feet long and nearly two wide. There were two large gold tureens, one at each end of the table. Besides the gold service on the table, there were, among other plate, two large gold waiters on the side-board, presented to the former Duke, as agricultural The arms of the family are a premiums. deer; and there were four salts in my sight, being a deer, about five inches high, of silver, with antlers, and two panniers slung over his back, one containing coarse, and the other fine salt. The servants, in livery and out of livery, were numerous, and the dinner, of course, comprising every possible delicacy and luxury in meats, wines, fruits, &c., &c. The evening was passed in the drawing-room, some of the party at cards, some at billiards, some reading the papers, some at work, until eleven o'clock, when the party-take their wine and water, or seltzer, or soda water, and their candles, and The dress of the ladies was more splendid than I can describe, and the jewels and diamonds on the head, and neck, and wrists, and fingers, as brilliant as their own bright eyes. At ten, we met for breakfast,

sans ceremonie, and every one ordered what he wanted.

"At one elegant mansion, in which I staved several days, each guest, at breakfast, was furnished with his own silver urn, with boiling water, and a spirit lamp under it, with his own silver coffee-pot, if he preferred coffee; or, if tea, with a separate tea-caddy, with two kinds of tea, a separate tea-pot, cream-pot, and sugarbowl, all of silver; his cup, saucer, and plate. of course-making a complete and most elegant establishment for this purpose. At breakfast the arrangements were made for the day. The first day the rain was considerable, and the Duchess undertook to show us the house. It is full of everything magnificent in the way of pictures, and works of art, and furniture, and the apartments occupied by the Queen and Prince, on their visit here, were extremely splendid. The library contained twenty-one thousand volumes. The gallery for statuary, which is a separate building, was full of works of art of the chief masters, which almost com-pelled my adoration. The original group of "The Three Graces," in marble, by Canova himself, is here, and is surpassingly beautiful. Then I was shown the theatre, for private theatricals; the aviary, full of birds and three black swans; the grassarium, where grasses alone are cultivated for experiment; the Chinese dairy, full of everything exquisite; the heathery, containing heaths only; the house for tropical plants; the pinetum, for pines only; the lakes; the shrubberies; the statues in the open grounds; the kitchen and fruit garden, a wonder in itself; the Temple of Liberty, containing the busts and statues of some of the most distinguished friends of the Duke's father; then the horses and stables, which were, in fact, almost palaces in their way; then the saddle-room, where there were certainly fifty saddles, all in order for use; then the carriagehouse, where were twenty-seven four-wheeled carriages; then the tennis-court; then the riding-school. The women, too, in this place, at the different lodges, who opened and shut the gates of the park, were in livery, being dressed in bright scarlet gowns, with white caps and aprons, presenting a gay and pleasing costume."

This is splendor quite sufficient to stir the nerves of our simple republican, and gives, perhaps, a fair sample of the style of living among the higher nobility. Mr. Colman adds however, recollectively, that some of the arrangements at Woburn Abbey are not universal; such as an usher of the hall, and groom of the chambers; the elegance of the housekeeper's room, equal in its furniture to that of most drawing-rooms; a professional musician employed every evening for the piano, and the Duchess's page constantly in attendance on her, dressed in green and gold lace, and epaulets, with a sword by his side.

That Mr. Colman does not forget the object of his mission, under the excitement of these splendid entertainments, is manifest from the zest with which he describes the results of his agricultural observations, fully testifying that he is refreshed, not enervated, by the fascination of high life, and ready on the spur of occasion, "To scorn delights and live laborious days," and eager for "fresh fields

and pastures new."

At the farms and agricultural shows, Mr. Colman finds exercise for his organ of wonder. Lord Yarborough's 60,000 acres of plantation and 600 tenantseighteen thousand bushels of wheat raised in one year by one man-stacks of grain containing 800 bushels, and barley stacks, one, fifty-four yards long, and others, forty-eight in height, with width propor-tional. "This," cries our agriculturist, "is farming with a witness." He represents the farmers' wives and daughters, as well as the noblesse, at the fairs and shows, as not only taking interest in all these matters, but actually inspecting the implements and the cattle; and showing the remarkable points of the animals like experienced breeders of live stock. "Some of them are really such, and also competitors for the premium." Many ladies of the highest rank, he says, take a deep interest both in agriculture and politics; and one lady of rank is represented to have introduced him in person to the farm offices on her husband's estate; the stables, cow-houses, pig-sties and barnyards, explaining all the modes of management with the most perfect understanding. At Ayre, in Scotland, Mr. Colman was shown some of the best farming he had ever seen. At Falkirk Tryst, the largest market in the world, he reports having seen "between sixty and seventy thousand sheep, and from forty to fifty thousand head of cattle, with horses innumerable." The farmers generally are represented as extremely rich and intelligent.

Mr. Colman defends the custom, so widely censured, of exacting fees for visit-

ing "show-places" as they are termed, the seats of the nobility. He never feels that he has purchased dearly the benefit and pleasure he receives, and is altogether too good-humored to quarrel with anything short of immorality. He has a nice sense of the beautiful, and discerns it not only in the objects connected with his mission, -in fields, dairies, and cattle-but also, with considerable gusto, in such animal specimens as are the more refined and delicate product of nature's handiwork. English women, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, and French; their characters, manners and costumes, are observed with a discriminating eye. Accustomed to the keen, quiet humor, so common to the women of America, he remarks that "fun" is a rare quality among those of England. The English ladies impress him agreeably.

"I do not think they are better informed than the same class of people among ourselves, but if I may use an Hibernianism, which I think you will understand, they seem to me much more manly than most of our women, and far more independent. They have quite as much delicacy and modesty, but no affectation or fastidiousness."

He finds a surpassing elegance, though not always the best taste, in the style of dress of ladies in the higher classes, but the dress and appearance of the middle classes, with many exceptions, appears to him much inferior to ours. "I am free to say that my respect for the English ladies has been constantly increasing; they seem to be well educated, with great self-respect, without any painful reserve." He gives, by the way, a little anecdote, showing how a slight trait of selfishness, insinuating itself like disunion among the graces, can put the manners of a court quite on a level with the less studied etiquettes and elegancies of a republic. The Queen is described reading her speech in the House of Lords. "The House, excepting the seats occupied by the peers, was filled with ladies of rank and distinction." He goes on to describe the dress and appearance of the Queen and her attendants, the splendid array of crown and coronets, jewels and diamonds, and the formulas of office and etiquette. Some of the peeresses and ladies in front of the bar stood upon benches, so as to interrupt the view of the

gentlemen behind, who accordingly took the liberty of forwarding a piece of paper to them, on which they had written, not in the most complimentary style, "Ladies, you are not transparent," upon which hint the ladies had the grace to get down.

Our close observer is struck by the neatness of the better class of women in the streets; "the majority of whom," he says, "wear white stockings, without those dirty pantalettes which you see bobbing about the ankles of our women; they have too much good sense, under an affected modesty, to let their clothes draggle in the mud; but raising their skirts a little, you may see them walking through and crossing the muddiest streets in the rain, and not a speck upon their shoes or stockings." From Paris he writes to the same effect. He hopes to be excused for speaking of a lady's stockings; but in Paris new revelations burst upon his mind, and "the most modest man," he says, "cannot help discovering that the French women generally wear high clocks to their hose, and snaps instead of quality binding or red tape. At the great agricultural dinner at Northampton, England, our friend displayed his gallantry with considerable effect.

"I sat at the high table, directly under the gallery, which was filled with ladies, to hear the speeches. After the cloth was removed, several beautiful bunches of flowers, which had been placed as ornaments on the table, re-mained: I said to Dr. Buckland, who sat near me, that I had a mind to hand one of them to the ladies. Said he, "It will not do;" and in rather a cynical manner, which disturbed me a little, added, "such things may do in your country, but they won't do here." Mr. C-, a distinguished member of Parliament, who heard the remarks, said at once, "It will dodo it;" and I immediately took two of the finest bunches, and stood up in a chair and presented them to the ladies who were nearest to me. Nothing could be more gracious than the manner in which they received the compliment, and the whole building rang with applause from all who witnessed the action. ately, several other gentlemen sprang upon their feet and followed my example, in presenting the bouquets near them, and there was a tremendous clapping of hands and cheering above and below. Lady Easthope says that she and Lady Palmerston were those who received the bouquets from me."

In the streets of Genoa, accompanied

by a grave clergyman, we find the two venerable gentlemen with their "heads turned," perhaps in more senses than one. observing the beautiful gait of the Genoese girl, walking on tiptoe, with one hand on her hip, and the other holding, under the chin, the folds of her muslin veil. "We both agreed, that we never saw more grace and beauty in person and movement. Whether two such old fellows are any judges of grace and beauty, I do not pre. tend to say. Our wives, some years ago. thought we were." He thinks the Irish women would be uncommonly beautiful if they had the advantage of dress, but the beauty of the Dutch women, above all others, seems to have awakened his admiration, and he wishes from the bottom of his heart, that he had known a few soft words in their language.

" I think some of them the fairest and handsomest creatures I ever looked upon, and made of the finest unmixed porcelain clay. Before I left England, I thought the English women the fairest I had ever seen-I now consider them as belonging to the colored races. The Dutch women much exceed them. fairest rose that was ever plucked, with the glittering dew-drops hanging among its petals; take the fairest peach that ever hung upon the tree, with its charming, blended tints of red and white, and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of complexion of the fairest of the Dutch women, as I saw them at Broeck and at Saardam. If their minds are as fair, and their manners as winning as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow, that he should resist. Then their costume is so pretty and elegant. A sort of thin, gold helmet, fitting close to the head, leaving enough of the hair to part gracefully over the brows; a thin, but wide band of highly wrought and burnished gold, extending across the forehead; at the ends of this, some most rich and elegantly wrought filagree ornaments of gold, with splendid ear-drops of gold or of diamonds set in gold, with a beautiful cap of the finest Brussels lace, covering, but not concealing, the whole head; and all the rest of the dress of vestal purity; white, tasteful, transparent, with short coats, shoes as bright as mirrors, and stockings of the purest white, and fitting the ankle as if they were knit upon the limb; with no drabbling train to sweep the pavement, and no oversized shawl, and loose and ill-fitted sleeves and skirts, hanging about the person, like clothes upon an old tree on a washingday, and you'll have some faint notion of what one of these beautiful creatures is."

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The courteous hospitality of the English nobility, the method and exact order of their domestic arrangements, the grand scale upon which their estates are improved, the beauty, affability, and elegance of the ladies, the magnificence of their palaces and their princely style of living, Mr. Colman never tires of eulogizing; but the splendor with which, at times, his fancy is dazzled, blinds him not to the abuses of power, nor to the misery which groans in their midst. The philanthropic heart of our traveller bleeds at the destitution and misery which present the opposite extreme. "The state of the poor in England, and the state of crime," he says, "are the most distressing features."

"In the midst of the most extraordinary abundance, here are men, women, and children dying of starvation; and running along side of the splendid chariot, with its gilded equipages, its silken linings, and its liveried footmen, are poor, forlorn, friendless, almost naked wretches, looking like the mere fragments of humanity. Is there any remedy for this evil? I know of no panacea. You must not think, because this misery exists, that all men's hearts are steeled against it. I do not believe there exists a country fuller than this of kind hearts or of charitable establishments for the relief of the distressed. A great problem is to be solved, and the heart of humanity is everywhere burning with an intense and aching desire for its solution.

"I am often asked, if I like England? Yes, much, very much; but the inhabitants of New England, I fear, very imperfectly appreciate their own blessings."

"London abounds with an incalculable amount of misery, which scarcely sees the light. The wretchedness of the poor Irish is beyond all description; that of many parts of Scotland is quite equal." From Manchester, in England, he writes thus:

"I have seen enough already in Edinburgh to chill one's blood, and make one's hair stand on end. Manchester is said to be as bad as Edinburgh, and Liverpool still worse. Wretched, defrauded, oppressed, crushed human nature, lying in bleeding fragments all over the face of society. Every day I live I thank Heaven that I am not a poor man with a family in England."

In Edinburgh, he finds such a population as he had never seen before, and a lower degree of human degradation. His

heart sickens at the horrible condition of streets and yards, families piled one above another, in houses from seven to eleven stories high, without windows in the passages, or any light except that which comes through the opening at the foot where door is never hung;-the barefooted and bareheaded people who crowd the streets, starving, drunken, ignorant, dissolute, forlorn. At Dundee he finds the condition of the inhabitants more "Hardly one woman or frightful still. child," he says, "in twenty-I might perhaps more properly say one in fiftyhas either shoe, stocking, bonnet or shawl; and I have some doubts whether petticoat either, and probably are not washed once in a month. The offensiveness of the place is beyond endurance."

Indeed, the "land of purple mountains and purple faces," seems on the whole, to be no great favorite with our author; not in its scenery, or its farms and agricultural interest, but rather in regard to its cities, and the Scotch generally, as a people. The Scotch farms are described as extensive, and the farmers wealthy beyond comparison; their tables frequently covered with silver, and furnished with wines of the most costly character.

"The farmers here never do the slightest work, of any kind, themselves, but then, they are thoroughly acquainted with their business, and make it as much a matter of study and calculation as any professional man or merchant does his business. They have none of their laborers in their houses, and, in most cases, the laborers provide for themselves. You would be surprised to find how poorly they live; at least, we should think it so. They have oatmeal porridge and skim-milk for breakfast, bread and potatoes for dinner, with beer, and porridge again at night. They cook their porridge for themselves, and I was going to add, do their own washing, but I am inclined to believe that a Scotch laborer never sees any washing, either for his person or his clothes. The degree of dirt in which they live in a Scotch bothie is unsurpassed. I have forgotten to tell you how fine the small fruits are here-gooseberries, currants, strawberries and raspberries. Strawberries were in the market when I arrived, or rather in May, and are still to be had. They are sold now for about twelve and a half cents a pint, and the best raspberries for less. I saw strawberries in Dundee of which ten weighed a pound, and one I measured, was nearly as long as my little finger."

"On Friday, I went to a farm where the farmer pays about \$10,000 a year rent, or about £2000, and he and his two brothers, in the immediate neighborhood of each other, had more than four hundred people engaged in har-vesting and threshing. I went into a cottage, where one of the laborers told me he had lived on the farm more than fifty years, and another said he had been there sixty years. I wonder what our laborers would say to such keeping as the Scotch laborers have-oat porridge and skim-milk, or buttermilk, for breakfast, a pound of bread and a bottle of small beer at noon, and supper like breakfast, at night, without lunch, or anything else of any kind, and a shilling per day for their labor."

Edinburgh does not equal Mr. Colman's expectations. The new town he describes as elegant, but the old city, "perfectly odious-a compound of degradation and nastiness." He hears, while there, a good deal of the church secession, and thinks that instead of venting passion upon that subject, it would be a far more noble act of religion to spend their zeal and their money in providing for their poor. In understanding and intelligence, he considers the Scotch men and women superior to the English, but without beauty and without humor. We imagine he will scarcely find himself borne out in the latter assertion. Where shall we look for humor, if not in the country of Scott, of Burns, and

The Scotch snuff-takers are said to practise a most charming refinement in the custom of wearing a small ivory spoon, with which to facilitate the insertion of the snuff up the olfactories; and at the hotels an ox-horn is found hanging, filled with snuff, elegantly mounted with silver, having a brush attached for general use. though some persons carry a small brush in their pockets to wipe their noses and upper lips at the close of the ceremony.

The beautiful country of Ireland is robbed of half its charm to our feeling traveller, by the presence on every side of "I never squalid want and beggary. met," he says, "with a more hospitable, generous and witty people; but the wretchedness of the great mass of the population, is utterly beyond description." It is not hundreds, nor thousands, but millions, whom he has seen living in cabins dug out of the bog, without chimney, window, door or floor, bed, chair or table,

sitting on the ground, like Hottentots. round their basket of potatoes, eating this, their only food, with their fingers: whole families huddled together at night, naked, in the straw, with the pig, the the ass or horse, and sometimes the cow In one cabin he in the same room. found a woman and six young children and a sow with nine pigs, a flock of poul. try and a jackass, all living together in "one small parlor." "And this," he exclaims, "is a country belonging to the richest and most refined people on the globe, not forty-eight hours journey from London; a country not one-fourth part of which is cultivated, and containing millions of untilled acres of as rich land as the sun shines upon." "Yet, strange as it may seem," in another place he remarks, "the common people-the men, I mean-are, in some respects, well educated." In a school of one hundred and twenty scholars, he finds, in regard to improvement, everything going on extremely well, and relates the circumstance of an inn-keeper at Killarney calling in a ragged boy from the street, who bore a good examination in Greek, and recited well in Virgil; also of another whom he met going to school to recite Homer in Greek.

England and Scotland, in every part, among the lower classes, are described in respect of dissoluteness, as "rotten at the core," but Ireland, in this respect, is made

an exception.

At Killarney, our independent friend received an amusing check to his self-sufficiency. He was going to visit the lakes, and he wished to satisfy himself that he could do so without a guide, or any other aid than a horse and his own wit. in one of the most public streets, crowded with market-women, pony-letters, importunate guides, beggars, &c., &c.-a woman, armed with a large, sharp-pointed shillelah, brought to him a most forlornlooking red pony, so low that he had only to throw one leg over, and with his feet dangling within an inch of the ground commenced, or would have commenced his journey; but though two ragged boys pulled at the bridle, and two barefooted wenches, with only the semblance of a petticoat, beat and punched behind, the pony refused to stir; so without swearing, but with looks that he is certain must have indicated a terrible ferocity, he was compelled to throw the reins over the creature's head, and sneak into his lodgings, amid a tumultuous shout of derision, of which he says, "I still fancy I hear the

shrill and guttural notes."

Contrasted with such scenes, Mr. Colman is particularly observant of the cleanliness, the regulation, industry and sobriety, gaiety and happiness of the French. We now find him up one hundred and thirteen stairs, La Rue Chaussee D'Antin, looking down upon the moving world of Paris. The gay and social disposition, the readiness to be pleased with trifles, the laughing philosophy of the French, are especially congenial to his own cheerful temperament. The French appear to think the world made for enjoyment, and our author thinks "they are right." The reports he has had of their treachery and hypocrisy, their frivolity and profligacy, their abandonment to sensual pleasures, he considers as gross slanders. In all his intercourse, private and public, he professes never to have met with a single act of incivility. At the fetes and fairs, in the thickest crowds of the common people of Paris, he finds every individual clean, welldressed, well-behaved, and not a single instance of intoxication, rudeness or indecorum, "The peasantry, in this respect, contrast strongly with the English and Scotch."

"I seldom went among a field of laborers in England or Scotland, especially if they were women, without some coarse joke, or some indecent leer; at least, it has happened to me many times; and seldom without being soli-cited for something, "to drink your honor's health;" and never, especially in Scotland, without finding them sallow, haggard, barefooted, ragged and dirty. In France, it is the reverse; they are well clad, with caps as white as snow, or neat handkerchiefs tied around their heads; the men with neat blouses or frocks, and good hats; I have scarcely ever seen a barefooted or bare-legged woman in France; let them be doing what they will, they are always tidy; the address even of the poorest (I do not exaggerate) is as polite as that of the best people you find in a city; and so far from ever soliciting money, they have refused it in repeated instances, when for some little service, I have offered some compensation; Count de Gourcy told me again and again, that even the most humble of them would consider it as an offense to have it offered to them.

I do not believe there ever was a happier peasantry than the French: drunkenness is entirely unknown among them; and they are preëminent for their industry and economy. I went into one field, with a large farmer, where there were nearly a hundred, principally women and children, gathering grapes, and I did not see one among them, whom I should not have been perfectly willing to have met at table, or in any other situation."

"I never knew a people where there is so much charity to the poor; and as to churchgoing, so far as that constitutes religion, no people go before them; and in no places of religious worship have I ever seen more attention, more decorum, or more apparent devotion. I should as soon think of seeing a dead man sitting erect in a chair at church, as seeing an individual in the congregation asleep. The churches, too, are all free. You may make some contribution at the door, if you choose, but nothing is demanded."

"A very well-informed and most respectable American of my acquaintance, who has resided in France twenty-five years, in Paris and in the country, says, he does not believe that there is in any country more conjugal fidelity, or stronger domestic affections; and that in this respect, the best French society is a picture of what is most charming in domestic life. I have another friend who has been intimate in French society for seven years, and he em-

phatically confirms this statement."

In short, he characterizes the French, in general, as the best behaved, best dressed and most economical, most industrious and most sober people, and at the same time the happiest he has met with.

Their notions of economy and domestic expense appear to differ widely from ours. Mr Colman says, "The English and the Americans spend lavishly; the people on the continent never." He represents fuel as being twice as dear in France as in England or America, and yet using fire only when absolutely necessary, it costs a French family not more than half as much. This habitual endurance of cold is, no doubt, healthful, and is probably a cause of their freedom from catarrhs and colds.

Mr. Colman imagines that few Americans who go to France, see or know much of French society; especially if they go through England, and become prejudiced by preconceptions given there. His own French experiences have certainly been peculiarly happy. Few persons are so eminently fortunate as to have no advantage taken of them in dealing with tradespeople—as to have their alms refused in the streets, and to secure a seat at public places of amusement by leaving on it his gloves or pocket-handkerchief, recovering on his return, seat, gloves and handkerchief into the bargain.

In Paris Mr. Colman has never seen a drunken man, and at the theatres not the slightest irregularity, which he remarks is "very different from the state of things in London, New York, or Philadelphia." Of the many descriptions of public places, edifices, monuments, chapels, &c., we have room to notice but few. Of Fontainbleau he writes to a friend, "If you have not been there, come back to Paris at once, and go, or never say you have seen the glories of France." We extract the description of the Chapel Expiatoire, not only as being less commonly noticed, but as having connected with it an interest apart from the beauty of its structure.

"The Chapel Expiatoire, near the end of the Rue Madeleine, is well deserving of a visit. In my opinion it is a perfect gem of art, and cannot be too much admired for the simplicity both of its exterior and interior. It is entered by a considerable flight of steps, through a long passage and a vestibule or portico detached from the church, and presenting, with the church, a beautiful specimen of archi-tectural taste and skill. The chapel itself would scarcely contain more than two hundred people, and may be considered rather as a funeral monument than as a place of religious worship. It is lighted entirely from above; and the altar within is remarkable for its plainness, and is ornamented with the usual furniture of Catholic worship. On the right side of the church, upon entering, in a semicircular recess on a raised pedestal, is a figure of the king, Louis XVI. in marble, of the size of life, in his royal robes, and with his arms extended in the attitude of supplication, while a winged angel is supporting his head. On the other side, in a corresponding recess, is a statue of the queen, Marie Antoinette, in a kneeling posture, while a figure in robes, supposed to represent Faith, is presenting the cross to her, to which she seems to be looking with intense fervor. The angel supporting the king is pointing with its finger towards heaven; the queen's flowing locks overspread her shoulders; and this, like every other statue which I have seen of her, is distinguished for its remarkable beauty of countenance and expression. Beneath the statue of the king, on the front of the pedestal, is a transcript of his will; and in front of that of the queen, a copy

of a letter written by her to the Princess

"The chapel was erected in honor of these unfortunate victims of revolutionary madness. by Louis XVIII. The bodies of Louis XVI. and his beautiful queen were buried here. The ground was purchased by an eminent loyalist, who carefully marked the spot where this affecting deposit was made, and converted it into an orchard, that the graves might not be recognized and desecrated by a mob, whose vindictiveness knew no bounds. It is said that the loyal owner of the grounds sent every year a bouquet, gathered from the graves of her parents, to the Duchess d'Angouleme ; an act most beautiful in its taste and sentiment. After the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne, this chapel was, by his authority, erected to commemorate this spot so full of affecting associations; but the remains of the king and queen were disinterred and removed to the royal vaults in the cathedral church of St. Denis, the common burying-place of a long line of French kings and princes.

"The grounds around the chapel, and the approaches to it, are lined with cypress trees, that everything may be in keeping with the painful recollections inevitably connected with it. In the vaults under the chapel are monuments which mark the spots where the bodies were interred. The chairs in the church are covered with crimson velvet, which seemed to indicate that it was frequented only by the higher classes. In the niches of the wall are several gilted candelabras, and the chapel, when lighted for an evening service, must be singularly beautiful, and the rays reflected from the statues of marble of purest white, must give them an extraordinary splendor.

Mr. Colman considers French preaching as one of the things immeasurably superior to the English, which he characterizes as dull, formal, cold, and uninstructive, especially in the Established Church, where it seems to him to have but two objects: "one, to fill up the fifteen or twenty minutes' interval in the service; and the other to persuade the people that the church is the church, the whole church, and nothing but the church, and that they must stand at their posts to keep it up and defend it against heretics, and what they call infidels." Our author is of opinion that all this trouble is quite in vain, and that the church is quite likely to tumble about their ears in spite of it. "A few more quarrels," he says, "among the bishops, and a few more prosecutions in courts of law, and their fabric will be shaken." The French, on the other hand,

he represents as full of life, preaching practical as well as doctrinal sermons, and throwing themselves entirely into their subject.

Mr. Colman it appears is, or has been, a clergyman himself; of what particular sect does not appear. He is quite free and independent in his observations upon religious subjects, and certainly speaks not too reverentially of the clergy of any denomination. It is no small affair, he says, to get through a Scotch service, the prayer being more than three-fourths of an hour long, and the sermon two hours. In the Highlands, it is carried still farther, the length of the first service being that of two ordinary services, and the second being in Gaelic, which, he says, is accompanied with the greatest vehemence of gesticulation, and seemed to him "the most extraordinary splutter one could listen to." The congregation, however, sitting quietly, and many of them going to sleep under all this "hurricane of thunder and lightning," satisfied him that it was mere

"powder without balls."

Upon the divines of Ireland he is still more severe. In his opinion, one of the greatest curses of that country is its clergy, "all parties of which," he says, "are full of hate to each other, and uniting to oppress and crush all systems of education and improvement, which do not involve the direct extension of their peculiar After giving an extract from probates of fortunes left by Irish bishops, laid before the House of Commons in 1832, the amount of which, within a period of forty or fifty years, the number of bishops being eleven, presents a total of £1,875,000, Mr. Colman, in his usual vein of quiet humor, suggests that the use of these bishops and the value of their services should be left for those who enjoy such luxuries to calculate; adding, "Perhaps it is only just, as Dr. Jortin says, that they who feed the sheep should fleece the sheep." Mr. Colman professes to hold to no Jewish Sabbath, or peculiar sacredness of one day over another, approving the institution as conducive to good morals, and preserving a sense of religion by external forms. He has no complacency with what are commonly called religious people, especially in extravagance of profession. "That form," he says, "is best for any one man which best calls out, expresses,

strengthens, and renders active the great principles of duty, reverence to the Supreme Being, and love to fellow men." Orthodoxy or heresy are only things for metaphysical theologians to quarrel about, and not, to any sensible man, worth the

snap of your finger."

"I hear," he writes, on another occasion, "that there is a great noise among the clergy of Boston and its vicinity, and that the infallible Unitarian body is divided." He describes the same contest to be going on in London, where he holds himself as a looker-on, sometimes with amusement, sometimes with disgust; and winds up with this remark, "With all their quarrels, I only wonder the clergy have not long since thoroughly extinguished all religion.

After leaving France, Mr. Colman travels over various parts of the continent. We find him at the field of Waterloo, at the Lake of Geneva, and on the mountains of Switzerland; on the verdant plains of Lombardy and among the palaces of Venice; treading the silent streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii; in the crowd before St. Peter's, waving his hat and shouting viva to the Pope-not, to be sure, in his pontifical relation, but in compliment to the greatness and worth of his private character; and in a fit of enthusiasm actually falling down and worshipping at the foot of Mont Blanc. At Rome he witnesses the Pope's celebration of the Feast of the Assumption, and at Florence a Te Deum, celebrated, together with an illumination, in honor of the accouchment of the Archduchess, to whom, on this occasion, as well as to his Holiness on the former, supposing both events to have transpired out of kind regard to his own curiosity, our author expresses his sense of obligation. In addition to these civilities of the Pope and the Archduchess, Vesuvius accommodates him with one of her most brilliant eruptions, and his gratitude and amiability become at length so wrought upon, that we find him at Naples, when almost ejected from his bed by the fleas, cherishing the satisfactory reflection that, either in the way of subsistence or enjoyment, he can, to the meanest of the animal creation become valuable, and "keep up that bright chain of mutual dependence and subserviency which prevails as

a universal law among all animal existences." He is amused to find the statue of St. Peter, whose foot the Catholics so devoutly kiss, to be an old statue of Jupiter, with a new head put on to make a Christian of him; while the beautiful Cumæan Sibyl, with some slight alteration of costume, appears as St. Anna, "but not, on that account, one jot less good a saint than if she had been made expressly for the purpose." "If they had Lot's wife," he says, "I have no doubt they would make a saint of her, unless possibly they might prefer to use

her for culinary purposes."

Mr. Colman is well satisfied with his visit to Holland. The Belgian husbandry he considers far in advance of the English husbandry. "Such crops," he says, "and such beautiful cultivation never met my eves before." "I have heard from my youth," he continues, "of the stupid Dutchman, but it seems to me no people ever accomplished such magnificent enterprises, defying the Ocean and robbing him, under his very teeth, of a territory large and fertile beyond calculation." author has not been alone in his early impressions regarding the almost proverbial stupidity of this remarkable people. Even their admiring historian, Schiller, speaks of them as originally "less capable than their neighbors of that heroic spirit which imparts a higher character to the most insignificant actions;" and refers to the "pressure of circumstances" alone, the great struggle by which, in the time of Phillip II., the "rising republic of the waters" wrested their liberties from despotism.

Mr. Colman admires the neatness, "even to a fault," of the Dutch towns, especially Broeck, a village of about one thousand inhabitants, who are so remarkably nice that no carriage but a wheelbarrow is permitted to travel the streets, which are "often scoured with soap and sand." He describes the Dutch as rude and vulgar, without grace and without civility, but acknowledges that, having no letters of introduction, he had no other opportunity of judging than is afforded at public places, hotels, &c. He says the Dutch are free from the American custom of spitting everywhere, but that they smoke everywhere excepting in church,

where they sit with their hats on. "This morning," he says, "three gentlemen were smoking at breakfast-table, where, besides myself, were two ladies. I do not know how to reconcile this intolerable smoking with the neatness that generally prevails. The Dutch language is a great trouble to him; he cannot purchase a pair of shoestrings, but by displaying his foot upon the shop-counter; and makes no approach even to its sound but by gargling water in his throat. The knowledge of one word, however, accidentally remembered. became, on occasion, an "open sesame" that saved him no little trouble:

"I went on Sunday from Leyden to Haariem by railroad to attend service and hear the great organ. After service, I strolled into another part of the city, and attended another service. I was to go back to Leyden at night, where I had left my friend. Unfortunately, I lost my way, and find the railroad station I could not. I tried English, that would not do-everybody looked grave and shook their heads; but whether there was anything in them or not 1 could not tell. I tried French, but with the same ill success. I made all sorts of gesticulations; and I dare say, by their laughing heartily, made myself quite ridiculous; but nothing would do. I believe at one time they thought I was begging for cold victuals, for some of the women seemed piteously disposed towards me, and would have taken me by the hand and carried me in to the second table, if their husbands had not been by. At last, to my great delight, I recollected seeing, over the railroad station, the word "Spoorweg," which I concluded was the Dutch for railroad station -a blessed revelation it was to me-I exclaimed, like the Greek mathematician, 'Eureka! Eureka!' I tried the word, still fearing that I might fail in the pronunciation; but, to my great joy, the key fitted the lock. I said spoorweg to every man, woman, and child I met; and by means of this single word I at last found my way back to the station, just as the whistle for the last train was sounding. But for this, I do not know that I should not have been in the streets of Haarlem until this time, and I shall bless the word spoorweg, as a talisman, all the rest of my life."

The churches at Antwerp, Brussels, and Mechlin excite especial admiration, and especially the pictures in those churches, and in other galleries and museums. Those of Venice, however, he finds, with the exception of the cathedral at Milan, surpassing all others.

Having at length completed his tour of

the continent; having visited farms, plantations, manufactories, schools, prisons, churches, palaces, galleries, cemeteries, markets, monuments, living cities, and buried cities, Mr. Colman revisits England, and after an absence of more than four years returns to America with the declaration that his head and his heart have been full—that his journey has been crowded to excess with objects of agricultural, moral, political, literary and social interest; that if asked what city he would prefer to live in, he would say London, on account of the friends there, but that "Paris, in beauty, adornment, all the luxuries of life, all the gaieties of life, and all the splendors of life, is before it."

Of England he says: "As the time of my departure draws near she appears to me more grand and beautiful than ever."

"She has great faults; she has many dreadful stains upon her escutcheon; I believe there is more crime, and more misery, and more vice existing in her, than can possibly consist with her prosperity, or the permanency of her present institutions; but, with all this, there is such a vast amount of honor and truth, of love of decency and order, of virtuous ambition, and just appreciation of all that is excellent in every department; there is such an amount of kindness and philanthropy, of personal, domestic, and private virtue, that not to love and honor her, would only prove one destitute of all elevated moral taste and sentiment."

THREE LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S JOURNAL.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF RELLSTAB.]

No. I.

Milan, May 4, 1811.

Have I been dreaming? Am I still a sojourner upon earth, or have I made acquaintance with another world? Scarcely two days have elapsed, and I have lived through events that might suffice to fill the circle of a year. I arrived here at 8 o'clock in the evening of the 2d of May. My first walk led me to that wonderful building, the Cathedral. The tremulous crescent of the new moon, which was still floating among the last violet clouds and mists of the departed sunset, threw a faint silvery gleam through the obscurity of the twilight; a dull, reddish light fell from the lamps above, and from the evening sky, upon the lower portion of the stately fabric. The heavens were clear above, but obscured below. The edifice, with its innumerable spires, thus strangely illumined, pierced the clear, dark-blue ether. In front of the dome, the multitude was pressing toward the theatre, the world-renowned Scala; the pointed Gothic spires of the gable and steeple seemed surrounded by a holy, solemn calm, to which the bustling crowd beneath were strangers. I stood for a long time, lost in contemplation. Presently, two figures emerged from the shadow of the vast pillars; they were evidently, as their dress indicated, travellers, like myself. As they are passing, I recognize voices well known to me; how delightful! They are Hermann and Adolph, the friends of my youth, whom I have not seen for many years. What a meeting!

We repair to the nearest café. Here, with the warm mists of evening around us, we took our seats at a retired table near the door. The lamps flickered; a flask of foaming asti, the champaigne of Lombardy, stood before us; we recounted our experiences, since the rough storms of time had severed the ties that united us in

boyhood. It was sad to think that all which we esteemed as most precious, was snatched from us by the power of that strange, gigantic, but as regards Germany, fiend-like spirit, Napoleon. We seemed to ourselves, our fatherland seemed to us, utterly lost. My friends had just come from the Tyrol; they had there visited the bloody but ever-memorable theatre of the sacred warfare which Hofer, that true son of the mountains, appealing to human and divine justice, had waged with the overpowering armies of France. Our conversation naturally turned at once, in a warmer strain than was prudent under the circumstances, on a subject which filled our hearts "We visited with patriotic yearnings. Hofer's dwelling, too; the true hero!" said Adolph, as he drew forth his tablets. "Allow me," said he, "to read these verses, which the consecrated spot, as I might almost call it, dictated to my soul." He read as follows:

With rev'rent steps this dwelling enter,
That by the wayside humbly stands;
Look at the cheerful household table,
The pictures, hung by pious hands.

Here deeds of great emprize designing,
Oft sat the hero of our day,
With friends in council grave consulting,
Who, like himself, gave life away.

Seated around, in earnest converse,
What lofty sorrow pierced each soul,
Yet pealed forth—'twas their fathers' custom—
The glad song o'er the flowing bowl.

"Brave comrades! let our monarch hear you;
Weep on, ye need not blush to weep;
We fight as men in God confiding—
Our faith in him alone we keep."

We, too, a goblet here will empty
In mem'ry of our Hofer's name;
And though our eyes with tear-drops glisten,
Our brows need feel no blush of shame.

I immediately copied the lines. We remained conversing in words of heartfelt sorrow until midnight. The crowd was

then returning from the theatre; we departed on our respective paths. I had scarcely proceeded a hundred steps, when I remarked with astonishment, but without apprehension, that I was followed by the ringing step of a French gendarme. conjectured his design, and in order to satisfy myself, I suddenly crossed the street in the direction of a by-path. He followed. I immediately resolved on a plan of action. The poem might condemn me to death; I would at once tear the paper in pieces-but before this could be accomplished, he seized my arm: "Monsieur, votre porte-feuille?" I gave it up. "Vous me suivrez." It was all over; I was completely baffled. I was taken to a large, antiquated building, with which I was entirely unacquainted; a lofty door, closed with heavy bolts, was opened. French sentinels were pacing to and fro. My conductor spoke a few words in a familiar manner to the officer. I was taken in charge by two soldiers and a jailer, who carried a lamp. We ascended some steps through dark, intricate passages. jailer at last came to a halt, opened a door fast-bound with iron, and I found myself in a gloomy dungeon, the grated windows of which scarcely admitted a gleam of sunshine. The gendarme followed. I was subjected to a rigorous search, and all my papers were taken from me; but I was treated courteously, and allowed to retain my money and my watch. The jailer inquired if I wanted anything. I could not suppress a bitter smile. "Well, early tomorrow," said he, and departed. I remained alone in the darkness. Sleep! Rest! Dreams of a soul that has never suffered! For an hour, perhaps, I lay on my pallet of straw, and depicted at leisure the cruel destiny that awaited me. But one-and-twenty! high hopes in my breast! and what were these? To assist in obtaining freedom for my fatherland! to aid in the accomplishment of noble deeds! In what dreams does youth indulge! More than these, there was a far-off loved one. Who does not love at this period? A sister! parents! and now a prison! Perhaps early to-morrow I should kneel on the sand-hill, a defenseless victim, awaiting the bullet decreed by the will of a foreign power as my sentence, for the crime of loving my native land. Now came a

strange interruption to my thoughts. Tones so sad, so soft, so touching, pealed through the silence of the night that tears rushed unbidden to my eyes. Is it a song? No, and yes! No song of an earthly voice, but of an Orpheus, who witches forth tones such as were never heard till now. I know it will excite a smile, when I say that I had been listen-

ing to a violin player.

How shall I describe those tones, which, while in the space of a few hours, I saw chains, death, the galleys before my eyes, suddenly raised me from the depths of despair to the hopes of freedom and deliverance, and which, as I deem their occurrence the most remarkable event of my life, have left the deepest impression behind? The dread stillness of night prevailed, and a light breeze, which blew in the direction of my grated window, wafted toward me the wonderful sounds. Clear as a bell, rising gradually, like the tone of a manly voice, longing and lamenting like the prayers and sorrows of love, gently confiding, like the modest, timid bride, so fell these sounds on the grief-awakened spirit. The performer, as it seemed, indulged in a free phantasy on his instrument; sometimes interrupting the longsustained tones by his light fantastic passages; now strangely powerful, now artistically graceful, but always pure as a string of unblemished pearls. After having wandered long in this fine, free rhapsody, he suddenly fell, by a strange, but beautiful transition, into a melody of wonderful pathos. Never can I forget the inexpressible feeling with which he gave effect to that sweet, but mournful melody. A fullness, a golden clearness of tone, a blending, a rising and falling, and then the dying cadence. It was the noble, sorrowful lament of a captive monarch. There was encouragement in the thought, as it flashed upon my mind, that better men than I had often been surrounded by worse evils, and I experienced, while lying on my dismal couch, a degree of hope and consolation, which no anticipation of the future could have given me. The beautiful theme was followed by variations. Not the old, thousand times repeated play of wasted trills and quavers, but such strange, peculiar passages, such wonderful combinations of notes, in which the

theme, notwithstanding the garb in which it was veiled, always preserved its distinctness and individuality so completely, that I knew not which to admire most, the performer or the composer. Now he seemed as if suddenly possessed by some strange spirit; the passages rolled forth with such fire and facility that I began to doubt the correctness of my ear. From the lowest deep the player sprang to the loftiest height, and there displayed the magical flute-tones of his instrument, interrupting them immediately after with the rolling passages of the full bass, and thus scorning all difficulties, he performed incredible achievements. You will disbelieve, and say that to the hopeless prisoner's melancholy mood, at the hour of night, the common assumed the importance of the supernatural. No, my friend, I have myself played the violin, (though I shall certainly never do so again,) and I was quite capable of judging of what An adagio, under such cir-I heard. cumstances might well have made a deeper impression than usual upon me, but it is incredible that these wild, despairing passages, these grotesque, bold flights from the lowest to the highest notes, and back again, should have had such an effect on one who, like me, believed himself standing at death's door, had they not been so surpassingly beautiful. The strains ceased-but in memory's ear they are ringing yet; yes, my desire to hear them again was even greater than my wish to regain my liberty.

Day broke. We heard the beat of a drum. I climbed up to my grated window. A company of soldiers was marched out in the court-yard; three prisoners stood before them. The officer motioned. and they marched away. The fate of these men excited in me the most sorrowful interest. The jailer presently opened my door. I inquired of him respecting them. "In one hour," said he, "they are no more; they are suspected of treason; Germans and Tyrolese, they are believed to have aided the rebels." These words were my death-doom. I heard them with a shudder, though I maintained my composure. "It is now the hour when the prisoners are allowed to take the air in the court-yard," said the jailer, "will you go down?" We went. I was

horror-struck. I saw several bands of desperate robbers, who had been rooted out of Lombardy, and confined here, under the energetic sway of the French government.

Leaning against one of the pillars of the wall, his eye directed toward the sun, which had not yet ascended above the high roof, stood a young man, apparently about twenty-five, who looked the very picture of wretchedness. He was pale and haggard; his eyes were deep sunk in his head; a prominent aquiline nose, a high forehead, raven hair in wild disorder, and a long neglected beard, gave him a ghastly aspect. Yet the expression of deep sorrow, depicted so visibly in the fine, though sharp lines about his soft mouth and hollow, emaciated cheeks, imparted a singular interest to his countenance. I gazed long at this strange, attractive man; he seemed not to observe me, but still kept looking upward, as if he were longing for the sun. Suddenly observing the jailer, he rose, and advanced hastily towards him. "I beg of you earnestly, old man," said he, in Italian, "to be more lenient." "Not at all," replied the old man harshly—"'tis no use. And if you do not keep quiet at nights, I will tear your last string in two." So he is the performer, thought I, and advanced toward Suddenly I heard my name pronounced behind me. It was the gendarme of yesterday. "Suivez moi," said he firmly. There was nothing left for me but to obey. Before the door a coach was standing, in which we seated ourselves, and soon arrived in front of a splendid house. My companion was as silent as the grave. We quitted the carriage and ascended the We waited a long time in an elegant ante-room. At last the door of a side apartment was opened, and a voice exclaimed, "Entrez!" What a pleasant surprise! I was standing before General K., who four years before lay severely wounded at my father's house in Berlin, where, though an enemy, he had experienced the most generous treatment. "My young friend," said he, "what a folly you have committed! Were it not that I happen to command this station, you would not be liberated. You are free!" "And my friends?" "Are free also." "A thousand thanks." "Hush, hush, I am still your debtor. Yourself and your friends will be my guests to-day. But to-morrow you must leave, as I resume my march, and your longer stay might yet produce serious results. Your passports to Holland are prepared."

In an hour, my two friends and myself

were seated together in a carriage.

No. II.

Paris, April 13, 1814.

M. to-day wrote me the following note: "Your adventures with the virtuoso in prison, and your eager desire to meet him again, are romantic affairs; but, like all romance, only a distempered dream. I was speaking on the subject to Lafont; he laughed and said, 'I hope to be able to cure this hallucination, and to quench this unsatisfied desire, by playing at a violin concert in his presence.' I took him at his word. This evening he will fulfil his promise; and to ensure the result which he anticipates, I have also invited Baillot, Kreuzer, and Rode. Can you desire anything more? It is needless to add, that I

expect you to be present."

You may imagine how much this invitation interested me. For four years I had been to hear the violinists of every city, in which our troops had been quartered, yet without finding even the shadow of my ideal. Now, when the memorable but stormy time of the campaign was past, I was to listen to the four most celebrated masters in the world. I was almost sad for the fate of my ideal. With a beating heart, I entered the gorgeous saloon. But the elegant costumes of the gentlemen, the brilliant toilettes of the ladies, were soon forgotten; my dungeon in Milan rose clearly before me, as I thought of one tone that seemed to emanate from another world. The concert began. Lafont was the first performer. The most finished execution-a clear, silvery tone-in andante as in allegro; grace itself; still only a beautiful miniature compared with the inexpressible charm of that romantic, strangely illumined picture which was present to my soul. Next Kreuzer played. Sparkling were his passages, like a wreath

tone, perfect mastery of his instrument: still, only a metallic brilliancy, not the flash of a soul-revealing eye. Now Baillot commenced. The full, energetic sounds which he evoked, recalled my recollection powerfully to the past. A noble enthusiasm gave life to his execution. swaved the tones like a monarch, but my captive ruled them like a god. At last Rode appeared. His fine, spiritual features, his delicate but noble countenance, prepossessed me strongly in his favor. He began. Yes, there is an affinity between them; he bears within his breast a presentiment of my former companion, which deeply moved me. His expression seemed, to my thoughts, like a noble marble statue, combining dignity and grace. Ardor and pathos; that subdued by the restraining measure, this strengthened and increased by the strong hold of power. At the moment when I first heard him, he seemed to me to surpass my mysterious friend, but my longing for the latter soon returned, and I felt the most eager desire that he could only be permitted to know all that I was now hearing from Rode. But his chainless spirit winged its flight to loftier heights, and penetrated to lower depths; he scorned the sway of earthly powers. He soared aloft to other spheres, and the wondrous melodies which there penetrated his deeply agitated soul, he gave back in tones everlastingly impressive.

Such were my feelings during the concert. After its conclusion, M. introduced me to the celebrated performers. Common politeness required that I should praise their performances, and who could have forborne to do so? I was silent respecting my captive companion. But Lafont, to whom M. had related the circumstance, began himself to interrogate me on the subject. I wished to evade and cut short his inquiries, but in vain. I therefore told the story, and they all, with the exception of Rode, at once began to smile; but when I narrated and described some technical difficulties of execution which I had heard, Lafont exclaimed, "Oh! you're jesting at us." In fine, they would not believe me. I became offended, took my hat, and left. Just as I reached the threshold, I reof diamonds; bold strength, full, clear marked that some one immediately followed me. It was Rode. "Sir," said he, "is your narrative true, upon your honor?" I assured him that it was. "I believe you," said he. "I am convinced that there is but one man living who corresponds to the description of your captive. When I was a young man, dwelling in Genoa fifteen years ago, I was going home late one evening; I suddenly heard a violin, the enchanting tones of which filled me with astonishment. At first I could not tell whence this charming music proceeded, but I soon found that a young man, almost a boy indeed, who was standing on a low garden wall, with his face turned toward a dimly lighted window, was eliciting the heavenly melody from his instrument. I stood as if spell-bound to the spot. I well knew, at the time, that my own accomplishments as a musician were nothing, but here were mysteries unveiled, of which I had not before suspected the existence. Motionless, and concealed by the shadow of a willow, I listened to the prodigy. The moon just then emerged from the clouds that had obscured her, and shone full on the young violinist's form. The boy's features resembled those which you have described, only the milder graces of youth softened the expression of his remarkable countenance. His strains ceased: a female form appeared at the window, whence something was thrown down below. In an instant I heard a voice ex-claim; "Traditore pol diavolo." At the sound of these words, the boy sprang quickly from the wall into the street, then darted down a by-path, and was out of sight before I could recover from my astonishment. Immediately afterwards, a head appeared above the wall, and long continued curses and imprecations followed. The light in the window was extinguished. That the whole was a love adventure, was too clear to admit of any doubt. After the lapse of a few minutes, I advanced from my hiding-place. As I was approaching the wall from which the boy had leaped so quickly, I trod upon something which I found to be the bow of a violin, that he must have lost in his descent. I have it yet; it is marked P. At that time I hoped, by means of it, to find out the young violinist; but on the very next day, the pressure of hostilities

compelled me to leave the city. Since that period, I have heard nothing of this wonderful genius. But I am much obliged to you; for the sensation was indescribable, and I had endeavored to improve my style by imitating that heavenly melody. Yes, I am indebted, for the greater part of my fame, to this unknown, vanished genius." I stood in astonishment before the great artist who had thus spoken so modestly and so justly. I could not forbear telling him, that I had found, in his performance, some touches of that magical beauty with which the unfortunate prisoner had captivated my heart. Only it seemed to me that Rode had but heard the commencement, the first forebodings of that strange spirit, while I had seen his wings in full development. We parted. I have a hope. Every genius must make his power felt in the world. Unless a cruel destiny has shattered the precious frame in which this intellect was lodged, it must yet, at some future day, fill every heart with rapture.

No. III.

Berlin, March 30th, 1829.

After a long sojourn in the North, I arrived here about half-past eight. "What is going on in the theatre to-night, waiter?" "Nothing of interest; but you should go to the concert, sir. A violinist"-"I am tired of violinists." "But this is really a prodigy. The critic Rellstab has worn out his pen in writing his praises. Look at the Zeitung newspaper." "Very good; what is the name of this prodigy?" "His name is-I shall remember it directly-an Italian"--" What? an Italian?" "Yes, it begins with P." "With P., I must go to the concert. Where can I obtain a ticket?" "Just go over the way; that is all you have to do." I went at once; the hall was so crowded that I found it impossible to enter; so, like many others, I was obliged to remain in the vestibule. The tutti of the last piece was ended; now commenced a solo, a Polacca. "It can be no other," I exclaimed. "How well do I remember those tones! They lie deep in my heart, beyond the power of oblivion.

But what a wonderful performance! Are there two-three-playing? Never be-fore did I hear anything like it. I can scarcely believe my own ears. Oh! that I could but catch a glimpse of him. But 'tis useless, a dense crowd is besieging the doorway. I will at least lose not a single sound." He ended-thunders of applause echoed through the hall. But I was unable to see the performer, as the whole company rose from their seats for the purpose of catching a sight of him. Could I have done so, my eager curiosity would then have been gratified, while of the crowds around me, not a single hearer could possibly experience emotions similar to mine. No one, certainly, could know the nature of my reminiscences. I waited with impatience the second appearance of the wonderful performer. At last-

"Now he plays on the G string," said some one near me. He began. Good God! is it possible? That melody I have certainly once heard before. They are the self-same tones, which years ago, inspired, comforted, animated me, and, as if they descended from heaven, diffused a radiance through my darkened soul. As the company before me separated, I saw the pale, melancholy countenance, the deep sunken eyes, the long wild locks, the trembling, emaciated frame. It was he. Thus after the lapse of nineteen years, the man was enabled to solve the enigma which had filled the soul of the youth with strange, mysterious emotions, and which, like a shrouded figure, would have accompanied him forever, had he not been permitted to lift the veil. It was removed. I heard, I saw-Paganini.

MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH.*

How frequently our taste in books changes! In boyhood, I was extremely fond of Byron, books of voyages and travels, Cook's, La Perouse, Riley's Narrative, Robinson Crusoe, The Arabian Nights; now, where I read one page of Byron, I read fifty of Cowper's; but I have not in many years met with a book so delightful, so suited to my taste as these recollections of my youth by Lamartine—the sweet style and eloquence of which remind me strongly of Rousseau. It has all the elegance, facility, fluency, and golden cadence of poetry. His theme is as "fluent as the sea," and from his mother he imbibed the habit of

"Reviewing life's eventful page, And noting ere they fade away, The little lines of yesterday."

After his mother's death it becomes necessary that Milly, the homestead of the family should be sold, and the proceeds divided into five shares. It was to pass into unknown hands, and here it was that Lamartine had hoped to end his day. He borrowed money and retained the property, but this was merely putting off the evil day, which came at last, when it was necessary to yield or sell. Lamartine says he attempted in vain to delay. "If time has wings, the interest of borrowed capital has the rapidity and weight of a locomotive." "I was overwhelmed with grief. I looked around me in my anguish; I made my decision; then I altered the resolution I had taken. I gazed from afar with despair at that little, gray spire on the slope of the hill, the roof of the house, the clump of linden trees, which are seen from the road, peeping above the tiled roofs of the village. I said to myself, 'I can never again journey by this road: I can never again turn my eyes in this direction. This spire, this hill, this roof, these walls, will reproach me all my life with having bartered them away for a few bags of crown-pieces! And these worthy inhabitants! And these poor, but honest vine-dressers, who are my foster-brothers, and with whom I have passed my childhood, eating the same bread at the same table! What will they say? What will become of them when they are told that I have sold their vines, their meadows, their roof trees, their cows and their goats; and that a new proprietor, who knows them not, who loves them not, will perhaps change to-morrow their whole destiny, rooted like my own in this ungrateful but natal soil?" Lamartine wishes to sell so much of the property as will produce an hundred thousand francs, and he sends for one of those persons who purchase property in the mass in order to sell it again in smaller lots, to see if it could be accomplished. gentleman arrives at Milly, and they walk about the grounds to see what could be most conveniently detached from the rest, to be divided into lots within reach of the means of purchasers in the neighborhood. "Sir," said he, extending his arm, and and cutting the air with a sweep, as a surveyor portions off the land, "there is a lot which might easily be sold together, and which will not greatly disfigure the remainder. "Yes," replied I, "but that is the vineyard which my father planted in the year of my birth, and which he ever enjoined on us to retain in memory of him, as being the best portion of the domain, and as having been watered with the

^{*} Memoirs of my Youth. By A. de Lamartine. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff St. 1849. Les Confidences. Raphael, Pages de la Vingtième Année, par M. de Lamartine. New York: D. Appleton et Compagnie, 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. Les Confidences. Confidential Disclosures, by Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated from the French by Eugene Plunkett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

sweat of his brow." "Well," resumed the valuator, "there is another which would tempt purchasers of limited means, as being suited for grazing cattle." "Yes," returned I, but it cannot be. That is the river, the meadow, and the orchard, where our mother took us to play, and bathe, in our childhood, and where she reared with so much care those apple trees, those apricot trees, and those cherry trees for use. Let us look in some other direction." "Well, that hill behind the house?" "But it is that which serves as a boundary to the garden, and is just opposite the window of the family saloon. How could we look on it now without tears rushing to our eyes?" "That group of detached houses, then, with those sloping vineyards which descend to the valley?" "Oh, those are the houses of the husband of my sister's nurse, and of the old woman who reared me with so much care and love. We might as well purchase them two graves in the church-yard at once; for their grief at seeing themselves driven from their roof trees and their vineyards would not be long in bringing them there." "Well, the principal mansion with the out-buildings, the garden, and the sur-rounding inclosure?" "But I wish to die there, in my father's bed. It is impossible; it would be to commit suicide on all our family affections." "What have you to say against that hollow which is not seen from your windows?" "Nothing; except that it contains the old buryingground, where, in my childhood, I saw my little brother laid, and a sister, whom I wept so bitterly after. Let us go elsewhere! We cannot stir here without mutilating some hallowed feeling or sentiment." We walked in vain; we found nothing that could be detached, without at the same time detaching a fragment of my heart. I returned home sorrowfully at evening. That night I never slept." The next day a packet of letters arrives, there is one from Paris, the address written in one of those clear, decided hands, announcing promptitude, precision, and firmness; it was from M. de Girardin, offering him whatever sum he wanted, provided he will furnish him with his early recollections. Lamartine refuses to publish the dusty relies of memory—without any interest for any one but himself, but Girardin in-

sists upon it, and gives him three years to familiarize himself with the idea. Milly is saved from sale. Lamartine's account of his childhood-his hard and simple fare-his pleasant life-his ancestors, his father and mother, are exquisitely described. He glories in the thought that he was born in one of those favored families which are as it were the sanctuaries of piety; a family not known to fame, but without a stain on their character, and placed in an intermediate rank of society-allied to nobility, but living among the peasantry, with the same habits, and enduring the same toils; not high enough to excite envy, nor low enough to excite contempt. His mother was an excellent and extraordinary woman and to her, Lamaratine owes his mental and bodily culture. His mother laid but little stress on what is usually called instruction—she desired to make her son happy, with a healthy tone of mind, and a loving, confiding soul-a creature of God, and not a plaything for society. She mingled religion with all the pleasant events that occurred to her children during the day, who, when they awakened in the morning, and the sun shone in the windows, and the birds sang

> "Love-learned song The dewy leaves among,"

their mother entered the room, her features "radiant with kindness, tenderness, and joy," she embraced them in their beds, assisted them to dress, listened to their artless prattle, and said to them, "To whom do we owe the happiness which we are about to It is to our Heavenly enjoy together? Father. Without him this lovely sun would not have arisen; these trees would have lost their leaves; these gay and happy birds would have died of hunger and cold on the naked ground; and you, my poor children, would have had neither bed, nor house, nor garden, nor mother, to shelter and nourish you, or to gladden your hearts during the season of life. most just, therefore, to thank Him for all that He gives us on this day, and to pray to Him, that He will give us many other such days. She then knelt beside their bed, joined their little hands, frequently kissing them, and then repeated slowly. and in an under voice, a short prayer,

which they repeated after her. And in the evening she also prayed with them, before their eyes were heavy with sleep, so that it was a pleasure instead of pain and discomfort. Whatever beautiful, lovely, or grand objects were met with in their walks—pine forests with the sunlight streaming through the branches—a fine sheet of water—cascades—a glorious sunset, with the tinted clouds grouped around the mountains,

"While, through the west, where sinks the crimson day,

Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray"—

she rarely failed to impress upon their minds that all this loveliness and goodness sprang from their Almighty Father. Lamartine gives an interesting and affecting account of his father reading Jerusalem Delivered.

"It is night. The doors of the little house of Milly are closed. A friendly dog utters from time to time a bark in the court-yard. The rain of autumn dashes against the panes of the two lower windows, and the wind, howling in gusts, produces, in its passage through the branches of one or two plane trees, and the crevices of the shutters, those melancholy and intermittent plaints which are heard on the margin of pine forests by the listening ear of the wayfarer. The apartment which I thus see in memory is large, but almost naked. At the farther extremity is a deep recess containing a bed. The curtains of the bed are of white serge with blue checks. mother's bed. There are two It is my There are two cradles on wooden chairs at the foot of the bed, the one They are the cradles large, the other small. of my youngest sisters, who have long been sound asleep. A huge fire of vine branches blazes beneath a chimney-piece of white * In one corner there is a little harpsichord, open, with some sheets of the music of 'Le Devin de Village,' by J. J. Rousseau, scattered over the instrument; nearer the fire, in the centre of the apartment, there is a little card-table, with a green cloth all spotted with ink stains, and with holes in the stuff; on the table are two tallow candles burning in candlesticks of plated copper, and diffusing a feeble light around, while they cast huge shadows flickering in the breeze, on the whitewashed walls of the apartments. Opposite the fire-place, his elbow resting on the table, a man is seated holding a book in his hand. His figure is tall, his limbs robust. He still retains the vigor of youth. His forehead is open, his eye blue, and his smile, at once firm and grace-

ful, displays to view a row of teeth like pearl. Some remains of his original costume, his hair especially, and a certain military stiffness of attitude, proclaim the retired officer. If any doubts are entertained on this point, they are speedily dissipated by the appearance of his sabre, his regulation pistols, his helmet, and the gilt plates of his horses' bridle, which shine suspended from a nail in the wall at the extremity of a little cabinet which opens off the apartment. This man is our father. On a couch of platted straw, occupying an angle formed by the fire-place and the wall of the recess, is seated a woman who appears still young, although she is already bordering on her thirty-fifth year. Her figure, tall also, has all the suppleness and all the elegance of that of a young girl. Her features are so delicately formed, her black eyes have a look so open and penetrating, her transparent skin permits the blue veins and the ever-changing color, called up by the slightest emotion, to be so clearly visible beneath its snowy surface; her jet black, but fine and glossy tresses fall in such wavy folds and graceful ringlets around her cheeks, and rest upon her shoulders, that it is impossible to say whether she is eighteen or thirty years of age. No one would wish to strike off from her age one of those years, which have only served to perfect her physiognomy and ripen her beauty. This beauty, although pure in every feature, if they are examined in detail, is peculiarly apparent in the ensemble, by its harmony, its grace, and above all by that radiance of inward tenderness, that true beauty of the soul, which lights up the body from within-a radiance of which the loveliest face is only the outward reflection. This young woman, half reclining on the cushions, holds a little girl asleep in her arms, her head resting on her shoulder. The child's fingers are still clasped around one of her mother's long ringlets, with which she was playing a few moments ago, before she fell asleep. Another little girl, rather older, is seated on a stool at the foot of the sofa; she is leaning her fair head on her mother's knees. This young woman is my mother; these two children are my two eldest sisters. others are in their respective cradles. My father, as I have said, holds a book in his hand. He reads aloud. I fancy I still hear the manly, full, nervous, and yet flexible sound of that voice, which pours forth in broad and sonorous streams, interrupted at times by the gusts of wind against the windows. My mother, her head a little inclined to one side, listens in a dreamy mood. I, my face turned toward my father and my arm resting on one of his knees, drink in every word, anticipate every story, devour with my eyes the book, whose pages unfold too slowly for my imagination. What is this book? This first book, whose perusal, thus heard at the entrance into life, teaches me rl.

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what a book really is, and opens to me, so to speak, the world of emotion, the world of love and reverie-this book was the Jerusalem Delivered; the Jerusalem Delivered, translated by Lebrun, with all the majestic harmony of the Italian stanza, but purified and refined by the exquisite taste of the translator from those glaring defects of affectation and false ornament, which sometimes sully the manly simplicity of Tasso, like gold dust which would tarnish a diamond, but which the Frenchman has blown away. Thus Tasso, read by my father, listened to by my mother with tears moistening her eyelids, is the first poet who has stirred the chords of my imagination and my heart. Thus does he form for me a part of that universal and immortal family, which each selects from every country and from all ages, to form the companions of his soul and the society of his thoughts. I have kept as precious relics the two volumes. I have rescued them from all the vicissitudes which change of residence, deaths, successions, and divisions bring upon family libraries. From time to time, at Milly, in the same apartment, when I return there alone, I open them with pious reverence. I sometimes read once more some of these same stanzas half aloud, endeavoring to feign to myself my father's voice, and imagining that I still see before me my mother with my two sisters, listening with closed eyes. I then feel again the same emotion at the verses of Tasso. I hear the same noises of the wind through the trees, the same cracklings of the vine branches on the hearth, but my father's voice is no longer there, my mother's form no longer presses the couch, the two cradles are transformed into two graves, over the mounds of which waves the grass of a foreign land. And all this ever ends by my dropping a few tears, which blot the leaves of the book as I close it."

At the age of sixteen Lamartine meets with a translation of Ossian, by Baour Lormian; the book was universally read. Women sang it-pocket editions found their The shadowy way into all the libraries. realm portrayed by Ossian, harmonized well with the scenes by which Lamartine was surrounded. He carried the volumes in his hunting excursions over the mountains, and while his dogs made the hills echo with their barking, he would read the pages seated beneath some overhanging rock; and on his raising his eyes from the pages, mists, black clouds, ice and snow surrounded him, similar to what he had been reading of. The first perusal of this wild romance by Lamartine was while the bitter blasts of November and Decem-

ber were sweeping over the hills and vallevs. The earth was covered with snow, through which, here and there, appeared the dark trunks of the pines. Icy fogs, in eddying wreaths, encircled the peaks of the mountains. Lamartine thinks that Ossian is certainly one of those palettes from which his imagination has borrowed most of its colors, and which has imparted the greatest number of tints to his subsequent productions. He is the Æschylus of our misty climate. Curious scholars have pretended, and still pretend, that he never existed nor wrote, and that his poems are a forgery of Macpherson's. I should as soon believe that Salvator Rosa invented nature. In this dreaming mood he wanted some one to sympathize with him, to admire and weep over these magic pages-he finds a meek companion in the daughter of a neighboring landed proprietor, distinguished for her precocious talents and beauty, and possessed of that contagious languor of expression which communicates itself to the looks and thoughts of him who contemplates it. Light blue eyes, dark hair, a pensive mouth which seldom laughed, and which never opened but to let fall a few short and serious words; filled with a sense superior to her years; a slow step, a look which was frequently fixed in contemplation, and which was turned aside if surprised in so doing as if it wished to hide the reveries which filled it-such was this young girl. "She seemed to have a presentiment of a short and clouded life, like those lonely days of winter when I became acquainted with her. She has long slept beneath that snow which we marked with our earliest footsteps." "She was called Lucy." Lamartine's reading in his youth was varied and rich in information; he devoured books with an unsated appetite. Among those which he read when about sixteeen, were Madame de Stael, Madame Cottin, Madame de Flahaut, Richardson, the Abbé Prévost, and the German romances of Augustus La Fontaine, Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, Milton, and Chateaubriand.

The most charming episode in these memoirs, is the story of Graziella-

[&]quot;Sweet name! in thy each syllable A thousand blest Arabias dwell."

Lamartine gives the following account of I where he wrote this matchless story. In order to work at leisure on his History of the French Revolution, some few years ago, he took refuge in the little island of Ischia, situated in the centre of the Gulf of Gaëta, and separated from the mainland by a lovely sea. "One day then, in the year 1843, I was alone, reclining in the shade of a citron tree, on the terrace of the fisherman's cottage where I resided, occupied in gazing at the sea, listening to the surf which washed upward on the beach and carried back again the rustling shells of its shores, and inhaling the breeze which the rebound of each wave wafted to my cheek, like the humid fan which the poor negroes wave above the foreheads of their masters underneath our tropics. I had finished rummaging over, the evening before, the memoirs, the manuscripts, and the documents which I had brought with me for the History of the Girondists: I was deficient in materials.

"I had opened those which never fail us-our recollections, I was writing on my knees the story of Graziella, that sad but charming shadowing forth of love, whom I had met in former days in this same gulf, and I was writing it opposite to the island of Procida, in sight of the ruins of the little house amidst the vines, of the garden on the hill, which her finger seemed still to point out to me. While thus occupied, I saw gliding toward me, over the sea, a skiff in full sail, dashing aside the spray from her bows, which glittered in the dazzling sunlight. A young man and a young woman were seated in the stern, endeavoring to shelter their glowing foreheads beneath the shadow of the mast." This proves to be a friend of Lamartine's, Eugene Pellatan, and his wife. He had left his young and graceful wife in a cottage on the beach. "After conversing for a moment about France, and this island, to which he had learned by chance at Naples that I had retired, he saw the pages on my knees and a half-worn pencil in my hand. He asked me what I was doing. 'Do you wish to hear,' said I, 'while your young wife reposes after the fatigue of the passage, and while you recruit your strength by resting for a while

against the trunk of this orange tree? I will read it to you." And I read to him, while the sun darted its setting rays from behind the Epomeo, a lofty mountain of the island, a few pages of the story of Graziella. The place, the hour, the shade, the sky, the sea, the perfume of the trees, diffused their charm over the pages, in themselves without color or perfume, and lent them the enchantment of distance and surprise. He appeared touched: we closed the book, and we descended to the beach. In the evening we visited the island in company with his wife. I offered him hospitality for one night, and he departed on the morrow." This story of Graziella will. for the beauty of the narrative, and as a description of love in its depth, and purity, and for affecting interest, successfully bear competition with any thing of the kind ever written. Lamartine and a young friend, in strolling along the shore of the Margellina, which extends from the tomb of Virgil to Mount Pausilippo, meet with an old man placing his fishing tackle in his skiff, and a child of twelve years the sole rower. They apply to the old man to take them to sea as rowers, and to teach them the art and mystery of fishing; and they agree to pay him two carlins a day, for their apprenticeship and food. They spend days and moonlit nights out on the water, and their feelings are exquisitely described in eloquent language. A storm one night drives them to the island of Procida, and there they behold Graziella, beautiful as her name and

-"knowing nothing, Buttrusting thoughts and innocent daily habits."

What first exhibits to her the depth and hidden affections of her heart is the the story of Paul and Virginia, read to her by Lamartine. On the night of the storm when they were driven to the island, they had been compelled to throw everything overboard, and all that they had saved in the way of books were the Letters of Jacopo Ortis, a species of Werther half political, half romantic, written by Ugo Foscolo, a volume of Tacitus, and Paul and Virginia. The Tacitus and

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Jacopo Ortis failed to interest the inhabitants of the fisherman's cabin in any way. Far different in effect was the beautiful story of St. Pierre's; only a few pages had been read when the old man, the young girl, the children all had changed their attitude. The fisherman forgot to inhale the smoke from his pipe. old grandmother held her hands clasped beneath her chin, "in the attitude of the poor women who hear the word of God seated on the pavement of the temples." Graziella, who was usually seated a little apart, unconsciously approached, as if fascinated by some power of attraction, concealed in the book. With dilated eyes she looked at the book, at the lips of the reader, at the space between the lips and the book; her breathing became quickened, and before many pages had been read, Graziella's timid reserve had been forgotten. "I felt the warmth of her respiration on my hands. Her hair floated over my forehead; two or three burning tears fell from her cheeks, and stained the pages close to my fingers." "When I chanced to hesitate for a proper expression to render the French word, Graziella, who for some time had been holding the lamp, sheltered from the wind by her apron, approached with it close to the pages, and almost burned the book in her impatience, as if the flame could render the sense visible to my eye, and make the words flow more quickly from my lips. I smilingly pushed back the lamp with my hand, without turning my eyes from the page, and I felt my fingers warm with her tears." The farther reading of the book is deferred to another nightnone can restrain their anxiety to hear the conclusion, and it is concluded amid sobs and tears. How truly the growth of Graziella's affection for her young lover is described—it grows up in the manner that Sterne says is the best method of courtship, "A course of small quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it; leave nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind." When you wrote this, Laurence Sterne, you wrote the best receipt for making love ever written. Graziella in declaring her love, does it in breath deep,

strong, and fervid. "I know very well that I am but a poor girl, unworthy to touch your feet even in thought. Therefore, I do not ask you to love me; I shall never ask if you love me. But I love you, I love you, I love you;" and she seemed to concentrate her whole soul in these three words. Her lover is recalled to France-he promises to return in four months; but though he thinks of Graziella, and intends to return, months flee by-at last he receives a letter and packet from Graziella, containing these words, "The doctor says that I shall die before three days. I wish to bid you adieu before I have lost my strength. Oh, if you were here, I should still live! but, it is the will of God. I shall speak to you soon, and always from the height of the skies. Love my spirit! it will be beside you all your life. I bequeath my locks, cut off one night for you. Consecrate them to God in some chapel of your country, that something that belongs to me may be ever near you." Twelve years later poor Graziella's lover returns to Naples—he sought traces of her, none were to be found. The little house on the steep shore of Procida had fallen into ruins, a heap of gray rubbish.

Time quickly effaces every object from the face of the earth; but time can never efface the traces of a first love from the heart which has experienced it. Lamar-

tine writes that-

"One day in the year 1830, on entering a church in Paris, in the evening, I saw the coffin of a young girl carried in, covered with a white pall. The coffin recalled Graziella to my mind. I concealed myself in the shadow of a pillar. I thought of Procida, and I wept long and bit-terly. * * * I returned in silence to my chamber; I wrote in a single breath, and moistening them with tears, the verses entitled the First Regret. They are the echo, weakened by the lapse of twenty years, of a feeling which awakened the first outpourings of my heart. In them is wanting only the name of Graziella. I would enshrine it in all the graces of poetry, if there existed here below a crystal pure enough to enclose that tear, that memory, It is thus that I expiated by my that regret. tears the hardness and ingratitude of my heart of nineteen. I can never read over these verses without adoring that fresh image, ever borne to my soul on the transparent and murmuring waves of the Gulf of Naples, and without hating myself. But souls pardon in a better

world. Hers has forgiven me. Forgive me, also, reader! I have wept."

Reader indulge me with one more extract from this genuine book, filled with flashes of genius, that go as directly to the heart, and remain as firmly buried in it, as the arrow of Tell in the heart of Gesler.

"[Written under a tree by the wayside, in the valley of Echelles, at Chambery.]-I enter to-day on my twenty-first year. * * * * * * I have been a madman. I met with happiness, and I did not recognize it! or rather, I only recognized it when it was beyond my reach. I dashed it from me, I despised it. Death has taken it to himself. Oh, Graziella! Graziella! why did I abandon you? The only delightful days of my life were those which I spent by your side in the poor cottage of your father, with your young brothers and your aged grandmother, like a child of the family! Why did I not remain there? Why did I not feel that you loved me? and when I did know it, why did I not sufficiently love you myself, to prefer you to all others, to cease to blush for you, to become a fisherman with your father, and to forget, in that humble station, and in your arms, my name, my country, my education, and all that net-work of fetters in which my soul is confined, and which entangles it at every step when it endeavors to return to nature? * * * * At present it is too late. You can give nothing now but undying remorse for having left you! And I can give you nothing but these tears which start to my eyes when I think of you-tears of which I conceal the source and the object, for fear the world should say to me: he weeps for the daughter of a poor seller of fish, who did not even wear shoes every day; who dried the figs of her island on osier hurdles in the sun, without other head-dress than her hair; and who earned her bread by pressing the coral against the lathe, for two grains a day! What a mistress for a youth who has translated Tibullus, and has read Dorat and Parny! Vanity! vanity! thou destroyer of hearts! thou overturner of nature! My lips cannot utter forth enough execrations against thee. Nevertheless, my happiness, my love, was there. Oh! if a sigh sadder than the plaint of the waters in this abyss, more radiant than the rays reflected from this ruddy rock of fire upward to the heavens, could call you back to life again, I would kneel, I would wash your lovely naked feet with my tears. You should pardon me. I should be proud of my abasement in the eyes of the world for your sake. I see you again, as if four years of oblivion, and the barrier of the coffin, and the grassy covering of the tomb, did not separate us! You are before me! a gray robe of coarse wool, mingled with the harsh fibres of the goat's hair, binds your childlike waist, and falls in heavy folds to the round

swell of your uncovered limbs. It is fastened at the neck by a simple cord of black thread. Your hair, braided behind your head, is interlaced with two or three pinks, withered the evening before. You are seated on a terrace, paved with cement, on the margin of the sea, where the linen has been laid out to dry, where the fowls hatch their broods, where the lizards creep among two or three pots of rosemary and mignonette. The red dust of the coral which you have polished yesterday litters the threshold of your door beside my own. A little unsteady table is before you-I am standing behind you. I hold your hand to guide your fingers upon the paper, and teach you to form the letters. You set to work with an earnestness of application and a charming awkwardness of attitude, which leans your cheek almost on the table. Then, all at once, you begin to weep with impatience and shame, on seeing that the letter you have formed is far from being like the copy. I scold you, I encourage you—you resume the pen. This time it is better. You turn round your face, blushing for joy, as if to seek your recompense in the satisfied look of your teacher! I roll, carelessly, a tress of your long black hair round my finger, like a living ring-the ivy which still clings to the branch !- you say to me : 'Are you pleased with me? shall I soon be able to write And, the lesson finished, you your name?' resume your work at your table in the shade. I again commence to read at your feet. And in the winter evenings, when the bright rosy flame of the olive husks lighted in the brazier, which you blow to give it strength, was reflected from your neck and from your countenance, it made you resemble the Fornarina. And in the lovely days of Procida, when you advanced with naked limbs into the surf, to gather sea-fruits! And when you dreamed, with your cheek resting on your hand, gazing at me, and when I fancied you were thinking of your mother's death, your whole countenance became so sad! And that night, when I left you on your bed, pale and lifeless as a statue of marble, and when I became aware at last that a thought had killed you—and that this thought was myself! Ah, I wish for no other image to be present before my eyes till death! There is a grave in my past life, there is a little cross erected in my heart! I shall never allow it to be torn thence, but I shall entwine around it the sweetest flowers of memo-

These recollections of Lamartine's will become a favorite volume with those who are in the habit of studying their own nature, or the human heart in general. They contain a frank expression of thoughts and feelings, and give us an insight of the strength and frailties of a man of genius,

without the slightest approach to mockmodesty, or sentimentality. The work reminds me frequently of passages in Rousseau's Confessions, and in the New Heloise, not that I mean to say that Lamartine has copied in the slightest degree from Rousseau, but from the very nature of his subject it brings to mind that eloquent and impassioned writer. This work, like every other work of genius, will have sincere admirers, and others will sincerely dislike it. How few persons admire Milton or Sterne's writings! and I have never known an individual, who did not either relish them thoroughly, or not at all. How strongly Lamartine depicts the selfishness and vanity of youth! The story of Graziella is full of instruction. Every young man trifles with the feelings of woman, and after gaining her affections, he leaves her and flies to some other flower to rifle it of its sweetness. With such an one, the heart soon becomes petrified, the punishment arrives-the wheel comes full circle home -and the heart can neither love, nor is be-Ah! how delightful is the first dawn of love, when we meet with some fair young creature, whether flaxen-haired and blue-eyed-or with locks black as the raven and eyes dark as night; when our hearts throb at her approach, and the words stick in the throat-when she is our sole thought, and we think of her by day and dream of her by night; and as the love progresses and deepens, strolls are taken in quiet and out of the way places, by the side of woods where you hear the leaves murmuring praise-or in the city, her hand clasped in yours, and you so full of happiness, that it seems as if heaven had descended on the earth; or you go to her home, the hour of parting will come, (and how fondly it is delayed,) and then there

is the leave-taking at the door, your arm around her waist, and you feel her ringlets against your cheeks, and feel the throbbing of her heart, and the moon is pouring down its calm, sad light, or the streets are covered with snow and ice-it is all the same to a lover-and you press repeated kisses "on her rich red lip, until the color flies," the door closes behind you; you are too full of happiness to go home and sleep; you wander around for a time, but your feet instinctively turn to her dwelling, and you look up at her window, to see her moving about the room, or to behold her shadow on the wall. Ah, the pity that man should be ashamed of such feelings, which ought to be his pride and delight! Ah, Graziella, would that I could have seen thee listening to the reading of Paul and Virginia, or polishing coral, to give thee some slender means of aiding thy little brothers; or see thee coming from church, and among the crowd singling out thy lover; or to have heard thee utter, " I love you, I love you, I love you!" or when you were fading away, "and the mild thread that held your heart was breaking"-to have beheld the expression of thy face, when writing thy last letter to him who was far away, "Oh, if you were here, I should still live!" If it should ever be my good fortune to visit Naples, to look on the isles of Ischia and Procida, thy form, Graziella, would beautify the scene, thy image would be present to me, thy voice sound like music in my ears, adding grace and loveliness to that divinest of climates. Farewell, Graziella! if no pilgrim can visit thy tomb, the genius of thy young lover is now wafting thy name with blessings from "Indus to the pole,"

" Waking the ready heaven in men's eyes,"

A WORD TO SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS.

BY A NORTHERN CONSERVATIVE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOUTH :-

The question which affects your present comfort, and your prosperity in future, more nearly than any other, has become, in a manner and with a suddenness wholly unexpected, the leading and organizing question, or test question, in the Northern section of the opposition. The movements of the leaders of the Northern and Western divisions of that party have been such as will give at last an unequivocal and decided majority of votes against the principles and the measures of Mr. Calhoun and his friends. The nature of the question at issue forbids the indulgence of a hope, in their minds, that the advocates of the extension and permanent establishment of slavery will ever rule as they have sometimes ruled, in the councils of the nation. Between them and radical democracy, the union was always a forced and unnatural union. They came together on a ground of mutual service, and a division of power and profit, and never upon a ground of principle. Their union is dissolved, and henceforth we must expect a new order of things. On that order depends your safety and your dignity in the coming times of the republic. It invites your wise and calm consideration. Your action in view of it decides your fate; it makes or mars vou.

It is impossible to deny the fact that abolitionism in the North has leagued itself with radicalism for the destruction of your institutions. By the party so composed, of such fiery elements, unmitigated by humanity or by any consideration of reserved rights, taking their passions from fanatics, and their doctrines from theorists, a career of destruction begun will not be checked by any considerations of prudence, or of the good of the whole, or the sacredness of an established Constitution. They will go on, if they are permitted, from step to step, until they have wrested from you your dignity, your power, and your sovereignty.

Perhaps, estimating the future by the past, you will rely upon the continuance of those causes which bound the Southern and the Northern democracy together. But that were a grievous oversight; the causes no longer exist. The friendships are dissolved; the league of interest, maintained only by a common possession of power, is broken by the loss of that power. Northern radicalism allied itself with the Southern slave power only while it felt the need of that power.

Let us examine the real grounds of that alliance.

The anti-tariff opposition in the South arose from two causes: the reluctance of Southern proprietors to pay taxes for the maintenance of manufactures in New England, and their attendant jealousy of the fast increasing wealth and democratic equality of the Northern people. These were, and still continue to be, the grand reasons of the southern opposition to Mr. Clay's American system. I do not mean at present to enter upon any discussion of the justice of those grounds; enough that they existed, and still continue to exist, as a political element, and of value sufficient for the organization of a powerful party.

The grounds of the Southern opposition to banks and to the system of internal improvements, were founded in a similar jealousy and reluctance. The reluctance and the jealousy came first, the invention of arguments to sustain them followed as a matter of course, and of necessity; under a constitutional government the opposition will always invent or discover constitutional arguments.

The Northern democracy, on the other hand, with far different feelings, and with a truly democratic jealousy, arrayed themselves on the same side. In the South it was the body of the rich and powerful, the landed aristocracy; in the North it was jealous poverty, and the levelling, equalizing spirit which made the strength of

the opposing body. The elements of that body were simple. On the one side a mass of ignorance and struggling penury, the old fast-failing agricultural interest of the North, crushed by Western competition, and jealous of the rising prosperity and power of the myriads of manufacturers, springing up in villages, and by watercourses among their starved and weedy farms. Ascribing their own miseries to the happiness of those around them, instead of finding its cause in the competition of the great West, they took refuge in theory, and reasoned in the same vein, though in a more humble fashion, with the rich slaveholder; contending that it was an injustice to tax their poverty for the maintenance of a system which made other men rich, and never considering how much greater an injustice it would be to have kept an entire nation poor and dependent, and to have cut off the hope of posterity, by denying industry and enterprise their lawful protection.

On the other side stood the importers, with their arguments for free trade, and the rich farmers of the West, who dreamed of a foreign market, and saw no reason why they should pay highly for cloths and cutlery, to keep up the wealth and industry of the Eastern towns. If New England and Pennsylvania could not live by farming, why, God help them! they would not. Thus, in the natural order of men's thoughts, they adopted a theory of free trade, and by a word of four letters, the little word free, carried half the country with them. England, who by free trade would destroy or suppress the commerce, the agriculture, and the inventive industry of all the world, had the ear of the nation, and through her magazines and newspapers, put a weapon of theory in the hands

of every opposer.

In the South it was capital and aristocracy that naturally opposed the American system; in the North it was poverty and numbers. And thus by a forced combination, political extremes met, and Tammany Hall shook hands with the Charleston

aristocrats.

The poorer population of the South, unable to engage in commerce for want of capital, and prevented by a just and natural pride from mingling their labor with that of slaves in agriculture, remained

without employment. The enlightened and intelligent Whig statesmen of Georgia contended long with the prejudices of their fellow-citizens, for the establishment of manufactures, to give employment to these unfortunate people. They, indeed, were not sufficiently enlightened to know their own interests. They knew nothing, and could predict nothing. The powerful sympathy which binds together common employments and common interests, was not yet awakened in them to promote a feeling of community and brotherhood with the Northern operatives. They were a silent and an inefficient population, without power, and without hope, living almost a barbarous life. Like the broken farmers of New England, they needed, but had not the energy or the knowledge to provide, a new employment for themselves or their children. The cheap products of the West had impoverished the farmers of Connecticut and Massachusetts; the monopoly of farm labor by negroes had reduced the sand-hillers and poor countrymen of the South to a still more hopeless destitution. For the salvation of both, manufactures were established. In the South, indeed, they have but just begun, but the benefit of the new order of things is so sensibly felt in Georgia, and elsewhere-a great part of the manufactured cottons of that State being already supplied by the labor of her own citizens-it is certain that a strong Whig interest, a new political element, must soon be created there, as in New England, by the mere increase of the free working population, and the accumulation of wealth by artisans and those who employ them. That these classes will increase with great rapidity there can be no doubt. Villages composed entirely of operatives and their employers have already sprung up in Georgia and South The prejudices among the Carolina. poorer whites against this kind of labor are fast vanishing. It is not impossible that these States will by and by produce a larger quantity of cotton fabrics and at a lower cost than are now made in Massachusetts. By the Oregon railroad, now in contemplation, connected by branch roads, from Mobile to the foot of Lake Michigan, they will send cottons to Asia at a less cost than from Massachusetts. No man can deny the speedy possibility of such an event, and the consequent creation in the Southern States of a counterbalancing population, opposed in prejudice and interest to the present political domination of the South.

With these facts, as with the disposition of parties in general, every Southerner is of course familiar. It is not so much to the facts themselves that I wish to call your attention, as to the manner in which they affect a disinterested observer. Is it to be doubted that this growing free population, and the powerful moneyed interest which sustains it, will be opposed in spirit to the institutions of slavery? Is it to be doubted that the vast body of Southern intellect and philanthropy desires an amelioration of those institutions? Does any Southerner, at all versed in the science of political economy, or who has seen with his own eyes the wealth of New England, the happiness and comfort of her people, doubt for a moment the desirableness of establishing a new order of things, a new and more creditable means of employing labor and capital. A free population not only produce, but they consume three times the amount, man for man, that is produced and consumed by a slave population. By creating a free population of white laborers in the South, a vast addition is made to the wealth of the Corn and cotton grow side by side in Georgia. You have but to build a mill, and invite a few miserable, halfstarved sand-hillers to work in it, and you have provided a home-market for your corn and your cotton, and soon you have in addition the profits of a boundless foreign market for cloth, which is a product of corn and cotton, of laborer's food and laborer's material. This, surely, is better than sending corn and cotton to England, and paying English manufacturers for having it there converted into cloth!

Let us, then, regarding only the inevitable tendency of things, and relying upon right reason, dismiss, if possible, those hot and crooked prejudices, those personal piques and State jealousies which have so long obscured our vision and biassed our judgment. Abolitionism in the North has leagued itself with radical democracy. That is the great fact of the age. Radical democracy is probably stronger in consequence.

It needed to have a new life infused into it. At a recent meeting of abolitionists in Massachusetts, the American flag was intentionally excluded from the hustings. Abolitionists denounce and defy the Union and the Constitution, because they defend your sovereignty, and keep off the meddling fingers of national reformers from your institutions. And you, too, are democrats! Faith! your devotion to democracy is great. We commend your political insight.

Let the desperate and dying organs of the old party tell you what they may, it is radical democracy which means to crush you, and will do it, too, if you continue to support that faction.

Mr. Van Buren, the head and heart of the old faction, was the head also of the political anti-slavery movement. Since the last election, Mr. Van Buren has not changed his ground. The entire North, Whigs and democrats, are opposed to slavery extension; the Whigs have uniformly opposed it, and will continue to do so. It is certain, that the majority of Whigs in the North and West, as well as the majority of democrats, desire the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, I believe the South would reap a great benefit from that measure, and that her true policy will be to take the matter into her own hands, and be the first to propose the abolition.

The North and West are opposed, en masse, to the extension of slavery. The weight of American opinion, five to one, is against it. It is not a question of Whig or democrat, it is a grand national policy; a necessity of the times. It is idle to contend against it.

Observe the tendency of all popular measures of reform, especially when they have a religious and a moral sanction. That tendency is toward extremes, toward violent and arbitrary measures. Moral fanaticism, on a democratic basis, cannot stop short of a total destruction of all institutions that have grown out of the past. Professing to confer liberty, it subdues the very souls of men. The liberties of States are quite too abstract a fiction of law to be discerned by its gross and muddy vision. Esteeming constitutions to be things easily constructed, it has no

hesitation in destroying them. Its leaders identify the State with their own persons, and they therefore willingly renounce the acts and the debts of their predecessors. Debts which they did not contract, they do not feel bound to pay. Are not we the government, (they say, inwardly,) what then have we to do with our predecessors, or their deeds?

Greatly would any man err at this day, who should assume that the democratic tendencies of modern society are to lead only to good. That that vigilance of which Jefferson speaks when he declares that it is the price of liberty, is a vigilant suppression of every generous and proud sentiment, of every effort of the individual to shake off the domination of the mass.

I believe you will not contradict me when I say that republicanism is the effort of the individual to free himself, in his own personality and independently of all others, from the oppressions of party, the fear of society, and the terror of one or of a number. The entire system of our government is clearly founded in a declaration of individual liberty, a declaration which those only can read intelligently to whom Heaven has granted a real independence. A republican soldier, while he fights in rank, fights in his own behalf-he fights not for king or council. Hence the military prowess and invincible valor of republics. Societies constructed upon this principle are properly self-governed, and their governments are called "agency governments." The laws which they impose are made by the wisdom, not by the will, of their legislative bodies, under the mighty guardianship and enforcement of a constitution which annihilates individual domination, and for oligarchy and autocracy substitutes the acknowledged rights and necessities of the people. This is conservative Whig doctrine, as I understand it.

But perhaps you will say that all this is irrelevant—that the doctrine is universally acknowledged, and that to dwell upon it as a party argument were a waste of time and of logic. I will endeavor to show you the contrary.

A Constitution is a body of laws established by the entire mass of the people—it is the result of the entire moral power and wisdom of the nation. Whatever gov-

erning or deliberative power may exist in the body of the population, is brought to bear for the establishment, during several ages, of a constitutional government. The pride and enthusiasm of the softer sex has a powerful share in it. Mothers teach their children to revere and love the work of their fathers. A veneration for it is blended with the sentiments of piety, and the equally powerful passions of patriotism. It receives the homage due to holy writ, and has a veritable power of sanctity. The people think of it as of a heavenly It is a work of ancient wisdom, and established by the continued felicity of the Republic, under its beneficent sway, through a series of generations. wish to know what it has done for us, we have only to compare our condition with that of other nations, devoid of constitutions; which, indeed, have no efficacy, I might have said no existence, until they are written in the hearts of the people. Constitutions are not established when they are first enacted; their establishment is a work of time. Three generations of men should perhaps have passed away since their enactment, before they can command our undoubting admiration.

The venerable work of our fathers guarranties to you the management of your own governments; it guaranties to every State the management of its own affairs; it attributes a limited sovereignty to every citizen, and a limited sovereignty to every constituted State; and if the first aim of its founders was the establishment of the one, their second but not less important was the establishment of the other. Free men and free sovereignties-the individual shall be absolute master in his acknowledged private and political sphere; the State shall be absolute master in hers. with this sole reservation that she shall not wrest his freedom from the citizenfor it is never to be forgotten that the constitution guaranties to every State, against all the world, a republican form of govern-This guaranty establishes forever the liberty of the citizen against faction and oppression in his own State, and entitles him while he lives to the protection of the Union; he cannot be withdrawn from this protection.

From these profound principles arises the stable edifice of the Union. It is to this equal recognition of State rights and private rights, that we owe the security of property—the peace and prosperous industry of the nation. Reforms go on quietly and effectively—they are not forced upon us, but grow out of our necessities and our advances in knowledge and refinement. Each measure of reform is proposed and carried out by its proper agents. There is

no meddling or trespassing.

And now look at the other side. What is a radical democrat? His creed is summed up in a sentence; he is the enemy of everything that is firm, established, and just. If the question is of property, instead of giving each man his own, he divides and distributes in equal shares; never stopping to inquire whether the power has been granted him by God or the laws to make such a division. Assuming that the individual has no rights, but that everything belongs to the multitude, he aims perpetually to defeat the ends of nature, which has given different tastes and capacities to men; the god he worships is a god of numbers and combinations; a god from whose image the republican idea of freedom and individual grandeur of character is wholly excluded. The attrition of common life, the intercourse of society, and the struggles for subsistence, instead of sharpening and elevating his moral sense, induce only a deadness of heart, and a jealousy of the happiness of others, which ripens into theories of reform, which maligns the wealthy, which checks enterprise, which subdues the fine free pride of the republican, "whose house is his castle," and substitutes for that manly spirit a sickly desire for the support of numbers; as weak saplings stand together in a crowd, and agree among themselves to thrust out no side branches, but each to take up only just such a space of ground and so much of the light of heaven as may please their neighbors. whence would come the knee timber and vast frame-work of our noble State, if all her citizens stand thus weakly and equally together, no one with force or root enough to stand alone? Weak, servile, and jealous, they run in crowds, and obey the finger of a leader. In office they are slaves and idlers; out of office they run to it with halters about their necks. It is human nature that gives the tone and spirit of a party. The friends and followers of Gen. Jackson attacked everything, every man, that stood out against his will. He drew to himself the dregs of Federalism, the successor of Toryism. He, by his personal autocraty, organized a party which, with a short intermission, has held the public offices of the country for an age. It is the characteristic of that party, that their organization is invariably founded upon some destructive or negative princi-

ple.

First, it was the destruction of the bank: then it was the destruction of all banks: then the destruction of the protective system-the old system which gave prosperity and wealth to England and America; then it was a negative upon all efforts for the increase of internal commerce; then a general dilapidation and destruction of all the old State constitutions; it is a cancelling of State debts; a destruction of some neighboring constitution; a destruction of social differences; a pulling down, a leveling-a reduction-always, always. But what will it be when it comes to touch your peculiar institutions? That is worth a moment's reflection. To reduce the Union to one vast weltering democratic chaos-that is their aim. To rule this chaos to their personal ends, that is the aim of their leaders.

Now—need I again urge it?—contrast within your silent thoughts, the severe, manly, liberal, law-loving, conservative spirit of your own Southern Whig statesmen, and of their noble allies and bosom friends in the North-so full as they are of courage, tempered by forbearance; so broad, simple, and constitutional in their views; so temperate in language, so urbane and discreet in conduct, so careful to keep the juste milieu, the golden mean of rectitude-contrast them, and then judge which of the two will handle most tenderly, and with the purest constitutional tact, any questions of interference. Consider which of these parties-namely, the conservative constitutional Whig, or the hot, wild, reckless body that is organizing out of loco-foco and abolition elements in the North and West.

If you have any doubt in your minds which of the two parties it is which is most actively bent on interference with your private affairs, look at the recent coalitions of the Loco-foco and Free-soil factions in various parts of New England. It must not be denied or concealed from you, it must rather be urged upon your most serious consideration, that the opposition to the extension of slavery over new territories, to engaging in war for the acquisition of territory, and I may add, to the continuance of slavery in the District of Columbia-were it once certain that the power lies in Congress to abolish it-are neither a Whig nor a democratic, but simply a Northern and Western opposition. In the minds of genuine conservative Whigs, this opposition extends only as far as the Constitution will permit it; but with the party now composed by the union of Abolitionists, who have appropriated the name of "Free-soilers," and Loco-focos, this opposition is but the first step toward an aim which shall be nameless, but which you will easily surmise. Mr. Calhoun will express for you what I leave unexpressed. He opposed the war of invasion against Mexico; he opposed the acquisition of territory; but, once acquired, he wished it to be slave territory. No, said the Whigs; we opposed the war because we thought it unjust in the first instance—a violation of the laws of nations; and in the second, we opposed it because it would give rise to contests about territory between the North and South. But since, in spite of all our efforts, the territory has been acquired, and by such means as bear a pretext of decency, let us make the best we can of it. Southern Loco-focoism has forced this new territory upon the country for the purpose of making it slave territory. Now, is not the course of the Whigs plain? Every Whig who opposed the war in order to prevent the extension of slavery, must continue to oppose that extension. Our course is simple—we have but one line to choose, and that is the line of duty and consistency.

Northern Whigs will, then, oppose the extension of the line of slave territory westward. Northern Loco-focoism will do more. In Iowa, in Connecticut, in Vermont, in all parts of New England, we hear of attempted, and sometimes of successful coalitions between "Free-soil," or Abolition, and Loco-focos. It is the movement, the phenomenon of the day. To any person equally familiar with the spirit of Loco-focoism and Abolitionism, there is

nothing surprising or unexpected in this coalition-or rather, this fusion of the two halves of the grand destructive party; one half engaged in attempts to destroy the institutions of their neighbors, with they care not what consequences; the other half equally busy in undermining the props and barriers of civilized and constitutional society in the several States. Such a fusion is just and natural, and might have happened long ago, but for certain circumstances. Those circumstances ceased with the election of a Whig President, and the ejection from office of the office-holding influence of the old party. They had long ago lost their principles; the nation had no need of them; they had lost their offices. They are in want both of a new political creed and a new basis of organization. The Abolitionists stood ready to furnish them with both. While in office they truckled to the South, and reaped contempt; out of office, and no longer expecting anything from a Southern administration, the contempt they have suffered has turned into gall and acrimony. They will, hereafter, be the most desperate and bitter enemies of the South; and once organized, and victorious, will crush the South if possible.

You are, perhaps, a Southern representative whom I am now addressing. Do you not know, will you not admit, that a Northern Loco-foco of the Van Burca stamp, is but a turncoat for the occasion; that he hates the South, because it despises him, and that the best Abolitionists are to be made out of that metal? Con-

sider it.

Addressing you as a Northern conservative, I do not assume either on speculative or political grounds to be the defender of your institutions; the State of which I am a citizen, and the neighboring States, have long since abolished every form of servitude, and the face and the name of a slave is unknown upon their soil. Their desire is, to have imparted to their soil a peculiar sacredness; that like the soil of England, it shall impart freedom by merely touching the feet of a slave. Already, if a slave is brought by his master into a Northern State, he becomes free, by virtue of the law which forbids the existence of slavery in a free State. The North has acted pro virili parte in this matter. As

soon as public opinion was found strong enough in each State, measures of emancipation were proposed and easily carried. The body of opposition, if any existed, was too feeble to produce any impression, or excite any alarm. Had there been a vast body of slaveholders in the northern States; had there been a wealthy and powerful interest, depending upon slave labor; had there been a violent attempt by a neighboring republic to force measures of emancipation upon New England, it is highly probable that slavery would have continued there to this day. With such considerations to check their enthusiasm, the moderate friends of liberty in the North, (and they are the great majority,) are prepared to make the largest allowance in your favor, and to believe that, notwithstanding the desire that is expressed by nearly every Southern man who comes to the North, or who is acquainted with free institutions, to effect a salutary change in the political condition of his State, the obstacles to such a change are at present insurmountable. That it is only in States where better modes of industry have been introduced, and where the number of the white population is vastly superior to that of slaves, that an immediate and complete emancipation could be attempted without ruin to both slaves and masters. Moderate men in the North are willing to believe in the soundness of these objectionsassigned, as I have said, by the majority of Southern men who come to the Northto any plan for immediate emancipation. It is not my desire or intention to weigh these objections. I wish only to place before you a clear impression of Northern feelings upon the subject of slavery.

Nor do the liberal North ever forget that it was by the free exercise of their own State rights, of their State sovereignties, that they abolished slavery. Had the South attempted to force any measures of emancipation upon them, it is a matter of absolute certainty that they would have resisted the least interference. They know that the Constitution guaranties to each State a republican form of govern-But they know too, that the separate sovereignties came into the Union in good faith, and with a full and perfect understanding, that the powers of the Union should not extend to the compulsory reform of their domestic institutions. It is their profound conviction that any combination of Northern powers for the purpose of forcing the emancipation of the black population of the South, would be destructive to the spirit of liberty; would be a trampling upon reserved rights; would be, in fact, as clear an usurpation of power as the interference of Great Britain would be, were she at this moment to attempt the violent suppression of the French Republic, and the re-establishment of the house of Orleans.

Such, rest assured, is the deliberate opinion of the conservative Whigs of the North; notwithstanding their religious and almost innate abhorrence of slavery, and their belief that the substitution of free labor is the only possible means of developing the economical resources of the South, and raising her in wealth and power to an equality with the West and North.

You will perceive that in thus religiously abstaining from any interference with your institutions, the Northern Whigs are but exemplifying the Scripture rule of doing as they would be done by. They observe with a quiet scorn the efforts of fanatics to involve them in the guilt of interference; the attempts of conceited enthusiasts and sentimentalists to subvert the policy of Washington, and engage America in the wars of Europe, harmonizes with the intentions of the Abolitionists and the new party which they are forming, by a coalition with the old Loco-foco faction. That party, as you well know, sprang out of an union of the remains of the Federal party, with the friends of General Jackson. They are the party who love an arbitrary executive; who attacked the prerogative of the Senate, in the days of Jackson. They are a warloving party. They delight in sudden and far-reaching exertions of power. are revolutionary, and delight in such reforms only as ensue upon violent and complete overturnings, with the sudden and arbitrary substitution of a completely new system of things. Out of power, as at present, they deal in the most violent and sweeping denunciations; in the against Northern agitators, in the North against Southern agitators. In the South, they propose to hang Garrison and his

gang; in the North, they propose to -Mr. C-n and his -n. The Northern side are the more amiable, because it is a fashion to be Christian and all that, in the North. Depend upon it, if Loco-focoism in the guise of Abolitionism ever gets your unfortunate institutions by the throat, you will rue the day, and curse the man, that persuaded you to vote the Loco-foco ticket.

Of the unscrupulous character of the so-called third party, but which is now the organizing opposition body in the North and West, you may judge by the perfect carelessness with which that body have thrown to the dogs all other considerations but this one of opposition to yourselves. They give up the entire interests of the North, tariff, internal improvements, their favorite banking system; in short, the entire body of Northern principles their leaders have given up, and now hold out the hand of fellowship to their old enemies. They have made it a test of a sound opposition man, that he shall regard all other questions as secondary, and lying in abeyance until this one is settled.

Do not be deceived into supposing that Northern and Western Whigs, out of hatred to abolitionism, will give up their settled convictions against the extension of the slave territory westward. Were it even doubtful in their minds, whether slavery ought to be treated as an evil in the general, they would still oppose its extension; and what is more, they would endeavor to

denationalize it.

Ponder for an instant the following ar-

1. Abolitionists deny that slavery is a national institution.

2. Conservative Whigs are unable to contradict them.

3. Abolitionists demand, therefore, that the District of Columbia be no longer suffered to be a slave market.

Again, the conservative Whigs reply:

1. If you will show us that the government has power, under the Constitution, to do this, we will vote for it, and the majority shall decide.

2. To this Abolitionism has no answer to make, for it has already denounced the

3. Whereas, if it had believed that the Constitution would sustain it, it would not have denounced that instrument.

1. Whig conservatism, wishing only to denationalize slavery, says to the Southgive up the District of Columbia, which will be a trifling loss to you, and you will have put Abolitionism hors de combat; for then it will have to attack the Constitution openly, and show its true face, which is that of a radical and a revolutionist.

2. The South replies, No, I will make slavery a national institution, and I will, moreover, withdraw from the Union if you

say any more about it.

3. This, whispers Abolitionism, (aside,) is just the thing we wish you to do; for, if you draw off from the Union, your slaves will be free the instant they set foot upon Northern soil. And we will take care so to order it that they shall not stay quietly with you. You will have a pretty long boundary line to guard, methinks!

Great nations have gone to ruin, populous countries have been converted into deserts, and civilization retarded by causes far less important than those which we are now considering. There is need for moderation, and above all for a firm and steady adherence to the policy of our founders—a policy of compromise and concession. Enter if you will upon a calculation of comparative strengths, measure the military prowess of the chivalrous and testy little State of Carolina against the entire military force of the Union; these are gallant and brave comparisons; to die in a good cause is the worthy hope of a freeman; but, after you have made up your mind to die, then take a few moments longer to think, whether, after all, it is not possible that even the solemn act of suicide or martyrdom may not have ridicule attached to it. Children have drowned themselves, it is said, because the cruel father denied them an apple.

Put the case, that, in the natural order of events, the prevailing prejudices of the North shall gradually bring about an effectual coalition of the Abolitionists and the opposition; that four years hence the "third party" shall have disappeared, and that only two parties are found at the polls, the conservatives and the destructives-the conservative Whig and the destructive radical; the thing is quite possible; put the case, I say, it comes to pass. Suppose the installment of a Cass,

a Benton, or a Van Buren, in the executive chair, pledged to carry Northern measures. secretly pledged to sustain the policy of the vast majority of those who put him there; suppose it has happened that you, in your ignorance of Northern movements, have been cheated by the old name of democrat, so far as to have become the means, the direct means of electing some such person, and that in the course of a year or so you begin to discover that the party in the North for whose candidate you voted, have been quietly organizing an attack upon you. They begin by abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, for by that time we may suppose the new territories will have settled the question for themselves. They next begin a system of log-rolling-concessions and intimidations-for the weaker representatives, to drive them into an amendment of the Constitution, modifying the clause by which runaway slaves are now secured to their masters. They next commence a system of operations in the Southern States, bringing the power of the Executive to bear upon private opinion and private interests in those States. Suppose that by this system you are driven along with a ruinous rapidity upon the path of emancipation; that your fields, like those of the West Indies, are left without cultivators; that your laborers refuse to work; that you try to force them, and excite rebellions; that these rebellions are fomented by Northern destructives, of the class who now busy themselves in gallanting negro ladies, and nailing up black gentlemen in boxes, to be brought like wild animals to the North for public exhibition at abolition fairs and soirces; would you not curse the day that saw you vote the "Democratic" ticket ?would you not say to your neighbor, "We have been grossly deceived; we did not know of the secret coalition.

P. S. That you may believe what I have said in regard to the union of the old Locofoco and "Free-soil," i. e. Abolition, parties, I quote from the newspapers.

A grand "Free-soil," mass meeting has come off at Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. John Van Buren addressed the meeting. This gentleman is, as is well known, the spokesman of the New York movement that was headed by his venerable father.

" Mr. Van Buren concluded his speech with an elegant peroration on the value of the Union and the glories of the Republic."

Eli Tappan, Esq. (ominous name!) reported resolutions.

"Resolved, That the Free Democracy, in its efforts to restore the original policy of the Government on the subject of Slavery, are only carrying out the true Democratic principles to their legitimate application, and we therefore hail with the greatest satisfaction the efforts now making, and, we rejoice to add, successfully made in Vermont and some other States, to bring up the old Democracy to the Platform of Freedom, and dissolve the bonds of its unnatural alliance with the Slave power.

"Resolved, That we witness with great satisfaction the triumphant appeal which Thomas H. Benton is making to the people of Missouri, sustaining fully one of the great principles of the Democracy, to wit: the constitutional power of Congress to legislate for Freedom, even to the exclusion of Slavery."

The above is one of the resolutions—mark its import. The "free democracy," i. e. the old, discomfited, Loco-foco party, have incorporated the Proviso principle into their Platform.

"Resolved, That to protect this great interest, and to insure, in other respects, a sound administration of public affairs, it is indispensable that there should be a union of all those who love their country more than mere party, upon the great principles of Human Rights promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and set forth in the inaugural address of its author."

Here we have opposition to slavery in the abstract made the corner-stone of the grand party platform of the free democracy. Note that, gentlemen, and then, if you love Garrison, Van Buren and Co., vote the "democratic ticket."

"Resolved, That in the spirit of the compact solemnly established by the ordinance of 1787, between the original States and the people of the Northwestern Territory, we recognize the duty of Congress to resist the toleration of Slave territories and the admission of Slave States, and to suffer no change in the complexion of the United States Senate except in favor of Freedom, and no addition to the Slave representation in the House of Representatives, whatever may be the pretext of congressional compromise, stipulation or precedent."

The free democracy are resolved that you shall not have another State from the new territory; they have set their hearts upon that. For this policy you have to thank your Jupiter of South Carolina. He, the minority, has taught them, the majority, what to insist on.

Again-

"Resolved, That the existence of human Slavery at the seat of Government is a foul stain upon the escutcheon of our Republic; and no efforts should be spared to elect Senators and Representatives to Congress, who will vote unhesitatingly for the abolition of Slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, or the removal of the seat of Government to a place consecrated to free soil.

"Resolved, That this Convention approve the platform of the Free Democracy, which was promulgated at Buffalo in August, 1848, and which has since been sanctioned by every State, slave or free, where the Free Democracy

have been organized.

"Resolved, That President Taylor, by allowing his name and influence to be used for the benefit of the slave power, at the close of the late session of Congress, has not only violated the spirit of his pledge not to interfere with the action of Congress, but by threatening through his official organ to visit the Free-soil party with "his indignant frown," in case they should do what Southern members of Congress have done without incurring any such frowns, has abundantly shown that the cause of freedom in the new free territories of New Mexico and California has nothing to hope, but much to fear, from the present national administration."

This is very injurious to President Taylor. He has not exercised any of the influence here ascribed to him. He pledged himself not to oppose the confessed and unmistakable will of the nation, expressed in Congress. The abolition loco-focos, however, set him at defiance.

"Resolved, That we believe, with the fathers of the Republic, that human slavery is a moral, social, and political evil; that the General Government should relieve itself from all responsibility for its existence, and that the full constitutional power of the Government to prevent the spread of this evil should be exerted now, as it should have been from the Jeffersonian ordinance of 1787."

Jefferson's opinions are a great testimony, indeed, against an institution of which he felt and described the evils.

"Resolved, That we abhor the policy of partisan politicians, who for political availability have so long sacrificed in national

conventions the best interests of freedom and humanity."

A very evident hit at the Baltimore Convention. The "free democracy" will never again be reconciled to a union with the South as it now is.

A word more, and I have done. The new manufacturing interests of the South are like to prove, in no very remote future, a grand source of wealth and power to her citizens. They will furnish her with a free and powerful white population. The Whig policy is to foster and sustain these new and unequalled sources of power. The Whig policy has also been to forbid the extension of slavery over new territo-Radical democratic policy, on the other hand, wishes to deprive you of this new resource by its doctrine of free trade, by which you are kept poor, as a people, and made to depend upon the industry and enterprise of the North, and upon England. To this compulsory dependence they join the new doctrine of abolition, of violent abolition. They intend also to elect a President "who will use the entire power of the Constitution to abolish slavery." What the entire power of the Constitution may mean twenty years hence, in the hands of an anti-slavery President, elected by the Southern democracy and Northern radicals, you may imagine-and perhaps you can hardly stretch your imaginations too far.

There is but one course left for the South, (I humbly conceive,) and that is to join in the undivided support of the present administration. That administration is indeed Whig, but it is not ultra Whig; it does not intend to launch out into a "grand and general system of expenditure for internal improvement;" it will only favor such public objects as may be deemed expedient; it has not betrayed any violent or headstrong determination to carry out this or that extreme system of measures. It has made the administration of Washington its model. That it will defend the State sovereignties, and the decisions of the Supreme Court, there is not the slightest doubt. Is it not, then, worth a moment's reflection, even though you are a member of the Southern democracy, whether the true policy of the South, all things considered, will not be to sustain

the administration?

THE IMPRUDENT CALIPH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

We have found the following political jeu d'esprit in the Paris Revue Comique. Beneath the more than transparent veil of oriental names which the witty author has borrowed, our readers will discover, and without much difficulty, three eminent personages of the present age, the President of France, the President of the Ministerial Council, and the King of Bankers.—Courrier des Etats Unis.

In former times there reigned in Bagdad the young Caliph Omar el Arousch, nephew of the illustrious Haroun Alraschid.

All the world knows that the Caliph Haroun Alraschid was dethroned by the family of the Barmecides, surnamed the Simpletons, and that he died in exile on an island in the Indian seas.

His nephew, Omar el Arousch met with some singular adventures. A sage seer said to him in his childhood: "My son, always remember this maxim, which all great men have acknowledged; 'To will, is to perform;' which means neither more nor less than that, with a hard and determined head, a man may attain any object, even that of becoming Caliph of Bagdad; although the high rank of Caliph is at present held by the junior branch of the Barmecide family, who dethroned the elder branch surnamed the Simpletons, who had previously dethroned your august uncle, Haroun Alraschid."

"Well, then," said little Omar, "it is my will to become Caliph of Bagdad."

"You shall become so," said the seer, "but on the condition that your head be hard and determined."

"Fear me not," replied the prince, and from that time forward he regularly, every morning, knocked his head against a wall, to harden it as much as possible, and he succeeded so well that he made his head so hard that nothing could penetrate it. And for this reason the prediction of the seer was fulfilled.

One fine morning the inhabitants of Bagdad drove from the walls of their city the junior branch of the Barmecides, who had dethroned the elder branch, surnamed the Simpletons, who had exiled Haroun Alraschid; after which they said—

"Let us choose for our Caliph, Prince Omar, the nephew of the illustrious Haroun; he is of all the princes of the earth the one who has the hardest head, and in truth, a chimney falling on it would in nowise damage it; in this way we shall have the glory of being governed by the only caliph in the world who could venture to ride through our streets without risk of injury, even during a hurricane."

And the Prince Omar was thus pro-

claimed Caliph.

One evening he had a vision, in which appeared to him his uncle Haroun, who seemed to laugh so violently as to be obliged to hold both his sides.

"Ah! my good nephew," cried the apparition, "how art thou bedizened! Who the deuce could have imagined that I should one day see my crown upon thy head?"

"This is the advantage of having a hard head," replied the nephew. "'To will is to perform,' said a sage man to me."

"Zounds, my good nephew, what a philosopher you have become!" cried the uncle, laughing still more heartily; but soon assuming a serious air, he continued:

"I will now give you a lesson on the art of governing. Do you know the error above all others which caliphs in our days ought the most carefully to avoid?"

"Catching cold in the head," rejoined the prince, with much assurance.

"That's not it."

The young prince reflected for a moment, pressed his hand to his forehead, and said—

"Ah! I have it now; to avoid eating

fricasseed rabbits."* "You are worthy of belonging to the

elder branch of the Barmecides," exclaimed the uncle, disdainfully shrugging up his shoulders. "The real danger which threatens the caliphs of this age, is the influence of financiers. If once a caliph gets into their hands he is lost forever. They seize him by the throat and govern in his stead. I spent the ten years of my reign in combatting the influence of financiers, and they overcame me at last. It was the financiers who for six weeks delayed the campaign I undertook when I invaded Hindostan, and it was this delay which brought about the disasters that caused my downfall. Thus, my nephew, hold this as certain, that the financiers will destroy you if you do not crush them."

Having uttered these words, the uncle vanished, after having broken some porce-

lain vases in the apartment.

Some gaping citizens who chanced to espy him as he was soaring to the clouds, cried out loudly, "Long live the great Haroun Alraschid." But Haroun, being irritated, took off his shoes and threw them at their heads.

The Academy of Sciences having been consulted on this astounding event, came to the conclusion that the shoes had fallen from the moon.

Notwithstanding this, an usurer, well known at Bagdad, had presented himself to the new caliph on the very day of his accession.

"Mein brince," said he, with a singularly strong Chinese accent, "I vos te panker of your uncle, and I lent him monies vrom bure batriotism. Ah! your uncle vos a prave man. I am gome to offer you vifteen hondred tousand leetle sequins

which I haf here in a pag.
"Give them to me," said the prince; "fifteen hundred thousand sequins are always good to take, and the more so that I have occasion for them at this moment."

The imprudent caliph took the sequins, bought himself sixty horses, a hundred women for his harem, and filled his cellar with champagne in despite of the prohibition of the Prophet, and then he gave the place of grand vizier to a stout, bald-headed man, who for eighteen years had pretended to be conversant with political affairs. and had become the laughing-stock of the whole city.

From that moment his only occupation was to drink his champagne, see his women dance, and ride out on horseback through the streets and the environs of Bagdad.

The inhabitants of the city, however, having heard that the stout bald-headed man had been appointed vizier, indulged in a thousand jests on the subject; then they ceased to jest, and loudly blamed the caliph for having made so imprudent an appointment.

The caliph, being alarmed at this demonstration of discontent, announced that he was about to dismiss the grand vizier: but this rumor had no sooner been spread abroad in the city, than the usurer, with the Chinese accent, hastened to the palace.

"Mein brince," exclaimed he, "are you apout to dismish your pald-headed vi-

zier ?"

"Yes, my good man," replied Omar. "Ah! de tevil! de tevil! de tevil!"

"What do you mean by your devils?" "Vy, if de fizier goes out de schtocks vill go town on de Pagdat exchange."

"And what then?"

"And I shall pe opliged to ask you to rebay de vifteen hundred tousand little zequins dat I lent you de oder tay."

The caliph at once comprehended his position, bowed his head, and retained his vizier in office, although he heard every day, when riding out, shouts as he passed by of "Down with the grand vizier, who is the laughing-stock of Bagdad!"

When this happened he would return to his palace, and console himself with his hundred women and his champagne.

Sometime after this the Persians, who were friends of the subjects of the caliph,

^{*} As our readers may not comprehend this allusion, we will remind them that Louis XVI. after escaping from Paris arrived at Varennes, in which town there was an inn, the host of which was celebrated for the exquisite way in which he prepared a "gibelotte de lapins," (fricas-see of rabbits.) The king insisted on halting to test the innkeeper's culinary skill, of which he had often heard. While thus indulging his gastronomic propensity, a troop of gen d'armes, who who had been sent in pursuit of him, surrounded the house, seized the king and conducted him back to Paris. A dish of rabbits cost him his life.—(Trans)

dethroned their Schah, after having effected a revolution analogous to that which had seated the nephew of Haroun Alraschid, the great, upon the throne of Bag-It was perfectly natural that the people of this city should go to the assistance of the Persians, who were threatened by the Emperor of Mogul, who wished to interfere for the purpose of re-establishing the Schah upon the throne of Ispahan. This was also the secret desire of Caliph Omar, who would in this have followed the policy of his uncle; but he had no sooner allowed his intentions to be divined, than the same usurer with the Chinese accent, once more hurried to the palace.

"Mein brince !"

"What's the matter now?"

"De beeples are dalking of an intervention!"

"Well!"

"If de Grand Mogul is disbleased mit us, de schtocks will fall on de Change, and I shall pe opliged to ask you to bay de vifteen hundred tousand leetle zequins you know of."

"Go to the deuce with you," replied the young caliph, and he bowed his head as on the former occasion, and he went to seek for consolation with Fatima, his favorite.

A month after this the imbecile grand vizier published some ordinances of so tyrannical a nature that they created general indignation among the people of Bagdad.

"Verily," said they, "it was for less than this, that we drove away the last Barmecide of the junior branch."

These rumors reached the ear of Prince Omar at the moment when he had just raised a glass of champagne to his lips to drink to the health of the Pharaohs, whom he had been taught to believe were his grand uncles. At the same moment the usurer rushed in panting for breath.

"Mein brince, I am here again."
"I see that clearly enough."

"Dey say you vill annul de ordinance of de Grand Fizier! Den dere vill be a great fall on de Change, and I shall be vorsed to ask you to bay"—

The Prince prevented him from saying

another word, by seizing him by the shoulders and pushing him out of the room; but he did not dare to recall the ordinances, and spent the evening in drinking champagne with his women, in order to divert his thoughts from this unpleasant predicament.

While drinking the fifteenth bottle, his illustrious uncle again appeared to him. His irritated relative began by breaking all the looking-glasses in the room, and then addressing his nephew, who was trembling in his bed, said—

"Well, young man, we are in a pretty pass."

"Yes, in truth."

"You have fallen into the snare like a poor badger—and yet I warned you of it."

"How could I help it, uncle? The Chinese accent of that man had inspired me with so much confidence."

"You could not then understand that this usurer is an agent of the junior branch of the Barmecides, and that in compelling you to retain that imbecile grand vizier, the partisans of the Barmecides wished to stir up the people against you, and bring about a revolution."

"I see it now. Alas! alas! how can I relieve myself from this terrible position. I have not the first sou towards repaying the fifteen hundred thousand sequins. Who can give me good counsel?"

"It would be more to the purpose, if some one would give you the fifteen hundred thousand sequins."

"That he should have so perfidious a heart with such a Chinese accent! Oh! uncle, what am I to do?"

"That is no affair of mine."

"Alas! alas! I am lost."

The illustrious Haroun crossed his hands behind his back, a gesture which was habitual with him when living; took two or three turns in the room, apparently in very ill humor, broke a water jug and a decanter, and disappeared, after giving a furious kick to the bald-headed grand vizier, whom he met ascending the staircase of the palace, his portfolio under his arm, and walking with all the gravity becoming the most ridiculous man in Bagdad.

POLITICAL MISCELLANY.

HUNGARY.

WE still remain without any official details of the grand battle said to have been fought between the Hungarians and Russians, and begin to be afraid the accounts received by the former steamer were, to say the least of them, premature.

The interest excited throughout the Union by the gallant struggle of the Hungarians to assert their independence, and free themselves from a yoke which for so many centuries has weighed oppressively upon them, has induced us to enter a little more fully into their early history, than in our preceding number.

As long ago as the year 889, the Hungarians, or Magyars, then coming from the east, took possession of the plains of Dacia, in which country they eventually settled, after having made, during a whole century, several adventurous excursions into the West. Here they formed an empire which became the first bulwark of Christendom against the invasion of the Ottomans.

The kingdom of Hungary, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, was one of the most powerful in Europe. At the time of the fall of the Greek Empire, it extended from Bulgaria to Poland, from Austria to the Black Sea, and it was subsequently increased under Matthias Corvinus, who conquered Silesia, Lusatia, Austria and Moravia. The power of its kings was limited by the Golden Bull of 1222, an article of which authorized the Hungarians to resist the sovereign should he violate the constitution. This power was further tempered by the king's being compelled to recognize the prescriptive rights of the nation. At the period when Louis XI. and Ferdinand the Catholic, reigned over other countries, the Hungarians were governed only by laws voted in their own Diets. The constitution, the most enlightened possessed by any nation, at that time, had, doubtless, been progressively developed.

But even at the brightest epoch of her history, Hungary contained within her the germs of her decline. This will readily be conceived, for the throne was elective; the destinies of the State were placed in jeopardy at each new accession, and the Austrian princes, who had striven through the whole of the middle ages to get the crown awarded to them, at length received it from the hands of the enfeebled nation.

The security of the throne had been constantly maintained in Hungary, because the sovereign had been always, and necessarily, a warrior. It was less an administrator than a general that they required to repel the incursions of the Moguls, the Tartars, and the Turks. The king therefore remained the chief of the armed bands at the time of the conquest. To arrive at supreme power, it was necessary to have given proofs of warlike prowess, and to have secured the confidence of the army. On the day of election, the warrior who claimed the crown galloped up the hill on which the electors were assembled, brandishing his sword to the four cardinal points, thus declaring he would defend the kingdom from all enemies, coming from whatever quarter of the globe. The electors were then asked, "Is it your pleasure that --- here present shall be crowned as king," and on their assent the royal dignity was conferred.

The sceptre was sometimes transmitted by a species of lineal succession—from male heir to male heir, as was the case first in the Arpadian dynasty, and subsequently in the family of Anjou, and other royal houses; but it was the election of the Diet alone that gave the king the right of ascending the throne. This formality was attended with great and pompous formalities. The election took place on the extensive plain of Rakos, and there every member of the Diet attended, armed cap-a-pie, with all the panoply of war, to vote for the candidate.

Although the Hungarians have always retained the somewhat barbarous attitude of a numerous encamped army, it must not be imagined that they did not participate in the re-finements of western civilization. The institutions which they had brought with them from the steppes of Asia had already attained considerable development. While on the one hand the sovereign power as chief of the army, being placed in the hands of the king, assures the perpetual unity of the State; on the other, the municipal power, emanating from the great body of the conquering tribes, is a sure safeguard of their liberties, and it has proved, even to this day, their greatest bulwark against the encroachments of Austria. Hungary was the first among the nations of Europe to possess a regular code of laws, and which has always been enforced from one end of the country to the other. The arts were also studied with success, for Hungary was the first to take advantage of their influence in Italy, whilst other nations repaired thither only towards the sixteenth century. Schools were opened in Hungary, which soon became so celebrated, that the youth of all the neighboring countries flocked to them for instruction, and the court of the glorious Matthias was thronged by poets and men of science.

We are astounded at this progress in intellectual improvement, when we reflect on the continued struggles the Hungarians had to maintain against invading nations. But this progress was abruptly checked when Hungary submitted to foreign domination. Their genius for the arts, which thus developed itself despite their sanguinary wars with the Turks, has been altogether unnoticed by Austrian historians. Were we to credit them, the Hungarians knew nothing of civilization until they came under the government of Austria. This is doubly falsifying the real facts. Germany certainly exercised a salutary influence over Hungary, when, under the sway of her national kings, millions of colonists from the German States spread throughout the Hungarian territories the spirit of Christianity, and at the same time a taste for agriculture and the arts; and it is strange that German writers should have forgotten this. But this salutary influence ceased the moment that the politics of the Emperors rendered everything that emanated from Germany suspicious in the eyes of the Hunga-

The reverse at Mohacz which the Hungarians suffered in 1526, raised the Austrian dy-The exhausted nation nasty to the throne. considered that it was securing its welfare by entrusting its sceptre to Ferdinand, the king of the Romans, whose brother, Charles the V., had declared himself the enemy of the Ottomans, If, after that disastrous epoch, the German princes had governed that country with any semblance of justice or generosity, a country which had with so much confidence and loyalty submitted to their domination, they would have attached the whole Hungarian population by indissoluble bonds. But a short-sighted policy induced them to treat Hungary as a conquered country, and to violate the oaths they had taken to guaranty its independence. The Emperors roused to desperation the spirit of a generous nation, whose patriotic feelings had so frequently burst forth during the secular wars. Deceived in their rightful hopes, and being threatened with still greater evils, the Hungarians sought a refuge in legitimate revolt. It was not until the year 1687 that the article in the Golden Bull, which authorized an armed resistance to a tyrannic sovereign, was annulled. The two centuries subsequent to the assumption of regal power by the Austrian princes, were productive of innumerable evils to this country, for it was devastated by both the Imperials and the Turks. The insurrection was however supported by the French, by Poland, and by the Transylvanians; the latter under the government of their elective princes, during that period repelled the ascendancy of Austria; and these wars were so completely national, that to the present day the names of Botskai, Bethlon, Tököli, Rakotzi are

"Familiar in their mouths as household words,"

for the Hungarians will never forget the heroes who so valiantly defended their beloved country.

The virulence of Austrain oppression was productive of two consequences, immense in their importance, and which speak more eloquently and clearly than all the details transmitted to us by history—these were, the progress of the Protestant religion, and the alliance of the Hungarians with the Turks.

From its immediate contact with the infidels Hungary had, like Spain, become passionately Catholic. She had powerfully aided in the extermination of the Hussites, while still governed by her own national kings. They who in the Holy Wars had borne upon their banners the image of the Virgin, would not, it might have been imagined, have been likely to become the soldiers of the Reformation. On its first appearance in Germany, the Hungarians proscribed it by rigorous laws; the Diet threatened the apostles of heresy with fire and stake. A few years subsequently the kingdom of Hungary fell from its high estate, and the very fact of the Emperors sustaining the cause of Catholicism, sufficed to render it unpopular. Hungary, from one extremity to the other, became almost universally Protestant. From a spirit of opposition, Protestantism became the religion of Hungary, though we may here observe, that the Confession of Augsburg, accepted by the Germans and Sclavonians, was rejected by the Hungarians, on account of its German origin. They adopted Calvinism, which came from France. It was a French Pope, Sylvester II., who in the tenth century converted them to Christianity.

The bearing of this fact is demonstrated by the alliance which ensued between the Mungarians and the Turks. The middle ages had been for them but one continued struggle against Mohammedanism. It was in order to repel the Ottomans that, notwithstanding the fatal experience of former times, they had called the Austrian princes to ascend the throne of Hungary. Their bondage having become too oppressive, the Hungarians now invoked the assistance of the Sultans against the Christian kings who had trampled on their rights. After having read the history of the Holy Wars, after seeing the traces of ruin they have left in many parts of Hungary, we cannot refrain from asking, To what excess must this imperial tyranny have arrived, to have induced

the Hungarians to open their ranks to their eternal and irreconcilable enemies.

The perusal of the archives of the Diet, and those of the municipal bodies at this period, moves one even to tears. During nearly a whole century the Diet in their representations to the emperors respectfully state that the greatest evils they had to endure, were not occasioned by the Turkish government, or the Turkish troops, but by Christian rulers and Christian soldiers; that the municipal bodies paid to the Emperor in one single year a sum equal to that which they had paid during the course of fifty years to the Turks, when subjected to them. That religious feeling which was paramount to all others with the Hungarians, during the middle ages, was only effaced by national feeling when the Ottomans abstained from wars of proselytism, to undertake wars having a nursely political object.

having a purely political object.

The last of the Hungarian insurrections which, owing to the aid of Louis XIV., who was the most energetic of all the enemies of Austria, continued during eight years, was but newly pacified when Charles VI. ascended the throne, (1711.) This revolt, as has been the case with all those which preceded it, was appeased by negotiation. Austria had been vanquished, inasmuch as she renounced her illegitimate pretensions, and engaged to respect the national independence of Hungary. The humane policy of Charles VI., who cast from him all the trammels of Austrian misrule, acquired for him the complete submission of the kingdom. Therefore, in 1722, the Diet accepted the Pragmatic sanction which assured to the female descendant of Charles the succession to the crown of Hungary. When the time arrived for this compact to be respected by the whole of Europe; when foreign courts combined to despoil Maria Theresa of this right, it was to Hungary that the queen flew for protection, and implored its succor.

The affairs of the queen were altogether desperate; not a town remained to her in Austria in which she could trust herself to be delivered of the child she then bore; but Maria Theresa, a woman of superior mind, relied only on her own instinct. She silenced the aged counsellors, who were alarmed at her excitement, and appeared in the midst of the Diet. There, with the noble confidence of an elevated soul, addressing itself to people of a generous nature, she frankly avowed to the assembly that she was irreparably lost if Hungary did not espouse her cause. The heroic answer of the Hungarian nobles is well known; they with one voice swore to die for their King, Maria Theresa.*

* Notwithstanding all Voltaire has said, Maria Theresa instead of making any concessions to the Hungarians took advantage of their enthusiasm to obtain concessions from them.

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Montesquieu, in writing of these events, says, "The house of Austria had incessantly labored to oppress the Hungarian nobility. It knew not of what value it would one day prove. It endeavored to extract from them money which did not exist, and saw not the men who there existed. When so many princes divided her States among them, all the portions of the monarchy, lifeless and inert, fell, as it may be said, piecemeal. There was life only in that nobility, which, yielding to their feelings of indignation, forgot their wrongs to rush into the battlefield, thinking it their glory to perish and to pardon."

Armies suddenly sprang up and issued from Hungary, astounding Europe by the singularity of their costume and their war-cries; they drove back the enemy's troops beyond the Rhine and the Alps. After seven years' incessant war-fare, the peace of Aix la Chapelle (1748) secured to Maria Theresa the inheritance of Charles VI. All she had lost was Silesia.

Maria Theresa never forgot the scene at Presbourg; she retained towards the Hungarians a lively feeling of gratitude, of which she gave continual proofs during the whole course of her reign. If her administration appears not so favorable towards Hungary as might have been anticipated, it is to her ministers that the blame should be adjudged. The good which Maria Theresa effected for that country proceeded from herself; any evil inflicted upon it must be attributed to another source. She had captivated the Hungarians by at once duly appreciating their generous feelings, and by unconditionally throwing herself upon them for support. She afterwards gave them the means of acquiring glory, and won their hearts by her admiration of their chivalric character. The seductions which she exercised over a people naturally enthusiastic rendered her capable of undertaking a work, which she, alone, could have accomplished, She persuaded the sons of those rough warriors who had so long borne arms against the Emperors, to visit her court at Vienna, and there loaded them with favors. The Empress knew them all, addressed each by name, married them to Austrian women, and stood godmother to their children.

It is a curious study, when visiting the castles of Hungary, to examine the galleries of family portraits which they contain. From the earliest periods, the features are all oriental. The men have an heroic air, such as we can imagine natural to those daring cavaliers, who almost invariably terminated their career on the battle-field, combatting against the Turks. The women appear austere and sorrowful—feelings which their continual anxiety would necessarily produce. But from the time of Maria Theresa, all this at once is changed, even to the style of features and the expression of their countenances. It is easy to perceive that they have

been at the court of Vienna, and have there acquired more gentle and more refined man-The contrast is striking in the portrait of the magnate who first espoused an Austrian The Hungarian occupies but a corner of the picture; he is standing in a dignified attitude, his left hand resting upon the hilt of his curved sabre; in his right he holds a ponderous mace. Immense spurs are attached to his yellow boots. He wears a long-laced dohlmann, and hussar pantaloons embroidered with gold. From his shoulders hangs a rich pelisse or a tiger's skin. His black moustache is pendant in the Turkish fashion, and his long hair falls in clustering ringlets round his neck. There is something semi-barbarous in the appearance of that man. His wife is in the centre of the picture, seated, and attired in a court dress. She evidently reigns paramount. Near her arm-chair are her children, who already have blue eyes and Austrian lips. dren are hers, and hers alone; they, like her, wear powder, resemble her, surround her and speak to her. Of course they are speaking

From the preceding details results a striking lesson which the sovereigns of Austria ought never to have forgotten. Whenever they have attempted to oppress Hungary, to violently ravish from her her independence and her liberty, she has resisted, revolted, combatted, even during two whole centuries, without fearing to incur the greatest possible disasters. When the Emperors, inspired by a generous policy, agree to respect the laws which they have sworn to maintain, that valiant nation at once forgets her wrongs, casts from her all idea of resentment, and rushes forward in their defense.

"Let them be your fathers and brothers, reduce none of them to servitude, do not call any of them your serfs; let them be your soldiers, not your slaves. If anger, pride, or envy should hurry you into excess, they will transfer your power to others."

These words, which Saint Stephen, one of the first kings of Hungary, addressed to his son to describe the character of his subjects, are still strikingly appropriate, even after the lapse of nine hundred years; for the whole history of the Hungarians proves the indomitable energy of that people, and their constant and ardent love of liberty. Open, for example, their archives and read this paragraph, contained in a memorial addressed by the Diet to the Emperor at a moment when Austrian cannon were planted to mow them down. "Be assured, sire, that we will all perish, before our liberty shall perish!"

The Last News from Hungary.

Since the above was written, we have seen papers from Europe, from which we have made

some extracts regarding the late events in Hungary; but they are too conflicting to form any positive judgment upon them. When these noble patriots, now struggling for their dearest rights, defeat the armies sent to subjugate them, it is useless to look to the Vienna journals for any correct statement of the results; they have too great an interest in concealing them. We trust that the next arrival will bring us the Hungarian accounts.

The Magyars seem determined to hold Raab at all cost. It is garrisoned by ten thousand men with forty cannon. Kossuth was for some days in Raab, which is the birthplace of his wife, and harangued the people. Field-marshal Haynau, intending to make up for the small defeats which the Austrians had suffered on the 6th, 7th, and 9th inst., marched on the 12th a strong corps to Vajka, and advanced on the 13th on the banks of the Dan-ube, while General Schlick had been ordered to cross the Danube, to occupy Wieselburg and to subdue the city of Raab. General Schlick was preparing to obey these orders, but he found himself suddenly surrounded by a superior number of Hungarians, who attacked him with great violence, and took fourteen field-pieces, besides forcing him to recross the Danube, and to retire to the vicinity of Alten-Above five hundred men of General Schlick's corps, most of them natives of Gallicia, deserted to the Hungarians. Field-marshal Haynau, finding himself unsupported by Schlick's corps, regained his former position.

Letters from Wieselburg of the 21st inst. state, that the Imperialists are at the distance of about twelve English miles from Raab, in the direction of Hochstrass, and they boastingly add, what cannot under the circumstances be true, that the Hungarians continue to retreat before the advancing columns of their enemies.

Vienna papers of the 23d inst. contain an official statement of the defeat of the Imperialist brigades under Generals Rott and Theyssing, who, on the 20th inst., were attacked by the Hungarians, and thrown back upon Perad and A'Stelly, where their flight was stopped by the opportune arrival of a Russian brigade under General Paniutin.

It was reported at Vienna that Jellachich had forced Peterwardein to capitulate. The real fact is that he has been forced to raise the siege of that place, and to evacuate Neusatz, where his troops were too much exposed to the fire from the fortress. He continued only in the occupation of one of the suburbs, which lies out of the range of gun-shot from Peterwardein.

Jellachich would seem to have fallen into disfavor with the Emperor. The Wiener Zeitung publishes an Imperial decree, appointing Baron Haynau to the post of commander-inchief of the Imperialist troops in the kingdom

of Hungary and in the Grand Duchy of Transylvania. This decree, by which Baron Jellachich is superseded in the Hungarian crownlands, will prove rather unfavorable than otherwise to the Austrian cause. Haynau, whose savage disposition has obtained for him the title of the butcher of Brescia, has hanged an evangelical clergyman named Razga, whose eloquence as a preacher has long procured him overflowing congregations, for addressing seditions language to the people. The execution of Razga took place at four o'clock on the morning of June 18, in the castle. The excitement of the people may be conceived from the precautions adopted by the authorities. All the streets leading to the castle were strongly occupied by military; the cannon on the bastions were loaded, with lit matches at hand. No greater service could be done to the cause of the Magyars. Razga, although young, was the father of five children. He met his death with great firmness, delivering a speech in defense of his conduct, and ended with, "God bless the fatherland!"

It is said that four Russian corps had entered Hungary by way of Ducla, Komuna, Grab, and Isby, amounting to one hundred and forty-four thousand men. It was stated at Vienna that part of this force had already advanced to Epericsh and Kashau, and that it was intended to push them forward upon De-bretzin and Grasswardein. The Austrian pa-pers also state that the Russians have at length entered Transylvania by the north and south. General Luders, with twenty-five thousand men, is reported to be at Cronstadt. Their northern column has entered by Pojana Stampi, and taken possession of Bistriz, where they have been joined by Colonel Urbau and his free corps of borderers. A third Russian division of twenty-five thousand men is quartered in the Szekler district. The son of Dembinski has been arrested at Cracow by order of the Imperial cabinet. He is to be a hostage, and Russia caused the step to be

Several arrests have taken place at Prague, where the temper of the populace still remains threatening. Their loyalty is not likely to be freshened by a new levy of recruits which has just been decreed for Bohemia. No less than ten thousand Cszechs are, in this instance, to be taken from their native country and employed against the Hungarians, with whom they sympathize. Experience has shown that these Imperialist levies are the most efficient means to recruit Hungarian regiments.—New York Herald.

From the London " Times " of 30th June.

"We have received our Vienna papers and letters to the 24th instant. The details of the last battles on the banks of the Waag had not

yet reached Vienna, though it would appear that the result is the frustration of a most obstinate attempt of the Hungarians to cross the Waag. On the morning of the 20th instant, they had actually got possession of the right bank of the river, but were eventually obliged to return to their former positions. In the mean time, General Gorgey had come up with reinforcements, and the imperial leader, Wohlgemuth, with his fifteen thousand men, was reduced to the necessity of acting entirely on the defensive, until, upon the arrival of Russian reinforcements, a fierce battle ensued, which continued till night parted the combatants.

"The fight recommenced on the afternoon of the following day, and lasted throughout all the evening, and the whole of the next day. The Hungarians fought with furious obstinacy, but they could not prevail against the united Imperialist forces; and after a three days' battle. General Georgey was compelled to lead his troops back upon Terkashd, Negyed, and Guta. He crossed the Waag at the two first-mentioned places, and finished by destroying the bridge at Negyed. At Guta, the fugitive Hungarians made head against their Imperialist foes, and being surrounded by swamps on each side, and close to the fortress of Komoru. it was found a matter of impossibility to dislodge them.

"The losses of the Hungarians and Imperialists were almost equal, viz: about three thousand men killed on either side. It is generally believed that General Georgey, after his retreat across the Waag, fell back upon Komoru, and that his head-quarters are at present at Gonyo or Raab. The entry of the Russians into Transylvania is confirmed by the Agramer Zeitung, in which it is stated that Funfkirchen was occupied by the Imperialists on the 18th instant, and that the inhabitants were treated with extreme severity. Our correspondent informs us that the misunderstanding between the Prussian and Austrian governments is daily on the increase. General Guyon, an Irishman of distinguished bravery, is made governor of the all-important fortress of Komoru."

It will be seen by the above account, which bears the impress of being written by a friend to Austria, that the Magyars have made a noble stand, even when opposed to the combined Austrian and Russian armies. It acknowledges that the loss was about equal, and that the fugüive Hungarians had taken up a position from which they could not be driven. This certainly has not much the appearance of running away.

CIRCASSIA.

It would appear that the Russians will have occupation enough in the fighting way. Wherever there is a noble and enlightened

people, jealous of their liberty and national independence, there are the Russians to be found endeavoring to put them down. She has subjugated Poland, but we trust that Circassia and Hungary will long withstand her.

Advices from Trebizond confirm the taking of the Russian fortress Mami, on the Black Sea, by the Circassians. The garrison, consisting of four thousand men, were taken prisoners, with the exception of one thousand, who were put to death. The enemy also took five thousand muskets and one hundred and fifty cannon, destroyed the most important points of the fortress, and then encamped on a neighboring height, where a fresh encounter with the Russians was expected.

FRANCE.

Events of an important nature have occurred in France since our last number. Another insurrection had been plotted, and would have led to serious consequences, but for the energy displayed by the government. The Montagnard party, in the National Assembly, had proposed that the administration should be arraigned for its conduct in the Roman expedition, and a committee was appointed to examine into and report upon the question. The report was unfavorable to the views of the Montagnards, and the conclusions of the committee were adopted by a majority of 377 against 8, the Montagnard members having abstained from voting. The proposal for the accusation of the ministers was therefore negatived.

On the following day, the 13th of June, the Montagnards convened a meeting of the inhabitants of Paris and the National Guard, unarmed, at the Fountain on the Boulevard Saint Martin, thence to proceed to the National Assembly in procession, in order to remind it of the respect due to the Constitution.

About half-past one, the meeting, which had assembled at the Fountain, began its march, uttering loud shouts. At the head of the column were M. Etienne Arago, chief of battalion of the 3d legion, and Colonel Guinard, commandant of the legion of artillery of the National Guard, the greater portion of which followed their chief. Some demonstrations having been made unfavorable to the procession, several pistol shots were fired, and two or three persons wounded. The head of the column had almost reached the Church de la Madelaine, when General Changarnier with four battalions of infantry, and eight squadrons of cavalry, issued from the Rue de la Paix. After having, by means of four commissaries of police, summoned the persons in the procession to disperse, and this not being attended to, he ordered the troops to charge right and left along the boulevards. The insurrectionists were immediately put to the rout, flying in all directions. Etienne Arago in this melée

was precipitated from the boulevard into the Rue basse du Rempart, some twenty feet, and was much injured. In the mean time, as the procession had advanced, barricades had been formed at intervals behind it, on the boulevards, and to prevent the fugitives from forming behind these barricades, the troops drove them from them, and took possession of them.

M. Ledru Rollin, with several of the Montagnard members, had repaired to the building called the Conservatory of Arts and Trades. Colonel Guinard had accompanied him with some of his legion, and Messrs. Boichot and Rattier, the two sergeants who have been elected members of the National Assembly, were also of the party. A slight barricade had been thrown up to defend the approach to this place, but it was speedily taken possession of by the regular troops, and Ledru Rollin, Boichot, and Rattier escaped through the garden and a narrow alley, and have managed to avoid being taken. By one account it is asserted that Ledru Rollin had arrived in Geneva; by another that he had crossed the Belgian frontier, had taken the steamer at Ostend, and was gone to London.

The papers of many persons concerned in the insurrection having been seized, it was found to have extensive ramifications, and that its real object was to overturn the present administration—declare them, as well as the President, without the pale of the law—to form a new government, of which Ledru Rollin was to be Dictator. There can be no doubt that the insurrection was intended to be general, as disturbances broke out at Lyons and several other places; but it was much more serious at Lyons than elsewhere. However, after two days' struggle, the troops defeated the insurgents, destroyed the barricades, and order was at length completely restored.

In Paris upwards of three hundred persons were arrested as being participators in the conspiracy; Colonel Guinard and Colonel Forestier, chief of battalion of the 6th legion of the National Guard, being among the num-

The only effect of this insane attempt has been to strengthen the hands of the government, and altogether to destroy the influence of the Montagnard party. Many of the Parisian papers teem with jests and witticisms against them; and as ridicule is the most dreaded weapon wherewith a party can be attacked in France, there is no chance of their again rallying.

Paris has again been declared in a state of siege, after a long deliberation in the National Assembly. A commission was appointed to examine the "project of decree" relative to this measure; and General Cavaignac was appointed president of this commission; they were unanimous in their adoption of the decree. On the return of the committee, Gen.

Cavaignac was attacked by M. Pierre Leroux, who insisted that it was to the state of siege in the previous year that all the misfortunes of the country were to be ascribed; and that Gen. Cavaignac had then fallen a victim to his own terror.

These words were responded to by a noble burst of eloquence from General Cavaignac. "No, no," he exclaimed, "say not that I fell from power, but that I descended from it. Universal suffrage degrades no one; it commands, and a good citizen feels no degradation when he obeys its voice." This expression of legitimate and dignified pride was received with exclamations of sympathy from every bench in the Assembly. The general had said in the committee, that his sword and every drop of blood in his veins were at the service of the cause of order. "I am not," he added, "one of those who founded the republic, but I serve it with devotedness, and I here solemnly pledge myself never to serve any other government. You have spoken of terror; the only feeling you have inspired me with is that of profound sorrow, for should ever the republic fall and perish, it will be under the weight of your exaggeration and your phrenzied fury."

Of the Montagnard members who had assembled at the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, seven were arrested by the troops. They were MM. Deville, Fargin-Fayolle, Pilhes, Maigne, Daniel, Boch, and Vauthier. The Assembly authorized proceedings to be commenced against them. Many others escaped on hearing that the Conservatory was about to be surrounded by troops commanded by M. Pierre Bonaparte, who, though an ardent republican, is a friend to order and the laws.

The French government may congratulate itself on having thus got rid of Ledru Rollin, who from the commencement of the revolution has proved himself a perfect firebrand. He is a man undoubtedly of considerable ability as an orator; but possesses no solidity of judgment. His leading principle throughout has been his own aggrandizement. The party of Montagnards may now be said to be without a leader.

We think it was unfortunate that General Cavaignac, the most sincere republican who has yet appeared in France, was not elected President. During the four years he would have remained in power, he would by his moderation, his firmness, and his enlightened love of freedom, have consolidated the republican institutions, and have caused France to be respected by the European powers. During the short time he was at the head of the government, he clearly showed that he was inimical to a war of propagandism; that his only aim was the security, the tranquillity, and the prosperity of his country. He would never have been led into such an error as the present gov-

ernment has fallen into in their extraordinary and untoward expedition to Rome. But the French people were led away by the halo of glory which surrounds the name of Napoleon; imagining that his mantle, with all the talents which it once encircled, had fallen on the shoulders of the nephew.

Rome.

The French are not yet masters of Rome, and Garribaldi and the Triumviri appear determined to resist to the uttermost. That the Eternal City must eventually fall, cannot be doubted, surrounded as it is by foes on every side. But the French can acquire no glory by the conquest; on the contrary they will be stigmatized as Goths and Vandals, setting aside the enormity of their conduct in thus attacking a sister republic, for the destruction of her revered monuments and works of art.

All the progress they have yet made is to have battered a breach in the outward walls, in which they have lodged some of their battalions. The Romans had in the mean time constructed another wall immediately within the breach, which must be also battered down, and hundreds of lives will be again sacrificed.

The government of Louis Napoleon will have to apply to the National Assembly for a fresh grant of money to carry on this most unpopular and iniquitous war. It will no doubt be granted, but it will give rise to much discontent.

On this subject we cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from a very witty ode addressed to Louis Napoleon by "Punch," and regret that our limits will not allow us to give the whole. It is one of the best jeux d'esprit we have seen for many years.

"When Rome shook off her priestly yoke,
What right had you to put your,
I beg to ask you, in her common weal?
What ground had you for interference?
When of the Pore she made a clearance,
Pray who call'd you with her affairs to deal?

The Romans may be right or wrong,
I don't care which, in turning Pu's out,
And sending all the Cardinals along
With that good Pontiff to the right about;
But let them choose their form of government,
And what's the odds so long as they're content?

The Roman people to coerce and merace
You send your howitzers and bombs,
With Oudinot to play the modern Br. NNUS,
What of this intervention comes?
Disgrace, defeat—in point of fact,
Your troops got regularly whack'd."

Defeat is not the worst part of the business; the surreptitious mode in which the assent of the Assembly was obtained to the departure of the expedition is the most disgraceful feature in the whole affair.

French and German Democracy.

Strongly as we sympathize with the spirit of individual liberty and true progress in all parts of the world, we regard with the greatest detestation and horror the principles and practices of the ultra-democratic agitators in Europe. In a letter from Mr. Walsh to the Journal of Commerce (New York), dated Paris, June 18th, 1849, we find the following extracts from the manifesto of the German democrats, now congregated in Switzerland, translated by that admirable and most reliable writer. Let American democracy pause, and consider well, before it encourages by sympathy the originators of such doctrines.

"The French inquirers distinguish between American Constitutional Democracy, and French Revolutionary Democracy; if you would comprehend the German Democracy, peruse the huge manifesto of the German democrats congregated in Switzerland, which is well translated in the London papers of the 14th instant. War of extermination with all the old governments and social institutions; no pity, no mercy, to be accorded to enemies; communities in the ancient mould, wherever, to be completely decomposed and broken up. Accept a tiny sample of the precious text:

up. Accept a tiny sample of the precious text:

"The reform of the present state of society must go hand in hand with and be made permanent by a reform in the system of education and public instruction. Education and instruction must, therefore, be stripped of religious doubts and superfluities. Its sole object is to make men fit companions for each other. Religion, which must be banished from society, must vanish from the mind of man. Art and poetry will realize the ideals of the true, the good, and the beautiful, which religion places in an uncertain future.

"The revolution generally destroys religion by rendering hopes of heaven superfluous, by establishing the liberty and welfare of all on earth. We pay attention, therefore, to religious struggles and contentions (the formation of free congregations, and so forth) so far only as we may, under the phrase, religious liberty, understand freedom from all religions. We do not desire liberty of belief, but the necessity of unbelief. In this, as in all other respects, we wish to break entirely with the past. We do not wish to engraft a fresh branch upon a rotten stem; we in no respect desire reform, but everywhere revolution."

"Now," says Mr. Walsh, "there is nothing worse in the programme of the German refugees in Switzerland, of which the authenticity cannot be disputed, than the collection of excerpts in my memorandum book from the oracles of Socialism and the Red Republic in France—Proudhon could demonstrate that all agreed with him in the main and essence; property was theft; capital the insufferable nuisance;

progressive taxation indispensable to pare down all capital; universal, equal, compulsory education of male and female to terminate all Let me offer you a notion of inequalities. the supernal doctrine of the man, Proudhon, whose imprisonment the National lately bemoaned as the eclipse of a glorious intellectual and political luminary. I cite from his System of Economical Contradictions : Creation of order in Humanity: 'Whatever may be our offenses, we are not guilty towards Providence: and, if there is one who before us and more than us deserved hell, let me name him, God. The true remedy of fanaticism is to prove to humanity that God, if there be a God, is the enemy of man. * * * God! I know of no God; it is a mysticism."

Then follows a hint for politicians, of such value we cannot forbear giving it entire.

"LEDRU ROLLIN, the generalissimo of the democratic parties, was examined as a witness at a trial at Bourges of the conspirators of May. He went coolly, and in the French sense cynically, into the following digression; 'I will tell you how we revolutionary republicans set to work. We seize and turn to account some idea or topic sympathetic to the people-ad captandum. We do not say whither we go, but the ball is set in motion. When the obnexious government is overturned, we, by a device (tour) not less ingenious and adroit, substitute another government of our own.' In February, 1848, the sympathetic idea was the suppression by the monarchy of the right of political reunion or assemblage; in May, the Poles; in June, the right of the people to be employed, or fed without employment; last week the crusade against the darling and exemplary Roman republic. In Germany it has been German unity, the result of which idea I pray you to produce for your readers in a Berlin article of the 10th instant, enclosed in this epistle.'

One would think that Tammany Hall had gone over to Europe, and after making a tour of the continent, had established itself in Frankfort and Paris. It is Tammany run mad with a little bad logic, and raw science, that produces the Proudhons and the Rollins.

That the American principle of universal suffrage and constitutional government is the great safeguard of human rights, may be gathered from the conduct and language of the majority in Paris. They will not fail to observe that a minority has no more right than a despot or a prime minister, to assume that it alone represents the true spirit and desires of the nation, much less upon that assumption to break down the government.

When the French democratic sects found themselves a minority in the Legislative Assembly, they resorted to this theory: "We represent alone the sound principles and feelings of the nation—the true sovereignty; it is for

us, not the pseudo-majority, to interpret the constitution; the President and ministers have violated the constitution, and the majority have connived by a vote of acquittal; all, therefore, of these traitors are hors de la loi, ipso facto outlawed; authority has rightfully passed to the minority, whose duty it is to organize themselves as supreme government, and grasp all

This, literally, was the daily proclamation of all these journals, from Friday of last week to Wednesday, the epoch of their abortive attempt. When, on Monday, Ledin Rollin anathematized the Assembly, and was requested to remember that it was the offspring of universal suffrage, he answered: "I can understand the force of universal suffrage; but there is something superior to it—Eternal Justice." Thus it is that, whenever fundamental principles and essential institutions of republicanism, or constitutional texts and processes, operate to the disappointment of their efforts and aims, they appeal to something vague and ambitious, beyond or extraneous, and hold themselves free

of all possible restraints and ordinances. Philosophy in France and Germany is generally got up by medical students who have no practice. These savans derive their principles of political economy from a minute study of the nervous system of frogs and cats. The scalpel in their hands generally changes into a sword, and their ambition rises betimes from the hacking of dead flesh, to the more exciting dissection of living subjects. The precision and beautiful rapidity of the guillotine knife affects their imaginations. Seriously, if any one will be at the pains to trace back the modern social philosophy to its cradle; it will be found to have drawn its first breath in the dissecting chambers of the French and German schools. no disparagement to the exquisite science of physiology, that a mere smattering of it absolutely infects men with a kind of philosophic madness. Governments, however, take their rise from the experience of ages, from the common sense and prudence of men exercised in the business of common life.

General Cavaignac on the French Policy.

General Cavaignac has shown himself to be unquestionably, if not the first, at least the most judicious head in power among the French republic. In a late speech in the chambers he defends alliance with England; he declares that reciprocal surveillance and not sentimental friendship is the basis of every military alliance. He thinks liberally of England, and attributes to her a peaceful motive in the late offers of alliance:—he repudiates the idea of a coalition. With a peculiar wisdom he surmises that if the States of Europe were in insurmection against the French republic, they would rather have returned to their former allegiance than submit to France; that a war of France

with the lesser European States would retard the movements of civilization for another age; in short, he indirectly adopts the policy of Washington and of the present wise admisistration of this country; to set a grand example of forbearance, and to leave other nations to achieve their own liberties. This great statesman adds, that when the northern powers have attained the objects they have in view, difficulties, not of war, but of peace, difficulties of commercial restrictions. of non-intercourse, of a proud, watchful, and gloomy jealousy will begin for France; he, therefore, advises the ministry to seek earnestly and speedily for serious guarantees and equal alliances; -if these cannot be found, let future difficulties suggest their own remedies. He would by no means, by anticipating wars, compel their commencement.

ENGLAND.

British Reasons against the Annexation of Canada.

Lord Brougham, in the House of Commons, in the debate on the Canadian Indemnification Bill, (19th June, 1849,) argued for keeping up a close political connection with the Canadas, on the ground that those provinces offer conveniences for the smuggling of British goods into the United States. "No amounts of American police, or of American militia," said his lordship, "could prevent a bale of goods from crossing that extensive frontier into America."

"All we required to insure the introduction of our goods into America was a frontier; that frontier we had while we possessed Canada, and that the Americans knew well. Tariff there could be none; that was a dream an impossibility, while we retained Upper Canada. (Hear.) Therefore it was that he conjured their lordships to do all they could to knit to us the affections of our fellow-subjects in Canada."

His lordship related an anecdote of smuggling Brummagem hatchets into Illinois, by way of illustration, and with an evident zest. An English lord, said some one, is a retired shopkeeper; it now appears that an English Lord Chancellor is a retired smuggler.

Corn Laws.

Of the importance of Sir Robert Peel's movement against the Corn Laws, one may judge by the fact that by a loose computation the effect of the repeal of those laws has been the removal of \$30,000,000 of taxation a year from the manufacturing industry of the country, and the laying of it by a new tax upon income and land. No measure could have been devised more favorable to manufactures; it is, in fact, a protection to that amount, of the manufacturing classes. The burthens of the landholders, and of the receivers of incomes, are very largely increased; but this cannot be regarded as an oppression,

and should incomes in England be taxed £25,000,000 sterling, the entire interest of the national debt, it could hardly be regarded as a calamity. As every species of invested capital paying regular interest, would be equally affected by this arrangement, its effect would fall almost entirely upon the rich.

Defeat of the Jews' Bill.

Notwithstanding the eloquent defense of the Earl of Carlisle, in the House of Lords, the bill enabling Jews to sit in Parliament was rejected on the 26th ult., at the second reading. Among the arguments against the bill, the most powerful were probably those offered by the Bishop of Exeter. He observed, that in a republic all had an equal right of admission to the offices of State; but maintained, that in the English monarchy, the sovereign was bound to maintain the religion of the country; that Parliament was the great council of the Crown, sworn to be the protector of the true religion; and that a Jew could not be a faithful counsellor of the Crown in maintaining the religion of the nation.

Lord Brougham ridiculed the opposition to the bill. Having accorded to the Jews judicial functions, official stations, and the elective franchise, with power to canvass and spend money at elections, the attempt to keep them out of Parliament was ridiculous. Roman Catholics, he said, had been admitted because it was wise to do so, and not because their lordships were afraid to refuse; that it was discreditable to them to refuse the Jews, merely because they were not afraid to refuse them. The majority against the second reading was 25.

Sir Robert Peel's Sympathy with Ireland.

At the sixth of the State dinners given by the Lord Mayor of London during his year of office, the party of which Sir Robert Peel is the leader was entertained. A great number of the nobility were present. Sir Robert Peel spoke. He sympathized with Ireland; he intimated that the natives of Ireland should not be expelled from the soil; that it was rather the duty of England to endeavor to elevate their character, to encourage their industry, to find for them permanent employment, to teach them order and respect for the laws.

Notwithstanding these intimations of Sir Robert Peel, we may rest satisfied that there will be a steady and undivided opposition in England to the only possible measures which can be adopted for the benefit of Ireland. These measures, we make bold to say, are, first, a system of protection for Irish against English manufactures and produce—a system which cannot be established without an independent Irish parliament. Ireland must be

placed upon an equal footing with England in respect to legislation. The system of English legislation for Ireland has been hitherto contrived for the express purpose of drawing away from Ireland, and placing in English hands, all her savings and all her capital. The profit derived to England by this procedure has been, in all probability, far exceeded by the outlay of the English government in the military subjugation, government, and relief of the Irish poor. Those who wish to obtain a clear insight into the present condition of Ireland, will find a most brilliant and powerful description of the causes of her decay under English legislation, in that valuable work of our countryman, Mr. Carey, entitled "The Past, the Present, and the Future," and which, in our own opinion, is the completest, as well as the most interesting, treatise of political economy that has ever appeared.

Protection in England.

It must never be forgotten by protectionists in this country, that English protectionists have in view, not the establishment or protection of manufactures in Great Britain, but merely that of the aristocracy of land, the maintenance of high rents and low wages for the poor farmers. This party have a violent jealousy of the manufacturing aristocracy, represented by Peel and Cobden, while they, on their part, have but one end in view, the establishment of the English manufacturing interest, which it is their plan to protect, by removing the burthens of taxation from the operatives in cotton, wool, and iron, to the operatives who use the hoe and the plough. It is a struggle for power between the two grand divisions of the English aristocracy—the landholders and capitalists.

Repeal of the English Navigation Laws.

We find in the New York Tribune of July 11th, 1849, a valuable selection from English journals of the various opinions of English politicians on the navigation laws, the repeal of which, passed last month, is to take effect on the 1st of January, 1850. Protection is now extended only to the coasting trade and the bank fisheries of Great Britain. It will be no longer necessary for American whalers to have their vessels fitted out in English ports, if they wish to carry the product of their voyages to England.

There are now 732 American ships engaged in the whale fishery, employing 20,000 seamen, and bringing home \$6,000,000 worth of oil. This oil can be carried directly to England without landing first in the United States. The South Sea whale fishery is almost entirely in American hands.

Under the new repeal bill, goods may be

purchased by American merchants in any part of the world, by their own captains or supercargoes, and carried, in their own vessels, directly to any part of Great Britain. If, however, any foreign nation shall refuse to reciprocate with England in this measure, the executive power of the British empire can impose such equalizing restrictions as may seem necessary. British ship-owners can purchase American built vessels in America.

Lord Brougham, in the discussion on the repeal, insisted that, under the new law, ships could not hereafter be built in England with profit to the builder. He adduced the evidence of a ship-owner of Leith, confirmed also by that of others, that a vessel, built with the greatest economy at that port, cost him \$97 the ton; that if the duty of \$975 cents the ton on timber were abolished, the cost of the vessel would be \$87 25 the ton; while at Dantzic, in the Baltic, the same ship could be built for \$58 the ton.

The ship-building interest in England employs \$80,000,000 of capital; the annual outlay in the building of ships is \$15,000,000; the outfit and repairs, \$40,000,000; the number of shipwrights employed, 80,000 at \$1 the day-a class of men among the most industrious, sober, and skillful of mechanics. A shipmaster in the Baltic received about \$24 the month; in Belgium and Holland only \$20; while in England the same man would re-ceive \$41 the month. The men, in the Baltic, Holland, and Belgium, received from \$7 50 to \$9 the month; but that the price of food in England was thirty cents a day, and in the other countries named but fifteen cents. Such were the statistics given to show that foreign competition would destroy the merchant service of England. Now, as it is very certain that ships can be built much cheaper in the United States than in England, we may expect a very great increase in the amount of capital to be embarked hereafter in the shipping interest in America. The advocates of the bill have not yet discovered the real motives which actuate them in forcing the repeal; there is little doubt, however, that the measure is carried entirely by the manufacturing interest, aided by the general theory of free trade, which at present occupies the minds of the public. That the class of ship-builders will suffer materially in England is not to be expected, as the greater part of them will probably emigrate to the United States. The policy of the manufacturing interest in England is, at present, to facilitate, by the sacrifice of every inferior interest, the freest intercommunication, and to estab-lish reciprocity, if possible, with all other nations; the only course left to her to save her manufacturers from total ruin, and her operatives from the extremest poverty, and even from famine. It is the poverty of England, exasperated by American competition in the

production of cotton and woollen fabrics and manufactures of iron, that forces this extraordinary repeal through the House of Commons.

The Navigation Act of our own country, March 1st, 1817, provides that no other nation shall engage in a carrying trade between any foreign country and the United States, but that goods brought from any foreign nation to the United States, shall be brought in vessels of that nation or of the United States. But this regulation extends only to the vessels of foreign nations which have adopted a similar regulation. The fourth clause of the Navigation law of England enforced the same regulation for Great Britain; and the consequence has been an almost complete exclusion of English ships from the trade between England and America. Of course there would be no disposition on the part of our government to repeal the Navigation act of 1817, while that of England remained in force; for it is generally understood that statesmen never proceed on theory, but if they advocate free trade or its contrary, they do it for the support of that interest which they conceive to be most important to be sustained in their own country. The free trade controversy is a war of logical manœuvring on the part of The free trade controversy is a England, between her own manufacturing interest and her landholders.

Mr. Gladstone, (Sir R. Peel's secretary for the colonies,) was of opinion that the relaxation of the old severe Navigation laws had helped the mercantile navy. He said in 1848, in the House of Commons, that from 1791 to 1824, the increase had been at the rate of 20,000 tons a year. From 1824 to 1847, it had been 40,000 tons a year, which was a more rapid increase than that of the United States. He said that the shipping of the British colonies had grown with still greater

This increase may be attributed, not to any relaxation of the Navigation laws, but to two principal causes, viz; the increased intercourse with the colonies, and the want, so severely felt in England, of a profitable place of investment for unemployed capital; especially as Mr. Richmond, before the House of Lords, states that for many years past, fully one-half the capital employed in shipping has been sunk and irretrievably lost; and that only a few individuals here and there have been fortunate enough to save themselves from the universal ruin.

Dr. Bowring, arguing for the repeal, lets out the secret. Freights, said he, (bearing testimony against ship-owners,) in the case of coal, iron, ores, and other articles, cost more than the materials themselves. Why, he would ask, were we not to lessen the cost of conveyance? We should no more, he adds, be taxed by high freights than by the increase

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of any other taxes. The British ship-owner may buy his ships where he can get them cheapest; ships can be built for \$40 the ton in America, and completely fitted for sea, (a piece of information taken by him from the Courier and Enquirer of New York,) while in England they are costing \$97 the ton. It is very evident from these, and abundant other details, that the Navigation law repeal is simply an effort on the part of English manufacturers and produce in America and elsewhere, without loss to themselves. They are willing that their 80,000 ship-builders should go and build ships in America as American citizens.

The time must soon come when, under the influence of a judicious tariff, American manufactures of cotton, woollen, and iron, will be cheaper, even in England, than English products of the same quality; let us see then what the policy of England will be. She has given up to us the navigation of the seas; she has given us the carrying trade of the world. When to this navigation, this carrying trade, we add a cheaper material than can be supplied by England, what will become of her manufacturing interests? It is not improbable that the greatest mercantile revolution the world has ever seen will follow upon this turn in affairs. Already manufactories are established, and are in successful operation in Georgia and South Carolina; already the anthracite furnaces of Pennsylvania are beginning to turn out a valuable and abundant yield of A Whig majority in Congress have only to provide a judicious, discriminating tariff, fair and moderate in its provisions, and keep this tariff in operation for twenty years, and the question of commercial superiority and of relative wealth and power, is settled forever and for aye, between England and America.

DOMESTIC.

The General Aspect of Politics in Missouri and Kentucky.

The movements in Missouri and Kentucky for the gradual disuse of slaves, and for the gradual abolition of slavery by the only powers which can abolish it, that is the state sovereignties themselves, which are favored by Mr. Clay and his friends directly, and by Mr. Benton indirectly, however agreeable to the hopes of moderate and judicious men in the North, are not received with favor by ultra abolitionists, because they are the free acts of the South; and are dictated, not by a spirit of theory and demagoguism, but by the truest arguments of moral and political economy. The subject of the gradual emancipation of slaves, and if that be found possible, their gradual removal from the States in which they are now held as property, is now systematically agitated. In

Delaware, where the proportion of the slave population is extremely small; in Maryland, where it is also comparatively small: in Virginia, the central portions of which are now being rapidly colonized by Ger-mans who employ free labor; in Tennessee, where a considerable and power-ful portion of the citizens are independent of slave labor; in Kentucky, a state re-markable for the intellectual power and courage of its people, and who are beginning now to understand better why their own advances in wealth and population are not equal or superior to those of other western states; in Missouri, where the proportion of the white population is rapidly increasing, and where investments in slave property are beginning already to be esteemed unprotitable; in New Mexico, where the introduction of slave labor would throw out of employment the entire Mexican population, and effectually check the immigration of capital and free labor; in California, where the negro could be employed only as a gold-seeker, and where, if so employed, he would extinguish at once the golden hopes of the present adventurous populationin all these states and territories, the bad economy and injuriousness of investments in slave property is understood; and the popular feeling against the legal establishment of slavery is gaining every day in intensity. It may safely be predicted, that the new territories, together with the northern tiers of slave States, will refuse to receive, or will soon shake off the burthen which Mr. Calhoun and his friends wish to lay upon their backs.

Annexation of the Canadas.

The papers are largely occupied at present with minute and almost unreadable descriptions of party contests in the Canadas. From all that can be gathered from these accounts, we do not discover any settled intention to effect an immediate annexation of those provinces to the United States. The French population are perhaps more inclined to annexation than the British. A great deal of alarm has been manifested in some quarters in the South, lest the addition of several free States, bringing each two additional votes into the Senate of the United States, and increasing largely the present anti-slavery majority in the House of Representatives, might endanger the southern sovereignties. These alarmists certainly forget that the Canadas, if admitted into the Union, would come in as absolute sovereignties, as jealous, or more jealous of State rights, and as fearful of Congressional encroachment as South Carolina herself could be. They forget too that this remote danger compared with the immediate or threatening one of a coalition between the Democrats and Abolitionists in the North, and the northern tier of slave

States, is a mere bagatelle. The entire Calhoun agitation however, on the subject of slavery, directed by the strangest perversion against the principles and the men of the patriotic and liberal Whig party of the South, is a political humbug, of which the true character will ere long appear clearly to the eyes of the people. We may venture to predict with certainty, that as long as Whig counsels prevail at Washington, there will be no interference of Congress in the affairs of States, nor any attempt to coerce the people of the territories. Let New Mexico and California be erected, as soon as possible, into States; and the Treasury and the Executive relieved at once of the expense and danger of territorial governments in those remote regions, and there will be no further agitation of the subject of slavery in the territories. We are clearly of opinion, however, that Mr. Calhoun and his partisans, notwithstanding their affected jealousy of State rights, and of the liberty of the individual citizen, would willingly force their pet institution upon the people of the territories, if it were necessary, at the point of the bayonet. Nothing less can be judged of them when we remember their contemptuous treatment of the citizens of Oregon, who had the "insolence" to establish, in the absence of all government, a temporary system of laws for the protection of their lives and properties.

It should be added to the above that the judicious correspondent of the New York Tribune, Washington, July 14th, declares without reserve, that General Taylor's administration will adhere to a strict policy of non-intervention, and will not take a single step at negotiation with the Canadas without the previous consent of the mother country. He adds that it is believed in Washington that a very large majority of the people of the Canadas are in favor of a union with the Republic; and that England would give up her authority over the colonies whenever it appears to be the earnest desire of the Canadian people to attach themselves to the United States. "This administration," adds the judicious correspondent, "will never travel out of the constitutional path to acquire glory as the last did. Nor is it probable that any foreign territory will be introduced, except by the treaty-making power." Notwithstanding the vast and evident advantages which will open to the South upon the annexation of these new territories, the hot blood of southern statesmanship begins already to rebel at the prospect of a loss of some portion of their hitherto undisputed government of the entire Union. We do not perceive that their apprehensions on this score are well grounded. Ability will always control numbers; if the Canadas can send greater men than Virginia or the Carolinas, the politics of the Union will be Canadian, and not until then.

Manufactures in South Carolina and Georgia.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, June 26th, 1849, gives a very interesting account of the new manufactories in South Carolina and Georgia. In 1846-7 manufactories began to be erected in the South. It was the wish of Southern statesmen to make the South entirely independent of the North, as far at least, as regards coarse cotton fabrics. Without questioning the motive, we may at least commend the enterprise and intelligence which conferred such an important benefit upon the unfortunate poor white people of Carolina and Georgia. The town of Graniteville, in Edgefield district, South Carolina, was begun about three years ago, and is now a large manufacturing village. A company with a capital of \$300,000, purchased a tract of land of 10,000 or 12,000 acres, at one dollar the acre. A canal, which cost \$9,000, brings the water to the manufactories: the building cost \$60,000, machinery \$122,000, saw mill and machine shop, \$9,000, dwelling houses \$42,000, and the remainder in water-wheels, shafts, laying out streets, &c. The manufactory has been in operation one year. At first the sheetings and shirtings cost 20 cents the yard, and were sold for 6 cents, but now about 9,000 spindles, and 300 looms are in operation, and the cost of production ranges between 4 and 5 cents the yard. There will also be 40 drilling looms, producing 9,000 yards a week, which will sell for 8 cents the yard. On the first of June, it is said, the factories began to yield a profit, and on the first of January next the Company will make a handsome dividend. The persons employed in these factories as operatives, are the broken and depressed population of the barrens and sand hills, who might formerly have made a wretched living by collecting pitch, and were, perhaps, the most miserable class of whites in the United States. They now earn from \$4 to \$5 a week, females from \$3 to \$4; and children from \$1 to \$2. Their education is attended to, they lay up money, and are in the way to become useful and productive citizens. Since Christmas, it is said, over forty marriages have taken place among the operatives. In these cases the husband only continues in the factory, the wife keeping house for him. Applications for work are twice the number that can be employed at present. Excepting in the production of cotton, the district has been wretchedly poor. Raw cotton is sold here at from $6\frac{1}{3}$ to $7\frac{1}{4}$ cents the pound; this cotton, if carried to New England, has to travel 140 miles by land, to Charleston; thence, by sea, to New York or Boston; thence, passing through warehouses, to some place in the interior; then back again, by the same route, to clothe the people who produced it; subject, in both journeys to the risks, costs and losses of transportation, freight, cartage, storage, ma-

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rine and fire insurance, labor, wharfage, brokerage, wholesale and retail profits, and profits of manufacture; subject also to detention in Massachusetts, by speculators waiting for a rise of price—a grand subject of contemplation and argument for southern statesmen.

Georgia has gone farther still in the race of improvement, and has already 38 cotton mills; the city of Augusta, by the enterprise and foresight of its corporation, has provided a water power sufficient to move any number of mills. In addition to this, other factories are being established.

The consequences of these reforms and improvements in the South can hardly be estimated above their value; there will be, of course, a vast increase of the free white population, who will not be slaveholders. The capital of the State will be diverted from investment in slave property, and employed in a much more profitable kind of industry. The necessities of the poor white population will keep down the price of labor for many years to come. A valuable class of foreign emigrants, mechanics and operatives, will be drawn toward the South. Slaves will be gradually excluded from inventive and mechanical occupations, which will pass into the hands of free white men; and while the current prejudices against slavery in the minds of the poorer classes will be by no means diminished, and a necessary amelioration take place in the condition and treatment of slaves, the state sovereignty itself, will, at the same time, by the increase of wealth and power in the State, become better able to protect itself against the encroachments of foreign reformers, and to subdue the great domestic evil of its institutions, by its own free and unassisted force. It will soon be beyond the power of any combination of free States to drive or compel the South into an unwilling reform of her institutions.

The Necessity for Protection to American Book Publishers.

The vast number of foreign books and periodicals reprinted and sold cheap in America,

has made it impossible to live comfortably in this country by authorship. Literature is a poor and precarious occupation, book-selling on the contrary has been a good and a profitable one. The consequences are that the intelligence of America is, in great part, educated and controlled by England and France. Soon however, we shall have the booksellers in the same predicament with the authors. of the strangest literary novelties of the day," says the Republic, (July 12th,) "is the fact that this country is now flooded with German reprints, in English, of the standard classics of our tongue, which are sold at so cheap a rate, as not only to force from the market English editions, but to compete successfully with the American."

"The pioneer of this enterprise in Germany was the celebrated Tauchnitz, well known as the publisher of those small and very accurate editions of the Greek and Roman classics, which have for fifteen or twenty years been used in all the higher schools of the country. Printed on fine and white paper, and with a beautiful type, they compare at infinite advantage with the bad editions of the best authors, with which booksellers and the reading portion of the American people have too long been content. Before us are editions of Shakspeare, Byron, Moore, Bulwer, and Sir Walter Scott, together forming a collection of about sixty volumes, each of which the publishers are able to send to America, pay duties, and sell at thirty-one and a quarter cents per volume. above are but a fifth portion of the works printed by Tauchnitz, his library containing the chefs-d'auvre of the modern and fashionable authors. These books are to be had of all the German booksellers in the country, and, in these days of bad type, and worse paper, are

When Germany does all our publishing and printing, England all our manufacturing; when France makes our hats and shoes, and the English philosophers regulate our politics, what an intellectual, happy, shrewd, and prosperous people we shall be!

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

Last Leaves of American History; comprising Histories of the Mexican War, and California. By Emma Willard. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

Mrs. Willard in her preface to this history, observes, "Washington Irving once said in conversation, pure truth is as difficult to be obtained as pure water; though clear in appearance, it is ever found by the chemist to contain extraneous substances.' In recording the portion of my country's history, here presented to the public, I can only say, that pure truth has been my earnest aim; for history is truth, and truth is history. I am not conscious of any prejudices, or prepossessions, either as it respects individuals, parties, or sects, by means of which, I should incline to error or be led astray. And I have spared no pains in my power, to make myself acquainted with the state of facts concerning which I have written. But doubtless there are mistakes; for what book ever existed which had none? There may be errors of the press; authorities may mislead; and that mind must be clear indeed, which never misapprehends. But whenever an error is found, of whatever nature, and whether pointed out by a friend to serve, or a foe to injure, that error will be corrected as soon as discovered." Mrs. Willard writes clearly and interestingly, and her book is a valuable addition to our American history.

Grammar of the Latin Language. By LEON-HARD SCHMITZ, Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849.

A Grammar is a classified collection of the rules or laws regulating the language of which it professes to be an exposition. Every language is subject to changes, either for the better or for the worse; and although in the case of a dead language a grammarian must consider and illustrate it mainly as it was at the time of its most perfect development, still he cannot avoid taking into consideration the earlier and later forms of words and expressions; for in many instances the language, in its perfect state, cannot be fully explained without recourse being had to those forms of speech, out of which it has arisen. Very great advantages may also be derived, especially in the etymological part, from a comparison of the language

under consideration with its sister tongues, or with its mother tongue, where the existence of this is certain. But in a grammar for young people, such comparisons must be in a great measure useless; and all that can be done with advantage, is to apply to the language under consideration such principles as may have been established by comparative philology. The present grammar does not lay claim to novelty. for the author has purposely abstained from making any material alteration in the arrangement usually adopted in grammars for schools; partly because he thinks that such alterations as have recently been introduced in school grammars are little calculated to benefit the fearner, and partly because he is of opinion that sound information can be given without obliging the teacher to abandon the order to which he has been accustomed from his youth, and which he may, not always be able or willing to abandon.

History of Queen Elizabeth. By Jacob Ab-BOTT. With engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This history is one of a most valuable series—the author and the publishers are entitled to much praise. The narratives are not tales founded upon history, but history itself, without any embellishment or deviation from the strict truth. The author has availed himself of the best sources of information within his reach.

Manual of Ancient Geography and History.
By Wilhelm Putz, Principal Tutor at the Gymnasium of Düren. Translated from the German. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Kirchever Arnold, M. A., Rector of Lyndon, etc. Revised and corrected from the London edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co., Broadway. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton, Chestnut street.

This is a very useful book, and contains a clear and definite outline of the history of the principal nations of antiquity; and to render it more clear, a concise geography of each country has been added. Professor Greene furnishes a well-written preface.

The Crayon Miscellany. By WASHINGTON IRVING. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This forms the ninth volume of Irving's work, and contains a Tour on the Prairies, Abbotsford, and Newstead Abbey; these works have always been great favorites with the public, and the beautiful manner in which they are now published, will add to their value.

History of King Charles the Second of England. By JACOB ABBOTT. With engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

What we have said of the history of Queen Elizabeth, is equally applicable to this work. It is an excellent history.

History of the War between the United States and Mexico, from the Commencement of Hostilities to the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace. By John S. Jenkins, Author of "The Generals of the Last War with Great Britain," &c. &c. Auburn: Derby, Miller, & Co. 1848, 8vo.

This work is a very full and tolerably well-written account of the war. It has the usual accompaniment of portraits of the distinguished generals, badly executed. It is a work calcuated for a ready sale.

Dante's Divine Comedy, The Inferno. A literal prose translation, with the text of the original. Collated from the best editions, and Explanatory Notes. By John A. Carlyle, M.D. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1849.

Dante's Divine Comedy, so called only because it ends happily, though it begins sadly, is counted among the greatest productions of genius. The Paradise Lost, the Inferno, the Æneid of Virgil, the Iliad of Homer, and the Book of Job, are generally regarded as the grandest works of imagination in their class. The Drama indeed contends with the Epic; and Shakspeare, Sophocles, and Calidas, stand upon the other equal summit of the glorysmitten Parnassus, but only at an equal, not a grander altitude.

To make these wonderful works common in all languages has been the task of the most accomplished scholars. A wretched, we had almost said an inhuman pedantry, has forbidden currency to accurate translations of Homer, and had it happened that Dante were a college book, we might have been deprived of this valuable translation. Let those who have

the pride, the leisure, and the stomach, reject Homer until they can comprehend him in the original; until they can sit down, and without thought of grammar or metre, read a book of him at once, as they would of Milton or Job, rapidly, and with a vivid insight; for short of that, they will never comprehend him; but for the mass of men, let us have perfect, literal translations, like those of our English Bible, and this of Dr. Carlyle's. A very tolerable, though rather pedantic, prose version of Homer has been published at Princeton, in New Jersey. To read this literal Dante, and the literal Homer, side by side with the literal Job! what an admirable employment, how enlightened and elevating!

An Autobiography and Letters of the Author of "The Listener," "Christ our Law," &c. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street. 1849.

The life of a pious and very talented woman, Caroline Fry, whose works, say the publishers, have had a large sale in this country. We are not acquainted with the works of the good and pious lady, but from a casual reading of her autobiographical memoir, have conceived that she must have been a truly delightful and valuable member of society, and a worthy follower of the faith to which she devoted her calm and innocent existence.

Typee; a Peep at Polynesian Life, during a Five Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas. The revised edition, with a Sequel. By HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. 1 vol.

This is a very elegant edition of the popular work of Mr. Melville, with his own revisal and improvements.

Selections from Catulius for the use of Classical Students. With English Notes. By G. G. COOKESLEY, M. A., one of the Assistant Masters at Eton. Revised, with additional Notes, by C. A. BRISTED, late B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Stanford & Swords, 137 Broadway. 1849.

The most elegant poems of Catullus, with the indecencies omitted; very properly, we think. Age, surely, does not sanctify obscenity, at least among the living; why, then, should antiquity? Besides, if we have a tooth, there is Moore and Byron, and Paul de Kock

and Madame Sand, and a hundred others, all in good plain English, or equally facile French. These moderns are much more obscene, though not quite as gross as the ancients. The talk of Shakspeare's day, or the jests of lusty bachelors in our time. Chivalry, refined by Christianity, first made decency a rule, and forbade the sacrifice of modesty to wit. It seems to us, therefore, both a chivalrous and a Christian, or in one word, a gentlemanly precaution in Mr. Bristed, to have omitted the indecencies of Catullus in this critical and elegant selection.

Those of our readers who read only Tennyson and Shelley, can have no idea of the manner and spirit of Catullus. Like nature's self, it combines simplicity, the result of severe criticism, with extreme grace and lightness. Like nature, or rather like the music of Mozart, or the canzonets of Haydn, seeming to affect the sense only, it secretly raises and harmonizes the spirits. It fulfills the first great end of poetry—to please without debauching. It breathes a harmless and benign complacency; it smiles while it sings, is gay without effort, witty without point or edge, humorous without severity.

"Let us live, my Lesbia," cries the sweet heathen, "and let us love, and count the saws of cross old fellows not worth a copper. Suns may set and rise again; but to us, when our short day is ended, the long night comes with its endless sleep. Give me a thousand kisses, then give me a hundred, and then a thousand more; and then a second hundred; and after these another thousand and a hundred; and when we have kissed many thousand times.

let us rub out the score, and never know, nor let any envious fellow know, that there have been so many kisses." But now we have only metaphysics and the rights of man done into verse; or, if a love sonnet is written, it gathers no cream by standing.

The Documentary History of the State of New York. Arranged under the direction of the Hon. Christopher Morgan, Secretary of State. By E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D. Vol. I. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co., Public Printers. 1849.

On turning the leaves of this collection, sent us by the courtesy of the Secretary of State, we find a variety of interesting and important papers, and ancient maps, relating to the early history of New York. Among others might be mentioned several papers relative to the French military expeditions against the colonies, and a variety of statistical documents on population, trade, and manufactures, from 1647 to 1757.

The Statesman's Manual. The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, Inaugural, Annual, and Special, from 1789 to 1849; with a Memoir of each of the Presidents, and a History of their Administrations. Also, the Constitution of the United States, and a selection of important documents and statistical information. Compiled from official sources, by Edwin Williams. Embellished with Portraits of the Presidents, engraved on steel, by Vistus Balch. In 4 vols. New York: Edward Walker, 114 Fulton-street, 1849.

We are intimately acquainted with this work, and must speak of it in terms of unqualified praise. It is not only a good Political History of the United States, from the Inauguration of President Washington to that of General Taylor, but contains a collection of the Presidential Messages, special and general, of all the Administrations, each prefaced with, and followed by complete and clearly written historical chapters of the most unquestionable accuracy.

To the young politician this work is indispensable. It will richly reward his most attentive study. To be master of its entire contents is to be as well informed as the reading of one work can make us, in the policy and conduct of both the great parties.

To a lawyer's library the work is of the greatest importance. Every young men's circulating library will need a copy of it. Every debating club, and every State Department will require it.

The politics even of the last year can rarely be gathered from newspapers. It is only by such histories and compilations as this, that we are to be thoroughly informed and guided to a just estimate of the present movement in the political world. The volumes are cheap, but well printed and neatly bound, and adorned with really excellent Engravings of all the Presidents.

Pathology and treatment of the Asiatic Cholera, so called. By A. L. Cox, M. D. New York: John Wiley, 1849.

This extremely valuable pamphlet contains all that is necessary to be known for the treatment of an ordinary case of Cholera. Having had personal experience of what are called the "premonitory symptoms" of the disease, but which are in fact the commencement of the disease itself, we can recommend with full confidence the treatment prescribed in this Essay ordinary medicines, any person of good habits may check the disease at the outset. To avoid violent exertion, whether of mind or body, and by the judicious use of camphor, opium and

brandy, one, or all conjoined, as herein directed, to check the diarrhea in its first stages, seems to be all that is necessary. The disease is in the organs of the circulation, and its first and principal symptom is a rapid escape of the watery part of the blood into the intestinal canal. To prevent this escape by the use of astringents and narcotics is, of course, the treatment indicated. We commend the pamphlet especially to the attention of our Western readers. Dr. Cox is good authority in New York.

The History of the United States of America, from the discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. By RICHARD HILDRETH. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849.

As far as we have examined the first volume of this History, in a cursory manner, it seems to be a plain, direct narrative, written in a sharp and clear, but somewhat dry style, with oceasionally a critical remark or a severe stricture. The spirit of the author is that of a man fully satisfied that he is master of his subject and of the motives and principles of the men whose actions he describes. His advertisement is perhaps the key to his sentiments and intentions. "Of centennial sermons and Fourth of July orations, whether professedly such or in the guise of history, there are more than enough. It is due to our fathers and ourselves, it is due to truth and philosophy, to present for once, on the historic stage, the powers of our American nation, unbedaubed with patriotic rouge, wrapped up in no fine-spun cloaks of excuses and apology; without stilts, buskins, tinsel or bedizenment, in their own proper persons, often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious, and mistaken; but always earnest, downright, manly The result of their labors is and sincere. eulogy enough; their best apology is to tell their story exactly as it was."

After a declaration of so much literary vigor, we had almost said of so much moral ferocity, the reader is to expect nothing but a hard, plain, and fearfully "earnest" account of the actions of our fathers. In ourselves, indeed, it breeds a feeling of critical responsibility. Were we

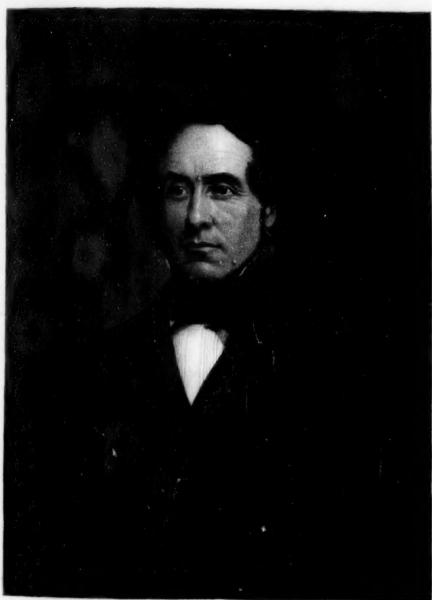
to read this history, we should read it with a microscope. The least flaw would strike us. The least bedizenment, or touch of patriotic rouge, pearl-powder or burnt cork, would raise our critical spleen. It is the author's ewn fault; we cannot help it. Come on my lads, says he, and I will show you how to write a good, plain, straightforward, history.

The most curious symptoms of our modern literature is perhaps the very prevalent affectation of simplicity and hardness, à la Carlyle—ending, for the most part, in a rattling together of the Saxon dry bones of English, in a very unmelodious fashion. Surely, grace and kindlyness, a full and easy manner, are greater recommendations of a writer, than a coarse, insolent, frowning style, whose very force degenerates into impertinent quickness and hardness, and which seems adapted for the torture and exasperation, rather than for the pleasure and consolation of readers.

The Hand-book of Hydropathy, for Professional and Domestic use; with an Appendix on the best mode of forming Hydropathic Establishments; being the result of twelve years' experience at Graefenberg and Freiwaldau. By Dr. J. Weiss, formerly Director of the establishment at Freiwaldau. From the second London Edition. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, 139 Chestnut-street. 1849.

This is unquestionably the treatise of the water cure. We have seen none comparable with it for completeness and simplicity. The publishers inform us that already one large edition is nearly exhausted, though it has but lately issued from the press.

of all theories of medicine, we esteem the Hydropathic to be the most innocent. It promotes cleanliness—a virtue which comes next to godliness—it leads to a careful observance of all the rules of diet and exercise, and it preserves the constitution from the horrid inroads of quack purgatives and pills of all descriptions. Next to our own theory, which is to have no theory, but to consider that practice the best, which is most successful, we prefer the hydropathic.



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